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GENIUS.

[From a Painting by E. Voelchemot,]

ILIFF'S  
SELECT READINGS  
FOR  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT

CONTAINING

*CHOICE SELECTIONS OF THE MOST PATHETIC,  
GAY, HUMOROUS, HEROIC, SUBLIME AND  
PATRIOTIC SPEECHES AND POEMS,*

Accompanied by Explanatory Notes,

TOGETHER WITH

Appropriate Elocutionary Instructions,

THE WHOLE ADAPTED TO THE PURPOSES OF IMPROVEMENT IN  
THE ART OF READING AND SPEAKING.

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**ILLUSTRATED**

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## PREFACE.

BEAUTY and accuracy of expression in reading and speaking may be justly regarded as a fine art, attainable in its perfection only by a knowledge and practice of the rules and principles of Elocution. While literary institutions are attaching a steadily growing importance to this subject as a branch of instruction, it is none the less noticeable that polite society is rapidly coming to view it as one of the efficient promoters of a refined taste, an improved understanding, a correct judgment, and a fondness for good reading. To encourage this popular interest in particular, and to afford suitable material for its direct exercise, has been the prime motive for offering the present volume to the public.

The author has aimed to present such selections from our literature as are best adapted to elocutionary purposes, and has taken special pains to choose from those authors whose writings have not as yet been collected and whose names do not appear in compilations of other similar works.

This method of selection seemed peculiarly fitted to meet the wants of those who have passed their school-days, and now seek a collection of a new and more varied character. It is but reasonable to hope that this distinctive feature will also win for the book a ready reception to the class-room.

Though the instruction of an experienced teacher is always to be preferred, there are few accomplishments in which one can attain such a degree of excellence by self-teaching as in that of the graceful use of the voice and the consequent force in conveying ideas. Yet, while pursuing the instruction set forth in the following pages, the reader will derive the highest of incidental benefits, particularly in his taste and the proper use of gestures from attendance upon lectures

on elocution, and the public and private utterances of the most approved speakers.

The introductory part of this work comprises practical suggestions and rules on Style, Qualities of Voice, Articulation, Force and Gestures, in fact, all that pertains to the Culture of the Voice and Delivery. Twenty-three engravings illustrate position, gesture and expression of the Passions in Elocution and Oratory. It is believed that the learner will obtain much that is interesting and profitable, while all who desire to give an easy and forcible expression to their thoughts or their selections will find this subject treated with sufficient fullness for all ordinary purposes, and in accordance with the most approved authors and teachers.

The notes that accompany many of the selections contain brief sketches of the circumstances under which the authors wrote, and are intended chiefly to explain the manner in which the several pieces should be read or recited. Before reading a piece it will no doubt be found profitable to the learner to look at the note that accompanies it, also to read the prefatory remarks under the STYLE to which the piece belongs. This is contained in "Index A." To avoid monotony the prose and poetry are intermixed.

The indexes will be found copious, carefully prepared, and thoroughly reliable. They will embrace an index of subjects, an index of authors, with title of subjects selected. An index of subjects arranged under the several styles to which they belong, supplemented with notes on the proper delivery of the several styles. An index of poems by their titles, and an index of first lines of poems, thus enabling the reader to turn readily to any subject or author, and rendering every part of the volume available for ready reference.

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## INDEX A.

### DIFFERENT STYLES OR CLASSES.

BEFORE attempting to deliver any selection, the student should determine the style or class to which the selection naturally belongs, that he may know what form, tone and quality he should read with in giving the general spirit of the piece. He should decide what words need extra stress or emphasis in giving the important individual ideas, and how much force and stress each word requires to bring out the true spirit or meaning of the author. Having done this, he should practice carefully and thoroughly the selections for the correct use of each one of the elements of expression, and rightly blend all these elements in the natural expression of each kind of sentiment, until the appropriate force, time, slide, pitch and tone for rendering any given kind becomes inseparably associated in his mind with the sentiment itself. Having acquired this, the idea or feeling will spontaneously inspire its own best expression.

The editor, in this Index, has endeavored to carefully arrange under a natural classification the selections found in this volume. It is not claimed that the selections sustain in all cases, throughout the entire piece, the sentiment which they are intended to illustrate, but that the leading, or most characteristic sentiment of the piece, or as a whole, will be found under the several styles or classes in which they are placed, and it is hoped that this classification will materially aid the reader and student in his analysis of the spirit and sense of the several pieces.

The selections have been classified under the following styles.  
I—The Pathetic or Subdued. II—The Tranquil. III—The Serious:  
IV—The Sublime. V—The Oratorical. VI—The Didactic. VII—  
The Gay and Joyous. VIII—The Vehement and Impassioned. IX  
—The Bold and Jubilant. X—The Dramatic. XI—The Humorous.  
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## I.—THE PATHETIC OR SUBDUED STYLE.

THE PATHETIC STYLE is appropriate for the delivery of all selections that affect or move the tender and sympathetic emotions, and naturally includes all gentle, mild and sad ideas, such as pity, grief, sorrow, sadness, etc. In its delivery the reader should use the pure tone in its effusive form, with a subdued force, short slides, median stress, low pitch and slow movement of the voice. The following pieces may be appropriately declaimed in the pathetic style:

A Beautiful Gem.....	<i>E. K. Hervey.....</i>	333
Annabel Lee.....	<i>Edgar A. Poe.....</i>	166
Death of Paul Dombey.....	<i>Charles Dickens.....</i>	144
Drafted.....	<i>Mrs. H. L. Bostwick.....</i>	48
Driving Home the Cows.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	86
Fare Thee Well.....	<i>Lord Byron.....</i>	205
Is There Room in Angel Land.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	430
John Anderson, My Jo.....	<i>Robert Burns.....</i>	179
Little Jim.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	69
Little Paul.....	<i>Bayard Taylor.....</i>	399
Measuring the Baby.....	<i>Emma Alice Brown.....</i>	213
My Mother's Bible.....	<i>George P. Morris.....</i>	325
One in Blue and One in Gray.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	461
Poor Little Joe.....	<i>Peleg Arkwright.....</i>	374
Roll Call.....	<i>N. G. Shepherd.....</i>	303
Selling the Farm.....	<i>Berth Day.....</i>	104
Somebody's Darling.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	416
Tears, Idle Tears.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson.....</i>	157
The Beggar's Petition.....	<i>Thomas Moss.....</i>	422
The Daughter's Request.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	315
The Death of the First Born.....	<i>J. G. Holland.....</i>	442
The Deserted Wife.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	334
The Face against the Pane.....	<i>T. B. Aldrich.....</i>	224
The Lost Steamship.....	<i>Fitz James O'Brien.....</i>	426
The Old Soldier Tramp.....	<i>Joaquin Miller.....</i>	469
The Old Soldier's Story.....	<i>E. A. Duncan.....</i>	454
The Old Surgeon's Story.....	<i>E. C. Donnelly.....</i>	417
The Pauper Girl.....	<i>Georgene Traver.....</i>	489
The Peculiar Neighbor.....	<i>Harriet M. Spalding.....</i>	479
The Pride of Battery "B.".....	<i>Frank H. Cassaway.....</i>	39

There is But One Pair of Stockings to Mend To-night.....	<i>Anonymous.</i>	58
The Snow Storm.....	<i>Portland Argus.</i>	321
The Song of the Camp.....	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	127
The Three Bells.....	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	275
The Volunteer's Wife.....	<i>M. A. Dennison.</i>	165
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....	<i>Thomas Moore.</i>	429
To Mary in Heaven.....	<i>Robert Burns.</i>	476
Unfinished Still.....	<i>Anonymous.</i>	466
You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave.....	<i>C. E. J. Holmes.</i>	407

## II.—THE TRANQUIL STYLE.

The TRANQUIL STYLE is appropriately used in the delivery of all selections of serenity, beauty and affection, where a quiet, calm, serene and undisturbed thought prevails. In its delivery the speaker should employ a pure tone in its effusive form, with moderate force, median stress, middle pitch and moderate movement of the voice.

At the Church Gate.....	<i>Wm. M. Thackeray.</i>	164
Better Things.....	<i>George MacDonald.</i>	278
Carving A Name.....	<i>Horatio Alger.</i>	314
Charity.....	<i>Mrs J. M. Winton.</i>	411
Dickens in Camp.....	<i>Bret Harte.</i>	140
Drifting ..	<i>T'os. Buchanan Read.</i>	130
Evangeline on the Prairie.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	464
Evening on the Farm.....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge.</i>	114
Happiness.....	<i>Walter Colton.</i>	362
Home.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i>	46
In School Days.....	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i>	219
No Mortgage on the Farm.....	<i>John H. Yates.</i>	252
Rain on the Roof.....	<i>Ccates Kinney.</i>	15
The Bells of Shandon.....	<i>Francis Mahoney.</i>	129
The Captain's Daughter..	<i>James T. Fields.</i>	68
The Doorstep.....	<i>E. C. Sledman.</i>	191
The Old Man in the Palace Car.....	<i>Anonymous.</i>	101
The Soldier's Dream.....	<i>Thomas Campbell.</i>	304
Wedded Love's First Home.....	<i>James Hall.</i>	422
When the Kye Come Hame.....	<i>James Hogg.</i>	88
Who is She.....	<i>Marian Douglass.</i>	361

## III.—THE SERIOUS STYLE.

The **SERIOUS STYLE** may be properly used for the delivery of all serious, grave or solemn selections of a quiet and tranquil spirit. The reader, in its delivery, should use the natural or pure tone in its effusive form, with subdued force, median stress, on a low pitch, and with slow movement of the voice when the ideas are reverential or solemn inereely; but when characterized by fear or aversion, as in awe, dread and horror, the aspirated or guttural tone, radical or increasing stress, high pitch with long pauses, may be used with great effect.

A Stranger in the Pew.....	<i>Mary E. Dodge.....</i>	431
Beauty.. .....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson...</i>	267
Golden Hair.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	67
Growing Old.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	502
Hamlet's Soliloquy.....	<i>Wm. Shakespeare.....</i>	388
Her Letter.....	<i>Bret Harle .....</i>	297
Lessons.....	<i>Sallie N. Roach.....</i>	500
Look Aloft.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	172
Over the River.....	<i>Mrs. N. A. W. Priest...</i>	122
Passing Away.....	<i>John Pierpont.....</i>	436
Religion the Only Basis of Society....	<i>W. E. Channing.....</i>	360
Remorse of De Moor.....	<i>F. Von Schiller.....</i>	187
Thanatopsis.....	<i>Wm. Cullen Bryant.....</i>	50
The Blind Preacher.....	<i>Wm. Wirt.....</i>	273
The Blue and the Gray.....	<i>F. M. Finch.....</i>	40
The Fool's Prayer.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	400
The Isle of Long Ago.....	<i>B. F. Taylor.....</i>	55
The Last Leaf....	<i>O. W. Holmes.....</i>	139
The Meeting of the Ships.....	<i>Felicia Hemans.....</i>	72
The Old Canteen.....	<i>G. M. White.....</i>	481
The Old Clock on the Stairs.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow.....</i>	147
The Old Man in the Model Church...	<i>John H. Yates.....</i>	204
There is No Death.....	<i>E. Bulwer Lytton.....</i>	123
We've Always Been Provided For. ....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	435
Where are Wicked Folks Buried.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	433

## IV.—THE SUBLIME STYLE.

The **SUBLIME STYLE** is appropriately used in the delivery of all thoughts and ideas that are noble, great, grand, and heroic, and in the

expression of deep feelings of reverence, devotion, adoration, awe, etc. It is the proper voice of all the set services of the church, including nearly all hymns of praise, and it is the appropriate voice of prayer. This style requires full swelling volume, hence the reader should use the orotund quality of voice in its effusive form—with moderate force, median stress, low key and slow rate. In profound awe, despair or horror, a very low key and very slow rate. For the Sublime Oratorical Style see remarks under head of Oratorical.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> .....	239
Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> .....	264
Burial of Lincoln .....	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i> .....	73
Cato's Soliloquy .....	<i>Joseph Addison</i> .....	398
Centennial Hymn .....	<i>Horatio Alger</i> .....	314
Hymn to the Night .....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> .....	370
Oh ! Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud ? .....	<i>Wm. Know</i> .....	43
The Burial of Sir John Moore.....	<i>Charles F. Wolfe</i> .....	91
The Lost Chord .....	<i>Adelaide A. Proctor</i> .....	352

## V.—THE ORATORICAL STYLE.

The ORATORICAL STYLE is properly used in the delivery of the very emphatic passages of all declamatory pieces; in the delivery of all set speeches, orations and sermons, in which the object is not only to enlighten the understanding, but to rouse to action, or to quiet the raging passions. It sways with equal ease the minds of the cultured and the ignorant. It is not unusual, especially in all funeral orations, to find a blending of both the sublime and the oratorical elements. Many teachers of elocution separate such pieces from the Oratorical and classify them under the head of the "Oratorical Sublime," inasmuch as this class is almost wholly confined to funeral orations. It has not been thought necessary to make such a classification. In the delivery of the oratorical style both the expulsive and the explosive form of the orotund quality of voice may be used with effect, with a median or increasing force and stress, middle and high key, and moderate movement.

A Dream of the Universe.....	<i>Jean Paul Richter</i> .....	434
American Independence.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	293
American Laborers.....	<i>F. Naylor</i> .....	138

American Liberty.....	<i>Joseph Story</i> .....	180
Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body..	<i>Wm. Shakespeare</i> .....	396
Aristocracy .....	<i>Robert R. Livingston</i> .....	64
Centennial Oration.....	<i>Henry A. Brown</i> .....	423
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery...	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> .....	54
Garfield, James A.....	<i>James G. Blaine</i> .....	445
Glorious New England.....	<i>S. S. Prentiss</i> .....	383
Grant, General U. S. ....	<i>W. F. Vilas</i> .....	248
Independence Day.....	<i>L. Parmly</i> .....	376
Justice .....	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> .....	85
Massachusetts and South Carolina...	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	357
Morning.....	<i>Edward Everett</i> .....	60
Mountains.....	<i>E. M. Morse</i> .....	475
National Character.....	<i>S. B. Maxey</i> .....	116
National Morality.....	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> .....	142
New England.....	<i>Caleb Cushing</i> .....	344
Our Battle Flags .....	<i>Carl Schurz</i> .....	229
Our Country's Honor our Own.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	60
Our Heroes shall Live.....	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> .....	70
Patriotism .....	<i>Thomas F. Meagher</i> .....	227
Public Opinion .....	<i>Canon Farrar</i> .....	425
Rich and Poor.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	162
Right of Free Discussion derived from		
God .....	<i>Gerrit Smith</i> .....	396
South Carolina.....	<i>Robert Young Hayne</i> .....	336
Speech of a Mingo Chief.....	<i>Logan</i> .....	290
Stand by the Flag.....	<i>F. Holt</i> .....	253
Sumner, Charles.....	<i>L. Q. C. Lamar</i> .....	222
Supposed Speech of James Otis.....	<i>Mrs. L. M. Childs</i> .....	369
The East and the West.....	<i>Lyman Beecher</i> .....	102
The Influence of Women.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	324
The Liberty of the Press.....	<i>F. P. Curran</i> .....	355
The Study of Elocution.....	<i>Matthew Simpson</i> .....	459
The Study of Eloquence.....	<i>Cicero</i> .....	494
The Survivors of Bunker Hill.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	109
The Veteran Soldiers. ....	<i>Robert G. Ingersoll</i> .....	120
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!.....	<i>F. G. Holland</i> .....	279
True Eloquence.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> .....	85
Value of Reputation .....	<i>Charles Phillips</i> .....	181
Washington, George .....	<i>Charles Phillips</i> .....	383

## VI.—THE DIDACTIC STYLE.

The DIDACTIC STYLE, properly speaking, includes the matter-of-fact or unemotional expressions of thought and feeling, and rightly includes all descriptive and narrative pieces, and all such as is generally designated as "common reading"—namely: Essays, conversations, newspaper, and other compositions or selections which contain doctrines, principles, precepts, or rules, calculated simply to instruct the mind. This style embraces fully two-thirds of everything that finds its way to the printer, and nearly everything that is spoken. The learner will find that the remarks on pages 19 to 21 inclusive may be studied with profit. The Didactic Style should be rendered in a pure tone, in its expulsive form, although a variety of tone, in a good reader, will add interest and charm in its delivery. The beginner should exercise great care against overmuch variety, thereby rendering the reading unreal and flippant. Distinct articulation is particularly necessary in the delivery of this style; a moderate force, time and volume, with middle pitch and radical stress of voice, is demanded.

A Rabbinical Tale.....	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i> .....	302
Brother Watkins.....	<i>John B. Gough</i> .....	156
Cleon and I.....	<i>Charles Mackay</i> .....	173
Cut Behind.....	<i>T. DeWitt Talmage</i> .....	363
Don't Run in Debt.....	<i>Eliza Cook</i> .....	353
Hannah Jane.....	<i>D. R. Locke</i> .....	174
Little Brown Hands.....	<i>M. H. Krout</i> .....	370
Mona's Waters.....	<i>Anonymous</i> .....	485
Queries.....	<i>Anonymous</i> .....	357
Small Beginnings.....	<i>Charles Mackay</i> .....	163
The Battle of Gettysburg.....	<i>R. C. Briggs</i> .....	419
The Blind Preacher.....	<i>Wm. Wirt</i> .....	273
The Cataract of Lodore.....	<i>Robert Southey</i> .....	235
The Crowded Street.....	<i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i> .....	447
The Laborer.....	<i>Wm. D. Gallagher</i> .....	117
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.....	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> .....	413
The Old Ways and the New.....	<i>John H. Yutes</i> .....	99
The Pilot.....	<i>John B. Gough</i> .....	92
The Schoolmaster.....	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> .....	82
The Village Bell.....	<i>Anonymous</i> .....	313
Waiting by the Gate.....	<i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i> .....	221
Where Should the Scholar Live.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> .....	218

## VII.—THE GAY AND JOYOUS STYLE.

This **STYLE** may properly be used in the rendering of all expressed thought or feeling in which animated, merry, jovial, sportive, vivacious, lively, happy, and beautiful ideas predominate. It denotes a degree of life and animation greater than cheerfulness, and yet does not rise to impassioned emotion. All such selections should be delivered in rapid time, high, and often very high pitch, median and frequently radical stress, long slides, moderate to impassioned force, and a natural tone in its expulsive or explosive form.

Guneopathy .....	<i>J. G. Saxe...</i>	182
Paddle Your Own Canoe.....	<i>Sarah T. Bolton.....</i>	348
The Boys.....	<i>O. W. Holmes.....</i>	263
The Coquette Punished.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	183
The Song of the Brook.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson.....</i>	277
The Song of the Rover.....	<i>Lord Byron.....</i>	444

## VIII.—THE VEHEMENT AND IMPASSIONED STYLES.

The **VEHEMENT AND IMPASSIONED STYLES** may be appropriately used in the delivery of all excited, passionate, vehement, impetuous, spirited or furious, and very forcible or very ardent thought and feeling as expressed in impassioned poetry, and in the impassioned portions of sermons, orations, and speeches. It is used with power in all very bold pieces, and all such violent passions as anger, intense scorn, defiance, revenge, hate, etc. Impassioned pieces should generally have very loud force, very long slides, abrupt, and often compound stress. The time accelerating as the passion cumulates from moderate to faster, with very long quantity, median and high pitch and quality, expulsive form of the orotund tone. Where the passion is malignant the tone should be slightly aspirated, and often guttural.

Go Feel What I have Felt.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	65
Sheridan's Ride.....	<i>Thos. Buchanan Read.....</i>	160
Spartacus to the Gladiators.....	<i>E. Kellogg.....</i>	410
The Bondage of Drink.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	373
The Launching of the Ship.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow.....</i>	147
The American Union .....	<i>Martin F. Tupper.....</i>	88
The Seminole's Reply .....	<i>George W. Patten.....</i>	326
Warren's Address.....	<i>John Pierpont.....</i>	320
War with England.....	<i>Patrick Henry.....</i>	406



## IX.—THE BOLD AND JUBILANT STYLES.

The **BOLD STYLE** is appropriately used in all selections, words or phrases where daring, brave, intrepid and fearless thought and feeling are expressed. The **JUBILANT STYLE** is used in uttering songs of triumph, exultation, or animated courage. The **SHOUTING STYLE**, being a loud outcry expressive of joy or animation, is chiefly used in the expression of those words and phrases which are employed in calling or commanding. Few selections require it throughout. In rendering these styles the expulsive form of the pure tone, very high pitch, radical stress, impassioned force and rapid movement should be employed.

Bugle Song.....	<i>A. Tennyson</i> .....	354
Marco Bozzaris.....	<i>Fitz Greene Halleck</i> .....	61
Miles Standish's Encounter with the In-		
dians.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> .....	471
The Battle of Fontenoy.....	<i>B. Dowling</i> .....	208
The Battle of Ivry.....	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> .....	409
The Burial March of Dundee.....	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i> .....	471
The Charge by the Ford.....	<i>Thomas D. English</i> .....	452
The Charge of the Light Brigade.....	<i>A. Tennyson</i> .....	355
The Song of Marion's Men.....	<i>Wm. Cullen Bryant</i> .....	309

## X.—THE DRAMATIC STYLE.

The **DRAMATIC STYLE** is appropriately used in the expression of mixed emotions, or where different sentiments are combined in one piece. The student should not attempt the rendition of this style until the elements of expression for each and all of the previous styles are clearly understood and readily employed in practice. This accomplished, it will be comparatively easy to render the natural expression of all selections in the dramatic style. The dramatic style, then, is a combination of the previous styles, and it is not unusual to find the combination of all, or nearly every style, in one piece; hence the characteristic elements in the expression of each must be, as far as possible, preserved in reading the compound or dramatic style.

Abou Ben Adhem.....	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> ....	179
Address to a Mummy.....	<i>Horace Smith</i> .....	413
After the Battle.....	<i>Anonymous</i> .....	490
Barbara Fritchie.....	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> .....	495

"Bay Billy".....	<i>Frank H. Cassaway</i> .....	214
Caldwell of Springfield.....	<i>Bret Harte</i> .....	237
Charlie Machree.....	<i>Wm. F. Hoppin</i> .....	383
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.....	<i>Rose H. Thorpe</i> .....	95
Herve Riel.....	<i>Robert Browning</i> .....	465
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.....	<i>Robert Browning</i> .....	386
Imaginary Meeting of Satan, Sin and Death.....	<i>John Milton</i> .....	393
Kate Shelley.....	<i>Eugene F. Hall</i> .....	491
"Kentucky Belle".....	<i>Constance F. Woolson</i> .....	287
On the Shores of the Tennessee.....	<i>Ethel L. Beers</i> .....	80
On to Freedom!.....	<i>A. F. H. Duganne</i> .....	202
Othello's Apology for his Marriage.....	<i>Wm. Shakspeare</i> .....	402
Paul Revere's Ride.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> .....	497
The Bells.....	<i>Edgar A. Poe</i> .....	322
The Blacksmith of Ragenback.....	<i>Frank Murray</i> .....	458
The Creeds of the Bells.....	<i>Geo. W. Bungay</i> .....	330
The Dandy Filth.....	<i>Frank H. Cassaway</i> .....	503
The Forging of the Anchor.....	<i>Samuel Ferguson</i> .....	300
The Gambler's Wife.....	<i>Reynall Coates</i> .....	171
The Main Truck.....	<i>Walter Collon</i> .....	484
The Mariner's Dream.....	<i>Wm. Dimond</i> .....	265
The Mills of God.....	<i>A. F. H. Duganne</i> .....	272
The Polish Boy.....	<i>Ann S. Stephens</i> .....	365
The Revolutionary Rising.....	<i>T. Buchanan Read</i> .....	327
The Seven Ages of Man.....	<i>Wm. Shakspeare</i> .....	507
The Sexton.....	<i>Park Benjamin</i> .....	319
The Vagabonds.....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> .....	168
Woodman, Spare that Tree.....	<i>George P. Morris</i> .....	119
Yussouf.....	<i>James R. Lowell</i> .....	185

## XI.—THE HUMOROUS STYLE.

HUMOR, as defined by Webster, is "that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a wild or fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous images or representations." While it is less brilliant and poignant than wit, it is always more agreeable; and when employed solely to raise mirth, will make conversation more pleasant. The reader should remember that the ludicrous

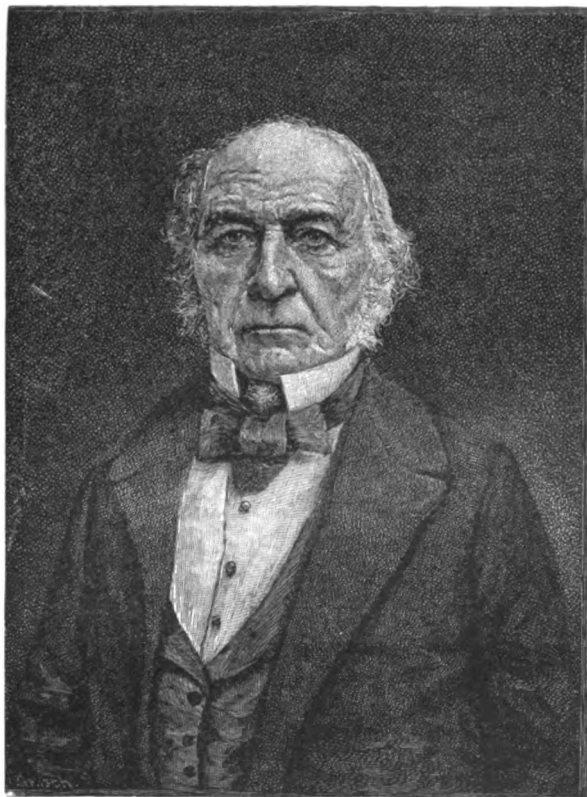
differs essentially from the ridiculous,—the former is adapted to raise laughter without scorn or contempt; the latter implies contempt or derision, and is designed to awaken mirth with some degree of contempt, being aimed at what is not only laughable but improper, absurd or despicable,—at the same time it expresses less than sarcasm. Sarcasm is a keen, reproachful expression, uttered with a greater degree of scorn or contempt.

Ludicrous and sarcastic pieces include all jest, raillery, ridicule, mockery, irony, scorn or contempt. Both styles require long circumflex slides and compound abrupt stress, long quantity, and pauses on the emphatic words. Good-natured jest or raillery should have a higher pitch, faster time, and purer quality than belongs to sarcasm, which should have the median pitch, aspirated quality and rather slow time. With both kinds the force changes from moderate to louder with the boldness of the spirit.

A Darkey's Counsel to a Newly-mar-

ried Pair.....	<i>Edmund Kirke</i> .....	283
A Helpmate.....	<i>A. Melville Bell</i> .....	380
American Aristocracy.....	<i>John G. Saxe</i> .....	380
American Corn.....	<i>Samuel S. Cox</i> .....	211
An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> .....	177
An Idyl of the Period.....	<i>Geo. A. Baker, Jr.</i> .....	294
Aunt Doleful's Visit.....	<i>Mary K. Dallas</i> .....	331
Deutsche Advertisement.....	<i>Charles T. Wolfe</i> .....	93
Duluth.....	<i>J. Proctor Knott</i> .....	194
French and English.....	<i>Thomas Hood</i> .....	112
Half Way Doin's.....	<i>Irwin Russell</i> .....	238
Handy Andy at the Postoffice.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i> .....	305
Hotspur's Description of a Fop.....	<i>Wm. Shakespeare</i> .....	483
Irish Aristocracy.....	<i>Charles G. Halpine</i> .....	103
Jupiter and Ten.....	<i>James T. Fields</i> .....	339
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WM. E. GLADSTONE.



# ELOCUTION.



## HOW TO BECOME A GOOD READER AND SPEAKER.

**T**HE subject of elocution is confessedly an all important one to the American people—the love of Oratory is inherent in Americans—they have felt its influence as no other people have, and realize the part it has performed in the formation and character of the Republic. Prof. Whitman has well said that “it was oratory that made us a free and independent people, oratory that determined the qual-

ity of man, oratory that settled all the important questions of the past, and oratory that must mark the future weal or woe of the American nation—a nation which, it is no exaggeration to say—excels all others in the splendor of her renown, ‘even as one star excelleth another star in glory.’”



Fig. 1.

Hon. Frank Gilbert in his Introduction to Prof. Whitman's book, says: “In no other country have orators and oratory played so important a part in shaping public affairs as in this country, the reason is, that nowhere else has free speech been enjoyed with absolute thoroughness. Every other land either is, or has been cursed by a despotism which dared not give reign to the tongue. Oratory cannot flourish under tyranny.”—The oratory

of this Republic is one of the great treasures of literature.

Our Republican institutions are of such a character as to call for and encourage a practice of not only impromptu and well finished and studied oratory, but a demand for good elocutionists, capable of instituting an intelligent inquiry into the meaning of an author; and, having obtained it, that it may be conveyed not only correctly, but with force, beauty, variety and effect, requiring the speaker to impress the exact lineaments of nature upon his sentiments, such indeed, is the imperative demand for the services of elocutionists of every class, that excellence in the art is a sure road to financial remuneration as well as civil and political preferment.



Fig. 2.

The general inaptitude to extemporaneous addresses of

our citizens is conclusive proof that there is a lamentable deficiency somewhere in their early training. That some are gifted beyond others in the matter of oratory cannot be denied, and that the great majority of our people need

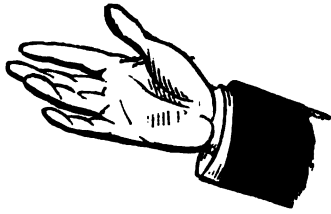


Fig. 3.

nothing but proper training in the season of their youth to fit them the better to enter this department of public life, is equally undeniable. The low state of elocution in this country proceeds chiefly from the defective method adopted

in teaching it in our public institutions. Though it is gratifying to know that elocution is beginning to secure a portion of attention, corresponding, in some degree, with its importance, but still it is too much neglected, not only by the community in general, but even by public speakers and teachers of youth.

Elocution in our schools should rank in consideration with the more important branches of geog-



Fig. 4.

raphy, grammar and arithmetic. The teacher must himself be a good reader, otherwise his scholars cannot become so; he should continually practice the scholars in declamation and drill them in the principles of elocution. It is unreasonable to expect the school-boy to analyze the works of the great and



Fig. 5.

unrivalled delineators of human character; the true meaning of the authors must be taught him by his instructor



and his voice trained to fullness and power, and stately elegance. If our youth be accustomed from their early scholastic life to address audiences even of their own school companions and acquaintances, much will be accomplished toward preparing them for proficiency in reading and speaking.



Fig. 6.

The prime qualifications for an orator or reader are a pure and cultivated voice, and a correct and elegant articulation. The different intonations, cadences and inflections of the human voice are to be acquired only by indefatigable study and practical effort, and the most assiduous and strict attention under the guidance and instruction of a teacher, competent and qualified to unfold the various beauties, rendering them and the science with which they are connected, equally beneficial and interesting to the man of business, the student, the statesman and the divine. The remarks of Sheridan in his lectures on the "Art of Reading" are as true of our own country as of England: "I appeal to the experience of mankind, whether in general anything else be taught, but the pronunciation of words, and the observations of the stops; we are taught to deliver our exercises or the words of others with little or no variation of voice, or else with some disagreeable, discordant cant applied to all sentences alike."



Fig. 7.

Dr. Channing, the literary and philosophical essayist, in a discourse delivered as long ago as 1836, on this subject clearly shows, that elocution is calculated to elevate the standard of morality, and moreover, sets forth, most hap-

pily, its superiority over the drama. He says: "A people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures



Fig. 8.

by furnishing the means to innocent ones. There is an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us—I mean elocution. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm and good elocution, is a very pure and high gratification; were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way

of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation, but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakespeare well recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers, who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theater. Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it."

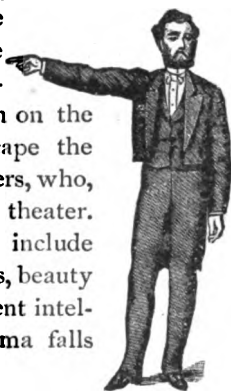


Fig. 9.

Elocution, it must be borne in mind, includes reading and conversation, as well as public speaking, and is a matter of nearly as much interest to ladies as to gentlemen, as the greater portion of the time of ladies is employed in conversation and reading; to be able to read and converse well is therefore a very desirable attainment.

The following extract from Mrs. Sigourney's excellent "Letters to Young Ladies," is commended to their perusal: "Reading aloud, with propriety and grace, is an accomplishment worthy of the acquisition of females. To enter



Fig. 10.—GRIEF.

into the spirit of the author, and convey his sentiments with a happy adaptation of tone, emphasis and manner, is no common attainment. It is peculiarly valuable in our sex, because it so often gives them an opportunity of imparting pleasure and improvement to an assembled family, during the winter evening, or the protracted storm. In the zeal for female accomplishments it would seem that the graces of elocution had been too little regarded. Permit me to fortify my opinion by the authority of Rev. Mr. Galludet: 'I cannot understand why it should be thought, as it sometimes is, a departure from female delicacy, to read in a promiscuous social circle, if called upon to do so, from any peculiar circumstance, and to read, too, as well as Garrick himself. If the young lady possesses the power of doing it, why

may she not do this, with as much genuine modesty and with as much of a desire to oblige her friends and with as little of ostentation, as to sit down in the same circle, to the piano, and play and sing in the style of the first masters? If to do the former is making too much of a display of her talents, why should not the latter be so? Nothing but some strange freak of fashion, can have made a difference; fine reading is an accomplishment where the inherent music, both of the voice and intellect, may be uttered, for

the scope and compass of each is often fully taxed and happily developed, in the interpretation of delicate shades of meaning and gradations of thought.” The beneficial effects

of vocal gymnastics, judiciously conducted, upon health, are not yet fully appreciated. The following on this subject from the pen of Dr. Combe, is worthy of attention:



Fig. 11.—DISLIKE.

“Reading aloud and recitation are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises, than is generally imagined. In forming and undulating the voice, the chest and the diaphragm are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach a healthy and agreeable stimulus; and, consequently, where the voice is raised and elocution rapid, as in many kinds of public speaking, the muscular effort is more fatiguing than the mental, especially to those who are unaccustomed to it.

“When care is taken, however, not to carry reading aloud or reciting so far at one time, as to excite the least sensation of soreness or fatigue in the chest, and it is duly repeated, it is extremely useful in developing and giving tone to the organs of respiration, and to the general system. As exercises in reading aloud, public speaking, and lecturing, require some exertion, they ought to be indulged in with prudence, and constant reference to the constitution and health of the individual. When early resorted to, and steadily persevered in, they are instrumental in warding off disease, and communicating strength to an important function.”

The editor of the *Journal of Health*, speaking of "the voice," says:

"The preservation of the voice, and the means of improving its tone and compass, are subjects of no little interest. Even though it be exerted only in ordinary conversation, in reading aloud, or in singing, a full, clear, and pleasing voice, must be considered as no mean accomplishment. The first and most important rule for the preservation of the voice, supported equally by ancient authorities and modern experience, is, that the public speaker should, if he 'strive for the mastery,' be habitually temperate in all things, moderate in the indulgence of the table, and not given to any personal excess.

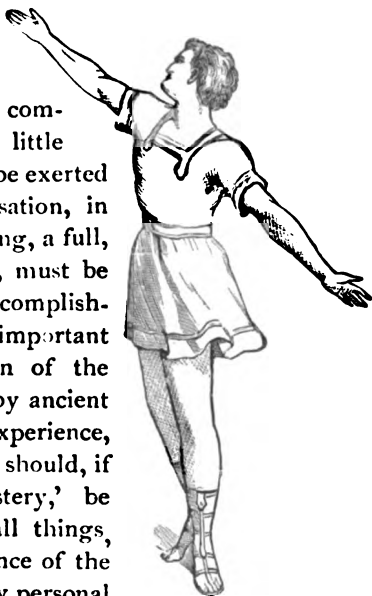


Fig. 12.—INVOCATION.

"The voice should not be exerted after a full meal. It should never be urged beyond its strength, nor strained to its utmost pitch, without intermission. Frequent change of pitch is the best preservative. The voice, when hoarse, should not be exerted, if it can possibly be avoided.

"To speak well with anything in the mouth, is scarcely possible. Few things are so injurious to the voice as tobacco. By the use of it, the voice becomes dry, and is rendered harsh and broken. The voice, as well as the health of a speaker, suffers materially, unless the chest is allowed to expand freely. Hence, all compression or restraint should be carefully removed from this portion of

the body; for the same reason, an erect position should be assumed, as well in speaking and reading aloud, as in singing."

The following suggestions or outline of the requisites necessary for the production of a good reader or speaker, may be opportune. A knowledge of the right use of the breathing apparatus, together with the proper manner of disciplining and using the voice, is the first subject the student should notice.



FIG. 13.—PATRIOTISM.

**BREATHING.**—In breathing stand in a perfectly erect but easy posture, with the weight of the body resting on one foot, the feet at the proper angle and distance from each other (see Figs. 1 and 2). In *effusive* breathing draw in slowly a full breath and emit it very slowly in a prolonged sound of the breathing *h* or *ah* in a whisper. In *expulsive* breathing draw in somewhat quicker than the preceding, a full breath, and send it forth with a lively, explosive force, the sound of the *h* but little prolonged. In *explosive* breathing draw in a full breath faster than in *expulsive*, and emit very quickly in the brief sound of the *h*.

**WHISPERING.**—Those who are accustomed to articulate poorly should practice whispering—for in whispering a poor articulation cannot be understood—let the student follow the instructions given in preceding paragraph. In

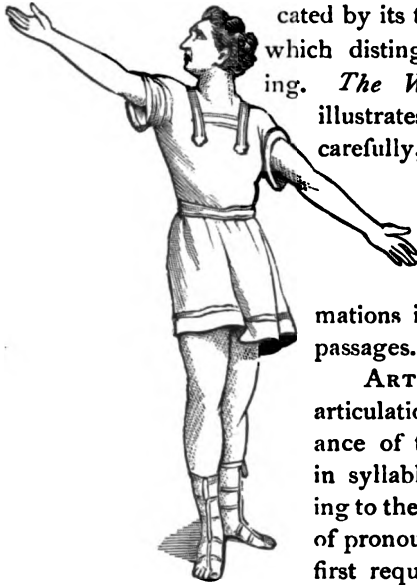
*effusive* whispering let the breath pass from the mouth gently, so that it could be understood ten feet distant. In the *expulsive* emit with more force, so as to be understood twenty feet distant. In the *explosive* send forth the breath in as abrupt and explosive a manner as possible.



Fig. 14.—CAUTION.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.—The qualities of voice generally used in elocution and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Tremor*, the *Aspirated*, the *Guttural*, the *Falsetto* and the *Whisper*. The *Pure Tone* is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, used to express *joy, love and tranquility*. The *Orotund Tone* is a full, deep, round, pure tone of a voice; although sometimes natural, it is more frequently acquired—it is a most pleasing and musical sound. It enables the speaker to enunciate distinctly; it is the most powerful tone, readily modulated and easy to expand or diminish, used especially to express *sublime, impassioned and pathetic* emotions. The *Aspirated Tone* is mostly used in suppressed passion or whispering, as used to express *fear, anger, terror, revenge and remorse*. The *Guttural Tone*. This tone is uttered from the throat, as its name imports. It should be employed very seldom and only to convey an expression of *scorn, aversion, hatred and contempt*. The *Falsetto Tone* is sometimes called a “head voice.” It is used to simulate whinings of peevishness, or the scream of baffled rage, or abject, hopeless terror. It may be cultivated

and attained by practice. The *Tremor Tone*. This tone is rarely used, but is easily acquired by practice; as indicated by its title it has the qualities which distinguish laughter or crying.



*The Whisper*. The word illustrates itself. It is, if used carefully, eminently successful. Several of America's tragedians have used it with more effect than the loudest exclamations in many deep tragic passages.

**ARTICULATION.** — Correct articulation is the distinct utterance of the elementary sounds in syllables and words, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing them, and is the first requisite in good reading and speaking. A clear and elegant enunciation may be acquired by continued practice and indefatigable study. The student should remember that good articulation very much depends upon opening the mouth sufficiently, so that nothing can impede a round, full tone of voice.

**MODULATION** is the giving to each tone of voice its appropriate character and expression. It includes the consideration of Pitch or Key variation. Force and rate—the voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys for convenience and practice—commonly divided into Low, Middle and High key. The *Low Key* is generally used in expressing awe, amazement, horror, despair, deep solemn-



*nity, melancholy, and deep grief.* The *Middle Key*, sometimes called the conversational key, should be used in



FIG. 16.—HATE.

common conversation—in the delivery of an essay, doctrinal sermon, a plain or practical oration. The *High Key* is used in expressing *brisk, gay, and joyous* emotions, also the extremes of *pain* and *fear*. The *Monotone*. Properly speaking does not come under the head of Pitch, yet will be better understood if treated here. The *Monotone* is the opposite of Modulation. It is speaking without change of tone—preserving a fullness of tone without ascent or descent; it requires a full tone of voice with slow and prolonged utterance. It is the only tone that can properly present the supernatural and ghostly, also the best tone to practice in the cultivation of the voice. Imitative modulation is used with powerful effect in the hands of a good reader, or speaker. It marks the reader's appreciation of the sense and beauty of a passage.

In descriptive reading, motion and sound, in all their modifications, are more or less imitated. VARIATIONS are the different movements of the voice, or variations from the key in the delivery of a sentence. There are the Sweeps, the Bend, the Slides and the Closes. The Sweeps are divided into the Upper, Lower and Accentual. The movement of the voice upward from the key to the word emphasized, and coming down upon the word with increased force, is carried below the key and back to it, will represent the Upper and Lower Sweeps—the Accentual takes the same movement, though very much diminished in extent

and is generally developed upon one syllable or word. The *Bend* is a slight turn of the voice upward at a pause of imperfect sense; it gives life and animation to the subject. The *SLIDES* are divided into the Rising, Falling, the Waving and the Circumflex Slide. The Rising Slide is the gradual rise of the voice upward through a series of tones, ceasing at the highest. The Falling is the reverse of the Rising—ceasing at the lowest. The Waving has the movements of the Sweeps. The Double or Circumflex Slide is used where the disjunctive conjunction *or* is used; the voice takes the movement of the Rising Slide to *or* and the Falling Slide from it to the close. The *CLOSES* are divided into the *Partial* ( / ) and the *Perfect* ( \ ). The *Partial* is the fall of the voice at the end of one of the parts of a sentence

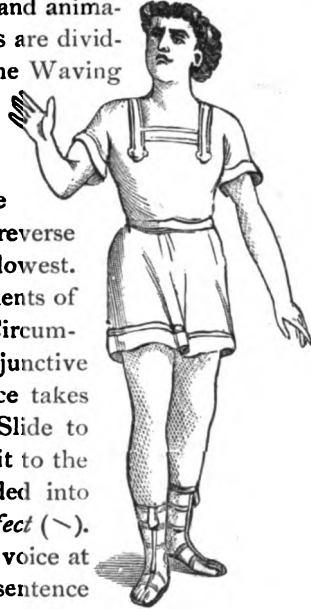


Fig. 17.—ADORATION.

to the key, or to a point near the key preparatory to the perfect close. The *Perfect Close* is a fall of the voice at the end of a sentence to a point generally below the key. *FORCE* or emphasis is a particular stress or force of voice given to one or more important words in a sentence; as a general rule, force is placed upon the word, or words, which, *more than others*, express the idea to be conveyed.

*STRESS*, according to Dr. Rush, is but the rendering of *Force* perceptible or impressive in *single sounds*. There are properly three kinds—the Radical, the Median, and the Increasing. The *Radical* is generally explosive,

## ELOCUTION.

and falls on the first part of a sound. The *Median* is also generally explosive, and swells out toward the middle of a sound, and vanishes toward the close. The *Increasing*, effusive at first, increases till the last moment of the sound, and ends with the explosive. *RATE* must necessarily vary with the nature of the thought—the tendency of American speakers is to undue rapidity. *Slow rate* should generally be practiced, because the speaker or reader has the air of self-possession, can enunciate distinctly, and has in reserve the power to increase the rate where the nature of the sentence may demand it.

**STYLE.**—The student should never attempt to deliver any selection until he first ascertains to what style it belongs. If it be—

1. *Argumentative*, he must deliver it as if debating, therefore earnest;
2. *Descriptive*, he must deliver it as if actually describing some scene;
3. *Persuasive*, he must use those

looks, tones, and gestures appropriately used in persuasion.

**PASSION.**—The student should always have his mind so wrought up to the proper pitch in which the Passion should be rendered, that he may with ease be able to deliver it correctly. Great actors, before appearing in the character they are to personify, through force of will work their minds up to the degree of passion required, and thus appear perfectly lifelike.

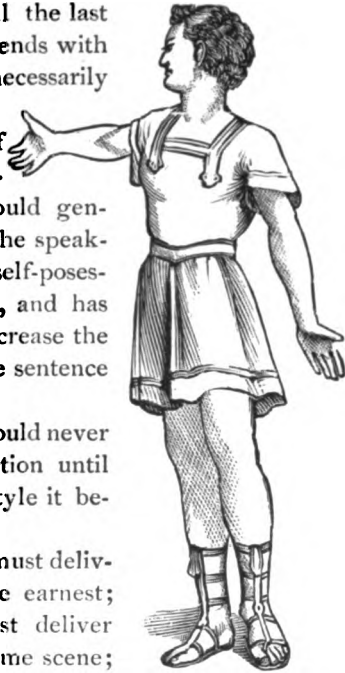


Fig. 18.—CURSING.

Elocutionists, also, in exhibiting some vehement passion to a class, have brought their mind up to such a pitch of frenzy as to be several hours in overcoming its effects. Students should always, before attempting to express one of the passions, carefully examine in what Tone, Key, Force, and Rate it should be delivered.

Finding these, adapt the voice and expression to it, and then deliver it.

**GESTURE.**—Oratory without proper gesture loses half its charm. The ancient Greeks and Romans attached great importance to gesture. Their rhetoricians taught their pupils as well graceful gestures, as how to manage their voices. He who gestures spontaneously, conforms to his subject, and who in other respects, is truly eloquent, can, in the most effectual manner, make himself a master of other men's minds. Such an orator has power "to stir a fever

in the blood of age, and make an infant's sinews strong as steel." Gesture should be used only when it will aid in expressing more forcibly, and to be appropriate and impressive, must always be natural; excess in gestures is to be avoided as well as awkward ones. The following rules have been given by one who has given much thought to this subject and will be found of great value to the student, taken in connection with the illustrations contained in this article.



Fig. 19.—RESOLUTION.

I. "The gesture, employed most frequently, is the movement used in handing a book or other article to a friend, and the delivery of an oration is simply the presentation of ideas to an audience.



"POSITION OF THE HAND.—The hand open, the first finger straight, the other slightly curved, and generally the palms of the hands open toward the audience, so that they may be seen by the audience.

"2. The *Argumentative* gesture may, and should be, used most frequently in debate and argumentative declamation.

"POSITION OF THE HANDS.—First finger straight, the others closed, or nearly so.

"This gesture is very useful in earnest debate, as it was often remarked of Clay that the argument seemed to drop from the ends of his fingers. These gestures are of great value in any discourse.

"3. The *Fist*, sometimes called the 'sledge-hammer' gesture, should be used in the expression of the most earnest, powerful, *moving* sentiments, where strong arguments are to be brought out with telling effect. This gesture was a favorite one with Daniel Webster; and in those memorable debates with Hayne in the United States Senate, he is said to have riveted his arguments with the force of a giant when at every appropriate place he brought down his 'sledge-hammer' gesture.

"Save in debate and argumentative orations, gesture

should seldom be used, except when referring to some object in nature.

"I. When referring to the earth covered with snow, to withering famine, to desolation in whatever respect, or when referring to death or hell, always have the *palm* of the hand *downward*, and the arm raised but slightly from the body.

II. "When referring to the earth robed in green, to the trees and flowers in bloom, to life or to abundance, always have the *palm* of the hand *upward*, and often raised as high as the head.

"In all cases be careful to complete the gesture where it is intended at the instant of uttering the syllable or word; for if it comes in before or lags behind the word, it will certainly detract from the effect."

**POSITION OF THE BODY.**—A speaker should not stand perfectly erect, only when he is expressing courage, fortitude, firmness of purpose, etc. The posture of the body should be a little inclined to the audience, yet *nearly* in an erect position, that the chest may be fully expanded and an easy play given to the organs of respiration and utterance.

**THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY.**—Grace and dignity depend much on the position of the feet and lower limbs.

The weight of the body should be thrown upon one

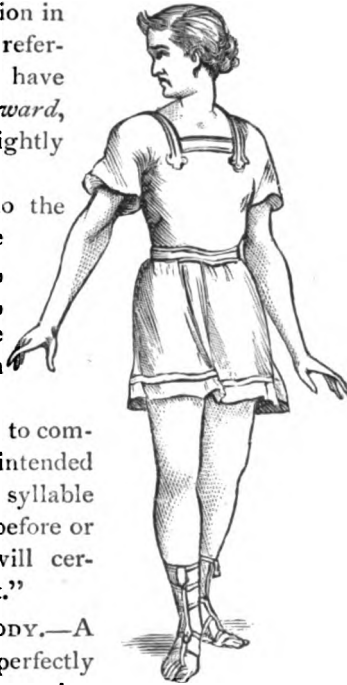


Fig. 21.—REGRET.

foot, the other being left to preserve the balance and move freely, or the weight of the body changed to rest upon it. The foot supporting the weight of the body, is firmly planted. The feet at nearly right angles—so that lines passing lengthwise through them shall cross under the heel of the foot least advanced

—(see Fig. 1.) A little practice will enable the learner without effort or affectation to assume this position easily as he gives utterance to his words. In advancing or retiring the speaker must make the change with the free foot, and by a step of moderate length.

**POSITION OF THE HEAD.**—The head should be in an erect, natural position, not stiff, as this in delivery contributes to the expression. The body should be upright with the face and breast turned toward the audience, the shoulders square, and not shrugged up. The learner should avoid inclining to one side, as it expresses languor, if dropped, humility; when turned upward, pride; when stiff, a lack of ease and self-possession.

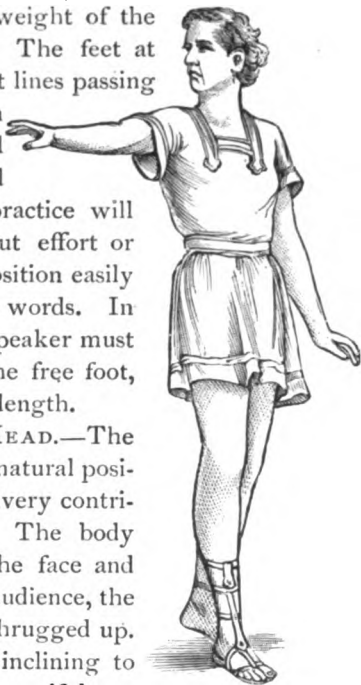


Fig. 22.—DISDAIN.

**THE COUNTENANCE.**—As the eye is the light of the body, so in delivery they are the life of the expression, and none will deny that the eye speaks more truly than the tongue—this may also be affirmed of the countenance in general. The forehead denotes calmness or trouble, the lowering brow indignation, the tell-tale cheek shame or fear, and the expressive lip, scorn. One well versed in

the expression of the face says: "When any passion is called into action, such passion is depicted by the motion of the muscles, and these motions are accompanied by a strong palpitation of the heart. If the countenance be tranquil, it always denotes tranquility in the region of the breast and of the heart." Again, "Hence it appears that the orator who would move others must appear to be moved himself; that is, he must express his emotions in his countenance and by his manner, otherwise his language will be contradicted by his looks, and his audience will be more inclined to believe them, which are the natural and sure indications of the inward mind, than his words, which may easily be feigned, and may differ much from his real sentiments."

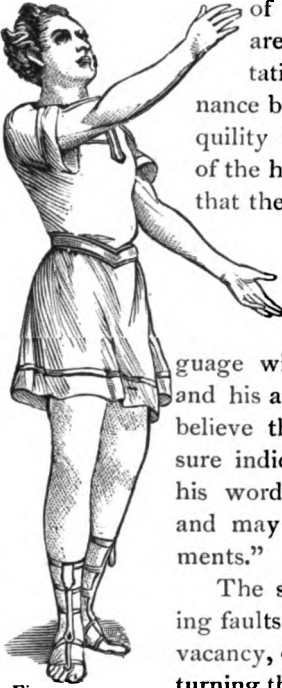


Fig. 23.—APPEAL.

The speaker should avoid the following faults: Staring or fixing the eye upon vacancy, or upon an individual; or foolishly turning them down; weeping—unless upon occasions worthy of tears. Frowning, smiling, unmeaningly pushing out, or biting the lips.

THE HANDS, FINGERS AND ARMS must not be overlooked, as they play an important part in Gesture; grief is denoted by placing the hands over the eyes. Truth or emotion is expressed by placing the hand on the breast. Reflection is shown by putting the finger on the chin. Silence by placing the forefinger on the lips. These gestures should be used sparingly and appropriately. Cleav.



ing the air with the hand or forming it into a scoop, nervous twitching of the fingers or crossing them, clasping the hands or placing the palm of one on that of the other, are serious faults that should be avoided; every motion of the arm should be made gracefully, every movement should seem to come from the shoulder; the elbow should not originate such movement.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS contains in a nutshell all the golden rules of oratory. It cannot be too often read or too deeply pondered over. Every student should analyze this epitome of instruction and be delighted to notice that the great artist has prepared in a single page a concise summary of invaluable information. It is a good piece for recitation. Hamlet says:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounced* it to you; trippingly on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently*; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say), *whirlwind* of your passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance*, that may give it *smoothness*. O, it offends me to the *soul*, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the *most* part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, *avoid* it. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your *tutor*. Suit the action to the *word*; the word to the *action*; with this special *observance*: That you *o'erstep* not the modesty of *nature*; for anything so *over-done* is far from the purpose of *playing*; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to

*nature*; to show virtue her own *feature*; scorn her own *image*; and the very age and *body* of the time his form and *pressure*. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful *laugh*, cannot but make the *judicious grieve*; the censure of which *one*, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of *others*. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that *highly* (not to speak it *profanely*), that, neither having the accent of *Christian*, nor the gift of Christian, pagan, or *man*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's *journeymen* had made men and not made them *well*; they imitated humanity so *abominably*."

## EXPLANATIONS OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—POSITION.—Right foot advanced, the left supporting the body. The principal weight of the body rests upon the foot that is deeply shaded. See Fig. 7.

Fig. 2.—POSITION.—The change from the first to the second position is made by stepping forward with the right foot; throwing the principal weight upon it, only that part of the left, which is shaded, resting upon the floor. This position is assumed in Earnest Appeal, Bold Assertion, and Impassioned Speech.

Fig. 3.—RIGHT HAND SUPINE.—The hand should be well opened; when partly closed the gesture is weakened.

Fig. 4.—THE INDEX FINGER.—Employed in Indication, Precision, etc.

Fig. 5.—CLENCHED HAND.—Used in Extreme Emphasis, Vehement Declaration, Desperate Resolve.

Fig. 6.—HAND CLASPED.—Appropriate in Supplication and Earnest Entreaty.

Fig. 7.—This gesture is employed in Emphatic, particular assertion.

Fig. 8.—This gesture is used in Concession, Submission and Humility.

**Fig. 9.**—This gesture is used in Specific Reference, Emphatic Designation; the hand inverted is used in Reproach, Scorn, Contempt, etc.

**Fig. 10.**—**GRIEF.**—The right foot slightly advanced; the left arm dropped close to the side; right arm advanced a little to the front, both hands open, the palm of the right hand the palm downward; the head leaning forward; the eye directed downward, with lids drooping.

**Fig. 11.**—**DISLIKE.**—The right foot slightly advanced; the left knee slightly bent; the right arm almost falling straight, but a little advanced to the center of the figure; the left hand extends from the side; the hands open, the palms downward; the head a little drooped forward; the face turned toward the right shoulder.

**Fig. 12.**—**INVOCATION.**—Heels well together; form erect; arms fully extended; the right hand to a level with the face; the left arm so that the hand is below the waist; the head turned sideways as though admiring the elevated objects looked at.

**Fig. 13.**—**PATRIOTISM.**—The right foot a slight space in advance; the form elevated to full height; the right arm extended, the hand just raised to a level with the eyes; the left arm extended, so that the wrist is on a level with the waist; the hand open, the palm horizontal with the body.

**Fig. 14.**—**CAUTION.**—The right foot about an inch in advance; the legs close together; the form at ease; the right arm bent so that the back of the open fingers touches the lips; the left arm at the side, but slightly extended, partly forward, partly sideways; the hand open, the palm downward.

**Fig. 15.**—**COURAGE.**—The left foot a little in advance; the figure somewhat thrown back, so that the breast is well advanced; the arms fully extended; hands open; the right hand on a level with forehead; the left on a level with lower part of thigh; the right palm partly turned upward, the left partly down.

**Fig. 16.**—**HATE.**—The right foot advanced, so that its heel just precedes the left foot; the body slightly bent back; the face turned to the sky, the gaze directed upward, with a fierce expression; the eyes full of baleful light; the

right arm held straight up; the fingers very little curved; the left arm extended from the person; the hand open, palm up.

**Fig. 17.—ADORATION.**—The right foot moderately advanced; the attitude gracefully easy; the right arm bent at the elbow, the thumb being on a level with the shoulder; the hand open, the palm outward; the left arm hanging down perpendicular with, and a short distance from, the side; the hand nearly open, the palm down; the head slightly thrown back; the eyes upturned.

**Fig. 18.—CURSING.**—The feet slightly separated, the right foot very little in advance; the right arm extended straight from the body, in the direction of the thing or person addressed; the hand almost open, fingers slightly contracted; the left arm stiffly at the side, some distance from the person, palm of open hand to the front; shoulders well back; head erect; lips wearing a fierce expression; eyes glancing malignantly.

**Fig. 19.—RESOLUTION.**—The heels well together; the form straight; the left arm nearly perpendicular with the body, and about nine inches from it; the right arm, as far as the elbow, close to the body, from the elbow rather extended out; the palms of both hands turned down; the head held firmly, but not boastingly erect.

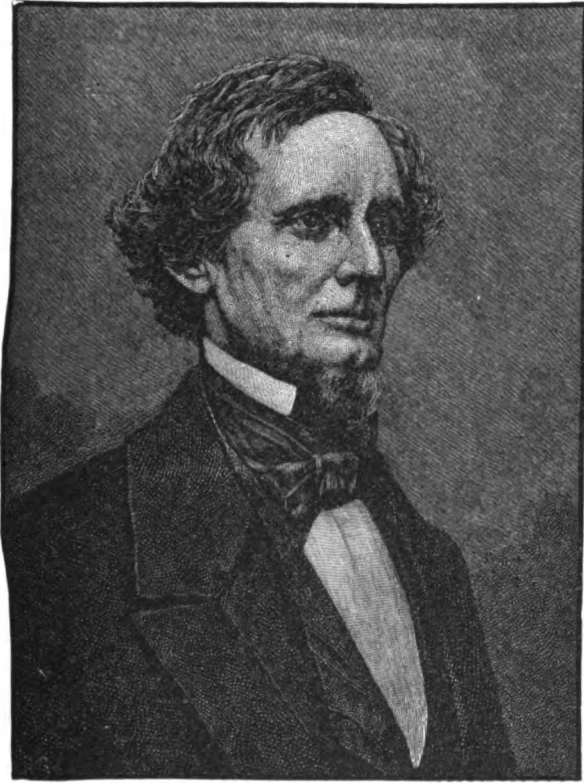
**Fig. 20.—ADMIRATION.**—The right foot very slightly advanced; the left knee bent a little so as to bring the figure into an easy, agreeable posture; the form quite erect; the shoulders well back; the right arm stretched out on a level with the breast; the hand open, and the index finger pointed at the object spoken of (or to); the left arm close to the hip, but from the hip slightly extended from the body; the hand expanded and palm down.

**Fig. 21.—REGRET.**—The right foot forward; the legs well together; the right arm nearly perpendicular with the body; the hand about one foot from the thigh; nearly open; the left arm close to the body to the elbow; the head turned a little backward, over the right shoulder, and very slightly inclined forward; the eyes gazing on the distance.

**Fig. 22.—DISDAIN.**—The weight of the body resting on the right foot, the left foot merely touching the toe to

the ground; the right arm extended at full length, straight from the shoulder; the hand open, palm down; the left arm a little from the side; the hand extended, the palm down; the body proudly erect; the face turned to the right; the eyes following the pointing of the extended right hand.

**Fig. 23.—APPEAL.**—Right foot a little in advance; left knee very slightly bent; shoulders thrown back somewhat; face a little upturned; eyes lifted heavenward; right arm extended; hand open, and a little above the level of the forehead; left arm extended almost horizontally, so as to bring the wrist just below the belt; the hand open, palm upward.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.



## SELECT READINGS.

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### "THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B."

[Mr. Cassaway, whose *nom de plume* is Derrick Dodd, is employed on the editorial staff of the San Francisco *Post*. His fame as a witty and pathetic writer is not confined to this country, his writings having received marked and favorable attention in England. This poem is a "gem of the purest ray serene"—recounts an incident of the late civil war. A little orphan child, a war waif, adopted by a battery of the Southern troops, is so distressed by the failure of the tobacco supplies of her whilom guardians, that she escapes from her tent, and, crossing to the enemy's entrenchment, begs a supply from the Yankee soldiers. The latter send her back well supplied with the weed so dear to the soldier's heart, and during the rest of the engagement the gunners on the Yankee side refuse to direct their shells in the vicinity of the child's detachment. This poem has enjoyed remarkable popularity, and has been widely copied in England and elsewhere.]

South Mountain towered on our right, far off the river lay,  
And over on the wooded hight we held their lines at bay.  
At last the mutt'ring guns were stilled; the day died slow and wan,  
At last the gunners' pipes were filled, the Sergeant's yarns began.  
When,—as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood  
Our brierwoods raised,—within our view a little maiden stood.  
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed  
(Of such a little one in heaven *one* soldier often dreamed).  
And, as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head  
In grave salute: "And who are you?" at length the Sergeant said.  
"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out,  
    "Who is me?"  
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery 'B.'  
My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead,  
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.  
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,  
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review;  
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,  
And so they're cross—why, even Ned won't play with me and joke,



And the big Colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear—  
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yanks had over there.  
And so I thought when beat the drum and the big guns were still,  
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill,  
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some tobac;  
Please do—when we get some again I'll surely bring it back.  
Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—if I do what I say,  
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay.”  
We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have heard her laugh  
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.  
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of griny men,  
Until the Sergeant's husky voice said, “'Tention, Squad!” and then  
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,  
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears that hid  
Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word,  
Till after while a far, hoarse shout, upon the wind we heard!  
We sent it back—then cast sad eye upon the scene around,  
A baby's hand had touched the tie that brothers once had bound.  
That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell.  
Our General often rubbed his glass, and marveled much to see  
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the lines of Battery “B.”

FRANK H. CASSAWAY.

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## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The women of Columbia, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.—This should be read in a natural voice, effusive utterance and low key.]

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet:—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue,  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe:—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain:—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
Wet with the rain, the Gray

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading  
No braver battle was won:—

## SELECT READINGS.

Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment day;  
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red;  
 They banish our anger forever,  
 When they laurel the graves of our dead,—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment day;  
 Love and tears for the Blue,  
 Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

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 THE STUTTERING LASS.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,  
 I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,  
 I would always endeavor to please her.  
 She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass  
 Said never a word, except "You're an ass—  
 An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,  
 The stammering lady had spoken the truth.  
 For often in obvious dudgeon,  
 She'd say,—if I ventured to give her a jog  
 In the way of reproof,—“You're a dog—you're a dog—  
 A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!”

And once when I said, “We can hardly afford  
 This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,  
 And hinted we ought to be wiser,  
 She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,  
 And fretfully cried, “You're a Jew—you're a Jew—  
 A very judicious adviser!”

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk  
 Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,  
 I begged her to go to a neighbor,  
 She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,  
 And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—  
 You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,  
 And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame  
 To scold me instead of caressing,  
 I mimicked her speech,—like a churl as I am,—  
 And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—  
 A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

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## O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, writes that while engaged in painting his picture at the White House, he was alone one evening with the President in his room, when he said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown me when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain."] ]

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
 Like a swift-fleeting meteor, fast-flying cloud,  
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
 Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
 Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
 Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,  
 The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
 The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
 Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flowers or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—  
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;  
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold.  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

W. KNOX

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### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys.  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent,  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book;  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!  
As 'twere a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
"What's that?" the startled master cries;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,

## SELECT READINGS.

Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
 And to the awful presence came,—  
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
 The butt of all good-natured fun.  
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed  
 That you, my biggest pupil, should  
 Be guilty of an act so rude!  
 Before the whole set school to boot—  
 What evil genius put you to't?"  
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad  
 "I did not mean to be so bad;  
 But when Susanna shook her curls,  
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,  
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
 But up and kissed her on the spot!  
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,  
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—  
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

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 HOME.

[This delightful piece should be read in a tone expressive of mingled pride and delight, the eye beaming with pleasure, the voice full and melodious.]

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the night;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
 Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth:  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched, by remembrance, trembles to that pole;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## SAM SMITH'S SOLILOQUY ON MATRIMONY.

CERTAINLY—matrimony is an invention of ——. Well, no matter who *invented* it. I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie, too: may I be shot if I don't offer them both to the little Widow Pardiggle this very night. "Pardiggle!" Phœbus! what a name for such a rosebud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll *have* me, of course. She wants a *husband*,—I want a *wife*: there's one point already in which we perfectly agree.

What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so: there—that'll do; that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself couldn't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old



Pardiggle for giving her a quit-claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue eye? Do you think I'd sit, after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantel, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her little blessed side to dangle round oyster-saloons and theatres? Do I *look* like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street? *No!* Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in their nuptial bower than I shall be with the Widow Pardiggle.

Refused by a widow! Who ever *heard* of such a thing? Well, there's one comfort: nobody'll *believe* it. She is not so *very* pretty, after all: her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy:—not so very *ready* either, confound the gipsy! What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares? Ten to one, she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be a Pardiggle 2d? I am glad she didn't have me. I mean, I'm glad I didn't have *her!*

FANNY FERN.

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### DRAFTED.

[The opening verses should be recited in an agitated, broken voice—the voice changing to a firmer, gentler tone toward the end—as a spirit of resignation fills the mother's heart.]

My son! What! Drafted? My Harry! Why, man, 'tis a boy at his books.

No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie—as delicate, too, in his looks, Why, it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my kitchen at tasks;

He drafted! Great God, can it be that our President knows what he asks?

He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as brave as the best; Narrow-chested, a little, you notice, like him who has long been at rest.

Too slender for over-much study—why, his master has made him to-day

Go out with his ball on the common—and you have drafted a child at his play!

"Not a patriot?" Fie! Did I whimper when Robert stood up with  
his gun,  
And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we heard of  
Bull Run?  
Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his eyes to the wall,  
"There's a staff growing up for your age, mother," said Robert, "if  
I am to fall."

"Eighteen?" Oh I know! And yet narrowly; just a wee babe on  
the day  
When his father got up from a sick-bed and cast his last ballot for  
Clay.  
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, "A new moral of fame  
We'll lay on the candidate's altar,"—and christened the child with  
his name.

Oh, what have I done, a weak woman, in what have I meddled with  
harm,  
(Troubling only my God for the sunshine and rain on my rough  
little farm)  
That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and whetted before my  
eyes,  
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be a sacrifice?

Oh, 'tis true there's a country to save, man, and 'tis true there is no  
appeal,  
But did God see my boy's name lying the uppermost one in the  
wheel?  
Five stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one;  
Are these things Fortune's caprices, or is it God's will that is done?

Are the others too precious for resting where Robert is taking his  
rest,  
With the pictured face of young Annie lying over the rent in his  
breast?  
Too tender for parting with sweethearts? Too fair to be crippled or  
scarred?  
My boy! Thank God for these tears—I was growing so bitter and  
hard!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now read me a page in the Book, Harry, that goes in your knapsack  
to-night,  
Of the eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and falters in  
flight;  
Talk of something that's nobler than living, of a Love that is higher  
than mine,  
And Faith which has planted its banner where the heavenly camp-  
fires shine.

Talk of something that watches us softly, as the shadows glide down  
in the yard;  
That shall go with my soldier to battle, and stand with my picket on  
guard.  
Spirits of loving and lost ones—watch softly with Harry to-night,  
For to-morrow he goes forth to battle—to arm him for Freedom and  
Right!

MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

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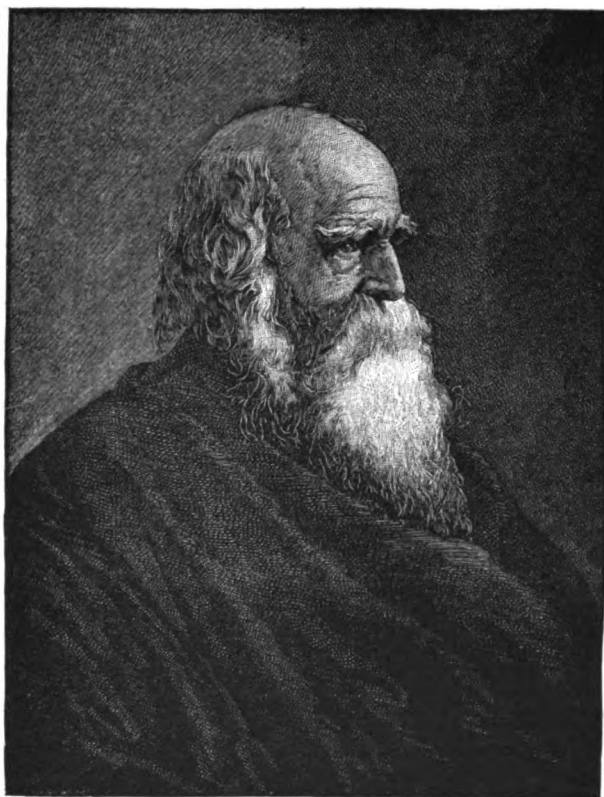
## THANATOPSIS.

[Thanatopsis was written by Mr. Bryant when but 19 years of age. This is, as are the greater part of his poetic effusions, deeply imbued with the pathos of nature. A prominent critic has said that:—"Thanatopsis is the most beautiful among Mr. Bryant's productions; the imagery is concentrated and finished, chaste and smooth; the richness of its coloring and the grouping of its objects is very superior. The poet, while standing by the grave of humanity, illumines its darkness with the splendors of the universe, reconciles us to it by displaying its various inhabitants, and closes the solemn hymn by warning us, in the language of poetic and moral eloquence, to prepare for the final enemy—

"As one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The meaning of the word "Thanatopsis," is a *view of death*,—the grave. It should be read on rather a low key, with slow time, long quantity, and rhetorical pauses. After uttering the first word of the last line in the fourth verse, such a pause should be made. This poem does not, as some have supposed, inculcate the dark, the hopeless, and false doctrine, that "death is an eternal sleep."] ]

To him, who, in the love of nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she *speaks*  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.



**W. C. BRYANT.**

When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;  
Go forth into the open sky, and list  
To nature's teaching, while from all around,  
Comes a still voice :—

“Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to th' insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share and treads upon.

“The oak  
Shall send its roots abroad and pierce thy mold.  
• Yet not to thy eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher.

“The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun: the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between:  
The venerable woods: rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages.

"All that tread  
 The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou shalt fall  
 Unnoticed by the living; and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles  
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
 By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

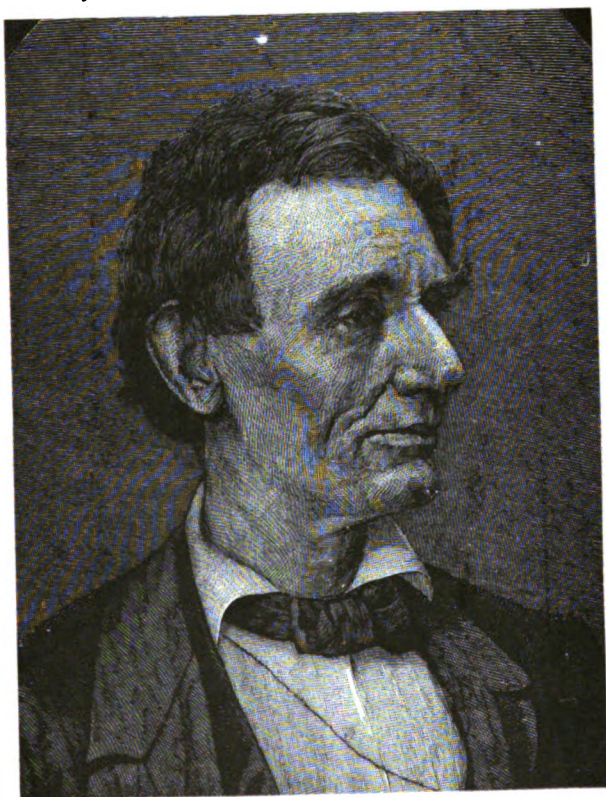
[Delivered at Gettysburg, Pa., Nov. 19, 1863. The speaker should deliver this oration in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, enunciating distinctly each word.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

•But, in a large sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion for that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



A. LINCOLN. -





## THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

O a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like buds between,  
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go,  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;  
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air,  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.  
When the wind down the river is fair.

O remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,  
All the day of our life until night;

When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

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### THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

I hate my geography lesson!  
It's nothing but nonsense and names  
To torture me so every morning,  
I think it's the greatest of shames.

The brooks they flow into the rivers,  
And the rivers flow into the sea;  
For my part I hope they enjoy it,  
But what does it matter to me?

Of late, even more I've disliked it,  
And more disagreeable it seems,  
Ever since that sad evening last winter,  
When I had the most frightful of dreams.

I thought that a great horrid monster  
Stood suddenly there in my room—  
A frightful Geography Demon,  
Enveloped in darkness and gloom;

His body and head like a mountain,  
A volcano on top for a hat;  
His arms and his legs were like rivers,  
With a brook round his neck for cravat.

He laid on my poor trembling shoulder  
His fingers cold, clammy and long;  
And fixing his red eyes upon me,  
He roared forth this horrible song:

"Come! come! rise and come  
Away to the banks of the Muskingum!

It flows o'er the plains of Timbuctoo,  
With the peak of Teneriffe just in view.  
And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine,  
As they dance o'er the cliffs of the Brandywine.

"Flee! flee! rise and flee  
Away to the banks of the Tombigbee!

"We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand,  
Where the emerald towers of Pekin stand;  
We'll pass them by and will rest awhile  
On Michillimackinac's tropic isle;  
While the apes of Barbary frisk around,  
And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

"Hie! hie! rise and hie  
Away to the banks of Yangtze-ki!  
Where the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand,  
And the icebergs gleam through the falling sand;  
While the elephant sits on the palm tree high  
And the cannibals feast on bad boy pie.

"Go! go! rise and go  
Away to the banks of the Hoangho;  
There the Chickasaw sachem makes his tea,  
And the kettle boils and waits for thee.  
We'll smite thee ho! and we'll lay thee low,  
On the beautiful banks of the Hoangho!"

These terrible words were still sounding  
Like trumpets and drums through my head,  
When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder,  
And dragged me half out of the bed.

In terror I clung to the bedpost; but the  
Faithless bedpost it broke;  
I screamed out aloud in my anguish,  
And suddenly,—well, I awoke!

He was gone, but I cannot forget him,  
That fearful geography sprite,

He has my first thought in the morning,  
He has my last shudder at night.

Do you blame me for hating my lesson?  
Is it strange that it frightful should seem?  
Or that I more and more should abhor it  
Since I had that most horrible dream?

ANONYMOUS.

### THERE'S BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

[This should be spoken in a simple, unaffected manner; at times the voice should sink to low, soft, tremulous tones, as the good wife recalls memories of the dear departed.]

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,  
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,  
In an ancient chair whose creaky frame  
Told a tale of long ago;  
While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,  
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,  
Till the light of his pipe went out,  
And, unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws,  
Rolled and tangled the balls about;  
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,  
Swaying to and fro in the firelight glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came  
In her eye of faded blue,  
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,  
Like a single drop of dew;  
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—  
The good man saw naught but the dimmed eye-beam.

Yet he marveled much that the cheerful light  
Of her eye had weary grown,  
And marveled he more at the tangled balls;

So he said in a gentle tone,  
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,  
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there  
Was filled to the very brim,  
And how there remained of the goodly pile  
But a single pair—for him.  
"Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light,  
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"I cannot but think of the busy feet,  
Whose wrappings were wont to lie  
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time,  
Now wandered so far away;  
How the sprightly steps, to a mother dear,  
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old,  
By the hearth there's a vacant seat;  
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,  
And the patter of many feet;  
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight  
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,  
And over the mountains bold,  
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves  
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;  
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,  
And I knew the shadows were only four."

"Another went forth on the foaming waves  
And diminished the basket's store—  
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—  
They'll never be warm any more—  
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me  
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,  
And made them a home in its light,

And fairy fingers have taken their share  
To mend by the fireside bright;  
Some other baskets their garments fill—  
But mine! Oh, mine is emptier still.

“Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best,  
Was ta'en by the angels away,  
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,  
In a land of continual day.  
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,  
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.”

ANONYMOUS.

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### MORNING.

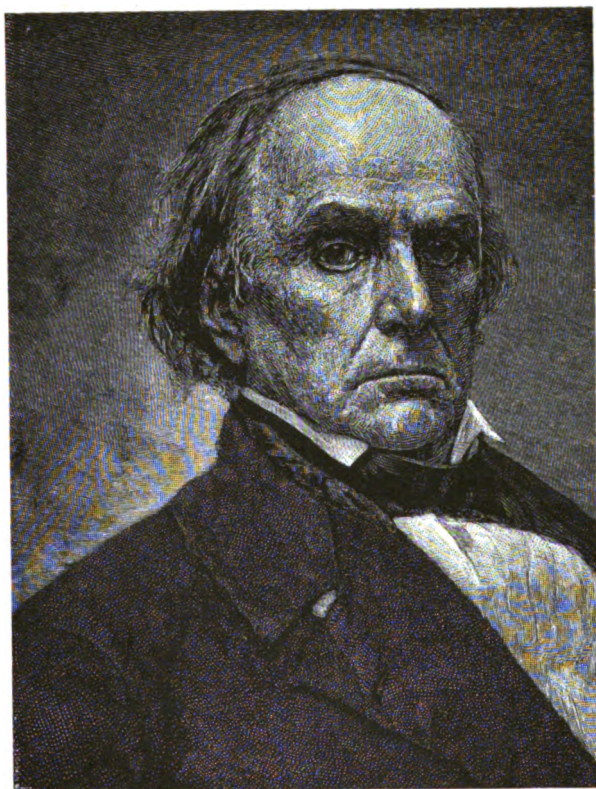
As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

EDWARD EVERETT.

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### OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

1. I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the Constitution and free institutions of the United States



D. WEBSTER.





—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill and can not be hid. We can not withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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## MARCO BOZZARIS.

[Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 30, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain." This piece renders the name of the author almost as imperishable as that of the hero to whom it relates. It is considered one of the most effective pieces for forcible declamation found in the whole range of patriotic poetry. In reading, the voice should undergo great changes in pitch and quantity. At first the speaker should enunciate in a low, measured manner; the third verse, except the first three lines and the last, the voice should rise to a high key; the fifth verse the tones should become almost dirge-like, rising, however, in the sixth verse.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
 When Greecè, her knee in suppliance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power.  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,

Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band,—  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Platæa's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain:  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,  
Come to the mother's, when she feels  
For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet song and dance and wine,—  
And thou art terrible; the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come when his task of fame is wrought;  
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;  
Come in her crowning hour,—and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb.  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed.  
For thee she rings the birthday bells;  
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch and cottage bed.  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,—  
And even she who gave thee birth,—  
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;  
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

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## ARISTOCRACY.

1. The gentleman who has so copiously declaimed against all declamation, has pointed his artillery against the rich and great. We are told that in every country there is a natural aristocracy, and that this aristocracy consists of the rich and the great. Nay, the gentleman goes further, and ranks in this class of men the wise, the learned, and those eminent for their talents or great virtues. Does a man possess the confidence of his fellow-citizens for having done them

important services? He is an aristocrat. Has he great integrity? He is an aristocrat. Indeed, to determine that one is an aristocrat, we need only to be assured that he is a man of merit. But I hope we may have such. So sensible am I of that gentleman's talents, integrity and virtue, that we might at once hail him the first of the nobles, the very prince of the Senate.

2. But whom, in the name of common sense, would the gentleman have to represent us? Not the rich, for they are sheer aristocrats. Not the learned, the wise, the virtuous; for they are all aristocrats. Whom then? Why, those who are not virtuous; those who are not wise; those who are not learned; these are the men to whom alone we can trust our liberties! He says further, we ought not to choose aristocrats because the people will not have confidence in them. That is to say, the people will not have confidence in those who best deserve and most possess their confidence. He would have his government composed of other classes of men. Where will he find them? Why, he must go forth into the highways and pick up the rogue and the robber. He must go to the hedges and the ditches, and bring in the poor, the blind and the lame. As the gentleman has thus settled the definition of aristocracy, I trust that no man will think it a term of reproach, for who among us would not be wise? who would not be virtuous? who would not be above want? The truth is, in these republican governments we know no such ideal distinctions. We are all equally aristocrats. Offices, emoluments, honors, the roads to preferment and to wealth, are alike open to all.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

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## GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

[Written by a young lady who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors. This piece belongs to the impassioned, poetic style, and should be delivered in an earnest, grand and lofty tone, using the expulsive form of the orotund quality of voice.]

Go, feel what I have felt,  
 Go bear what I have borne;  
 Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
 And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
 Thus struggle on from year to year,  
 Thy sole relief, the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall.  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt  
Implore, beseech, and pray,  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be cast with bitter curse aside,  
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,  
And see the strong man bow,  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—  
The sobs of sad despair,  
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,  
And its revealings there  
Have told him what he might have been  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,  
And her crushed spirit cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear;  
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow.  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup,

And led her down from love and light,  
 From all that made her pathway bright,  
 And chained her there 'mid want and strife,  
 That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!  
 And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,  
 That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know  
 All that my soul hath felt and known,  
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow;  
 See if its brightness can atone;  
 Think if its flavor you would try,  
 If all proclaimed,—'*Tis drink and die!*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—  
 Hate is a feeble word;  
 I loathe, abhor,—my very soul  
 By strong disgust is stirred  
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
 Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

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### GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee;  
 Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,  
 All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
 Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,  
 Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head;  
 "What has my baby been doing," he said,  
 "Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;  
 "I cannot tell, so much things have I done;  
 Played with my dolly, and feeded my 'bun.'



"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,  
And I made out of some water and soap  
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book,  
And Bella and I, we went to look  
For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,  
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,  
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,  
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast;  
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do  
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,  
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
And we shall be called to account for our day,  
He shall find us as guileless as Golden Hair's lay.

And O, when aweary, may we be so blest,  
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,  
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

ANONYMOUS.

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### THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin;  
Not a soul would dare to sleep;  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered by the blast,

And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence;  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Isn't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer;  
And we anchored safe in harbor,  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

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### LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,  
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;  
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,  
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:  
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:  
It was a collier's wife and child—they called him little Jim.

And, oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,  
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,  
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;  
For she had all a mother's heart—had that poor collier's wife.  
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,  
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,  
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,  
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,  
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."  
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;  
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,  
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!  
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,  
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:  
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,  
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,  
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;  
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,  
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:  
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,  
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

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### OUR HEROES SHALL LIVE.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division, and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he *was* yours; now he *is* ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall, by-and-by, be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march, except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out,

and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing; shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

[“We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other.”—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calms had stilled the tide;  
A few bright days of summer glee  
There found them side by side.

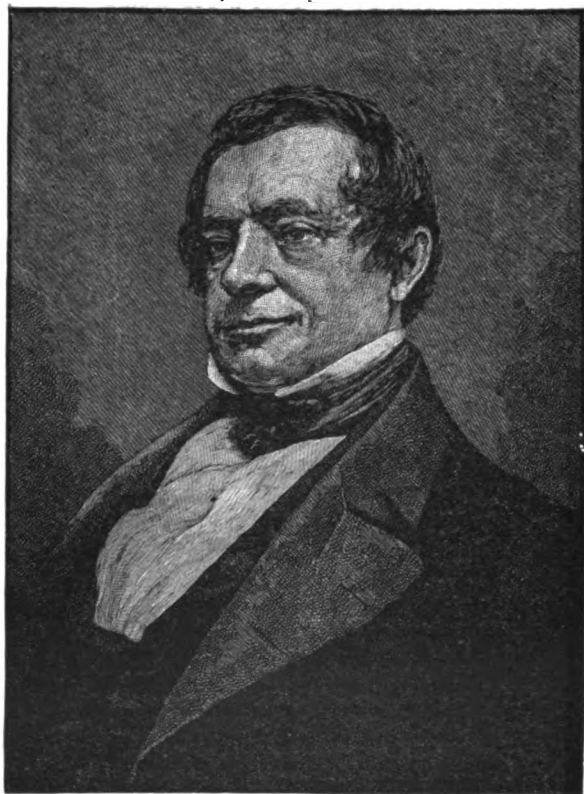
And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling thence in mirth;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main  
Cloudless and lovely slept;  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone;  
O, brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way  
The parting vessels bore;



**W. IRVING.**



In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet—O, nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe;  
And thus bright spirits mingle here,  
Such ties are formed below.

FELICIA HEMANS

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### BURIAL OF LINCOLN.

Peace! Let the long procession come,  
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum,  
The trumpets wail afar;  
And see! the awful car!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,  
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait  
To honor all they can,  
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train  
As greatest kings might die to gain;  
The just, the wise, the brave  
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,  
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,  
Salute him once again,  
Your late commander,—*slain!*

And there his countrymen shall come,  
With memory proud, with pity dumb,  
And strangers, far and near,  
For many and many a year!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,  
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow;



## SELECT READINGS.

And go, thou sacred car  
Bearing our woe afar!

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,  
But leave your muskets on the wall;  
Your country needs you now  
Beside the forge, the plough!

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes  
The fallen to his last repose.  
Beneath no mighty dome,  
But in his modest home,

The churchyard where his children rest,  
The quiet spot that suits him best,  
*There* shall his grave be made,  
And there his bones be laid!

For many a year and many an age,  
While history on her ample page  
The virtues shall enroll  
Of that paternal soul!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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SPELLING DOWN.

Well, Jane, I staid in town last night,  
(I know I hadn't oughter)  
And went to see the spellin' match,  
With Cousin Philip's daughter.  
I told her I was most too old;  
She said I wasn't nuther—  
A likely gal is Susan Jane,  
The image of her mother.

I begged and plead with might and main,  
And tried my best to shake her,  
But blame the gal, she stuck and hung,  
Until I had to take her.

I ain't much used to city ways,  
Or city men and women,  
And what I saw and what I heard,  
Just sot my head a swimmin'.

The hall was filled with stylish folks,  
In broadcloth, silks and laces,  
Who, when the time had come to spell,  
Stood up and took their places;  
And Mayor Jones, in thunder tones,  
And waistcoat bright and yellor  
Gave out the words to one and all,  
From a new-fangled speller.

The people looked so bright and smart,  
Thinks I it's no use foolin',  
They've got the spellin'-book by heart  
With all their city schoolin';  
Till Orvil Kent, the Circuit Judge,  
Got stuck on Pennsylvania,  
And Simon Swift, the merchant's clerk,  
Went down on kleptomania.

Then Caleb Dun, the broker's son,  
He put two n's in money,  
And Susan Jane, she smirked and smiled,  
And left out one in funny.  
And Leonard Rand, the Harvard chap,  
With features like a lady,  
Spelled lots o' French and Latin words,  
And caved on rutabaga.

And as I sot there, quiet-like,  
A winkin' and a blinkin',  
The gas-light glarin' in my eyes,  
I couldn't help a thinkin'  
How things were changed since you and I,  
In other winter weather,  
Drove o'er the snow-bound Eaton pikes,  
To spellin' school together.

Again the bleak New England hills  
Re-echoed to the singing  
Of Yankee girls, with hair in curls,  
Who set the welkin ringing:  
They wan't afraid to sing when asked,  
And never would refuse to;  
Somehow the singing now-days, Jane,  
Don't sound much as it used to.

Twelve couple then a sleigh load made,  
Packed close to keep from freezin';  
Lor' bless the black eyed rosy girls,  
They didn't mind the squeezin';  
Your sweetheart never would complain  
Because yo' chanced to crowd her,  
They'd more of flesh and blood them days  
And less of paint and powder.

Down past the Quaker meetin' house,  
And through the tamarack holler,  
'Mid mirth and song we sped along,  
With other loads to foller,  
Until (the gas-light dimmer grew,—  
I surely wa'n't a dreamin')  
Upon the distant hill I see  
The school-house lights a gleamin

The pedagogue gave out the words,  
His steel-bowed specs adjustin',  
To linsey girls, with hair in curls,  
And boys in jeans and fustian;  
The letters rang out sharp and clear,  
Each syllable pronouncin',  
For he who broke the master's rule  
Was certain of a trouncin'.

Brave hearts went down amid the strife;  
The words came thicker, faster,  
Like body-guard of veterans scarred,  
The boys closed round the master—

All down but two! Fair Lucy's locks  
 Swept over Rufus' shoulder,  
 The room is still, the air grows chill,  
 The winds blow fiercer, colder.

"P-h-t-h-y-s-l-c!"  
 Lisped Lucy in a flurry;  
 P-h-t-h-l-s-l-c!"  
 Cried Rufus in a hurry.  
 No laurel wreath adorned his brow  
 Twined by a blood-stained Nero;  
 Yet in his homespun suit of blue  
 Young Rufus stood, a hero.

The master sleeps beneath the hill,  
 The voice of Rufus Bennett,  
 Who snapped the word from Lucy Bird,  
 Was heard within the Senate,  
 And countless millions bless the name  
 Of him who set in motion  
 The tidal wave which freed the slave  
 From ocean unto ocean.

The girls who charmed us with their song,  
 'Mid heavenly choirs are singin';  
 Their feet have pressed the shining street,  
 Where golden harps are ringin';  
 We've both grown old and feeble, Jane,  
 Our views may not be true ones;  
 Yet somehow all the old times seem  
 Much better than the new ones.

WILL GIFFORD.

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### SHE WANTED AN EPITAPH.

She came in from the country a few days ago and ordered a headstone for the grave of her departed husband. The marble cutter was to have it all ready yesterday, when she was to come in again with the inscription, have the letters carved on it, and take the stone away.

She was on time, but she wore an anxious, troubled look, having failed to write up such a notice as she thought the stone ought to bear.

"I want something that'll do my poor dead Homer justiss," she explained to the marble cutter. "I think I ought to have one or two verses of poetry, and then a line or two at the bottom—suthin' like, 'Meet me on the other shore.'"

The cutter said he thought he could get up something, and she entered the office, and he took out twenty-three sheets of foolscap and three penholders, and set to work, while she held her breath for fear of disturbing his thoughts.

He ground away for a while, scratched out and wrote in, and finally said he'd got the neatest thing that ever went upon white marble. It read:

IN MEMORY  
of  
HOMER CLINK,  
who died  
October 13, 1873,  
Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

My husband was a noble man,  
Of me he lots did think;  
And I'll never see another man  
Like my dear Homer Clink.

"Isn't that bully?" asked the man as he finished reading the inscription.

"It's purty fair, but—" replied the widow.

"But what, madam?"

"Why, you see, he was good and kind, and was allus hum nights, and all that, but I *may* find another man just as good, you know. I have said that I wouldn't marry again, but I may change my mind, and I guess we'd better tinker up that verse a little. And besides, you didn't get anything on the bottom."

She went out and rambled among the tombstones, while the cutter ground away again, and just as she had become interested in a dog-fight he called her in and read the new inscription. The first part was as before, but his poetry read:

My husband is dead,  
My poor Homer Clink,

And in 'the cold ground they have laid him;  
 He was always home nights,  
 Never got into fights,  
 But death came along and betrayed him.

I shall meet him on the other shore where all is lovely,  
 and where sickness never comes.

"There, how's that?" inquired the poet, a bland smile covering his face. "Seems to me as if that went right to the heart."

The woman took the paper, read the notice over four or five times, and finally said:

"I don't want to seem partickler about this, and I know I'm a makin' a good deal of trouble. That would do for most any one else—it's the real poetry, but I'd like suthin' kinder different, somehow. He was a noble man. He never gave me a cross word in his life—not one. He'd be out of bed at daylight, start the fire, and I never got up till I heard him grinding the coffee. He was a good provider, he was. He never bought any damaged goods because he could get 'em cheap, and he never scrimped me on sugar and tea, as some folks do. I can't help but weep when I think of him."

She sobbed away for a while, and then brightened up and said:

"Of course I'll meet him in heaven. It's all right. As I told you, I may never marry again, though I can't tell what I may be driven to. Just try once more."

She sat down to an old almanac, and the cutter resumed his pen. He seemed to get the right idea at once, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before he had the third notice ground out. It read:

IN MEMORY  
 of  
 HOMER CLINK,  
 who died  
 October 13, 1873.  
 Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

He was the kindest sort o' man;  
 He was a good provider,  
 And when a friend asked him to drink,  
 He always called for cider.

His wife she had a noble heart,  
 And though she may re-marry,  
 Whenever she thinks of Homer Clink,  
 Her heart a sigh will carry.

"That's good,—that just hits me!" exclaimed the widow, tears coming to her eyes. "I've got to go and do some trading; I'll be back in two hours. Put the inscription on handsome-like, and I shan't mind two dollars extra."

About noon her one-horse wagon backed up to the dealer's, and as the stone was loaded up, the widow's face wore a quiet smile of satisfaction.

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## ON THE SHORES OF THE TENNESSEE.

[The reader should commence this piece in a low, almost plaintive tone. In the last half of the eighth verse the exclamations should be given with spirit and rapturous delight. The student should carefully avoid giving the negro *patois* too broad. Where correctly spoken, it will prove enjoyable.]

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,  
In the sunshine bright and strong,  
For this world is fading, Pompey,  
Massa won't be with you long;  
And I fain would hear the south wind  
Bring once more the sound to me  
Of the wavelets softly breaking  
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur  
As they still the story tell,  
How no vessels float the banner  
That I've loved so long and well.  
I shall listen to their music,  
Dreaming that again I see  
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop  
Sailing up the Tennessee;

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting  
For Death's last dispatch to come,  
If that exiled starry banner  
Should come proudly sailing home,  
You shall greet it, slave no longer—  
Voice and hand shall both be free  
That shout and point to Union colors  
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's bery kind to Pompey;  
But old darkey's happy here,  
Where he's tended corn and cotton  
For dese many a long gone year.  
Over yonder, Missis' sleeping—  
No one tends her grave like me;  
Mebbe she would miss the flowers  
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like, she was watching Massa—  
If Pompey should beside him stay,  
Mebbe she'd remember better  
How for him she used to pray;  
Telling him that 'way up yonder  
White as snow his soul would be,  
If he served the Lord of Heaven  
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling  
Down the poor old dusky face,  
As he stepped behind his master,  
In his long-accustomed place.  
Then a silence fell around them,  
As they gazed on rock and tree  
Pictured in the placid waters  
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle  
Where he fought by Marion's side,  
When he bade the haughty Tarleton  
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;  
Man, remembering how yon sleeper  
Once he held upon his knee,  
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,  
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers  
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;  
Still the bondman, close beside him,  
Stands behind the old arm-chair,



With his dark-hued hand uplifted,  
 Shading eyes, he bends to see  
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,  
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows  
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,  
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,  
 To the river's yielding breast.  
 Ha! above the foliage yonder,  
 Something glitters wild and free!  
 "Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!  
 The flag's come back to Tennessee."

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
 Help me stand on foot once more,  
 That I may salute the colors  
 As they pass my cabin door.  
 Here's the paper signed that frees you:  
 Give a freeman's shout with me,—  
 'GOD AND UNION!' be our watchword  
 Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,  
 And the limbs refused to stand;  
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier  
 Glided to that better land.  
 When the flag went down the river,  
 Man and master both were free,  
 While the ring dove's note was mingled  
 With the rippling Tennessee.

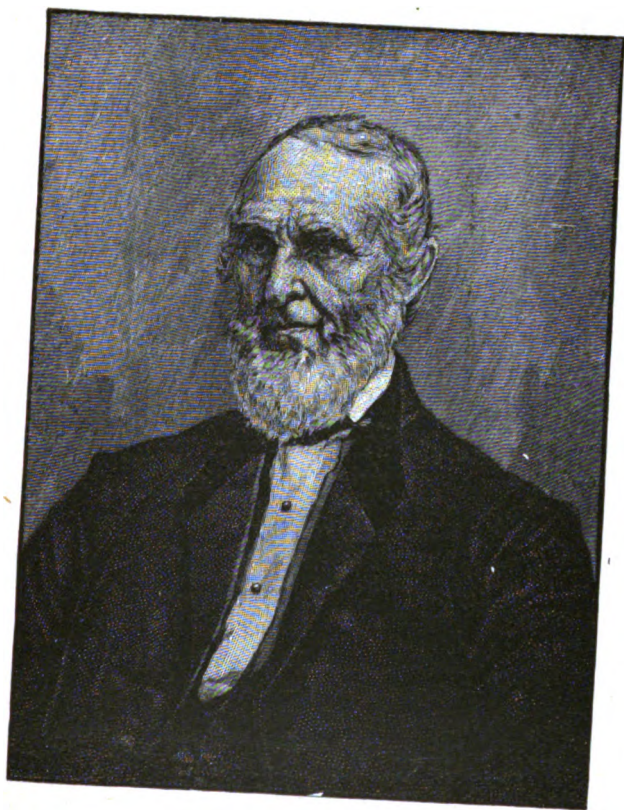
MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

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## THE SCHOOL MASTER.

[This should be recited in a quiet tone, in an agreeable, almost conversational style.]

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
 The master of the district school



J. G. WHITTIER.

Held at the fire his favored place;  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
Play cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

Born the wild northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father wrung  
By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
To peddle wares from town to town;  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
The rustic party, with its rough  
Accompaniment of blind man's buff,  
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
His winter task a pastime made.

Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,  
Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,  
Or mirth-provoking versions told  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;  
Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,

And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a whortleberry hill.

J. G. WHITTIER.

## JUSTICE.

In this world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success!" What will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark; all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles, visible or audible to thee again at all, forever. What kind of success is that?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## TRUE ELOQUENCE.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will

toll in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence. It is *action, noble, sublime, godlike action!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He could never let his youngest go;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bats' flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer dew grew cool and late;  
He went for the cows when the work was done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one;

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew;—

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

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## TO THE AMERICAN UNION.

[This piece should be spoken in clear, bold tone of voice; but little action or gesture should accompany its delivery.]

Giant aggregate of nations,  
Glorious whole of glorious parts,  
Unto endless generations  
Live united, hands and hearts!  
Be it storm or summer weather,  
Peaceful-calm, or battle-jar,  
Stand in beauteous strength together,  
Sister States, as now you are!

Every petty class-dissension,  
Heal it up as quick as thought;  
Every paltry place-pretension,  
Crush it as a thing of naught;  
Let no narrow private treason  
Your great onward progress bar,  
But remain, in right and reason,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!  
People, leave that toy to kings;  
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,  
Be above such groveling things.  
In each other's joys delighted,  
All your hate be—joys of war,  
And by all means keep united,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,  
Still my counsel would be just;

Break the band, and all is danger,  
Mutual fear and dark distrust;  
But you know me for a brother  
And a friend who speak from far;  
Be as one, then, with each other,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy  
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,  
Yet, be just, and sagely, slowly,  
Nobly cure that ancient ill:  
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever;  
Nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;  
Sagely,—not in wrath to sever  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Charmed with your commingled beauty,  
England sends the signal round,  
"Every man must do his duty"  
To redeem from bonds the bound.  
Then indeed your banner's brightness,  
Shining clear from every star,  
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation  
May those stars forever blaze!  
Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,  
Go ahead in power and praise!  
Like the many-breasted goddess  
Throned on her Ephesian car,  
Be—one heart in many bodies!  
Sister States, as now ye are!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

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### THE READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—  
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,



That row of elocutionists, who stood so straight in line,  
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.  
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;  
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;  
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free  
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;  
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust:  
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travelers would  
pass;  
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;  
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,  
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—  
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might  
be,  
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—  
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names:  
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,  
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;  
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,  
And made what poems we assailed, to creak at every joint;  
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,  
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,  
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?  
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,  
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?  
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?  
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?  
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?  
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word  
(He's in the prize-fight business now and hits them hard, I've heard),  
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear  
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);

And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,  
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill, with most surprising range;  
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,  
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,  
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;  
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,  
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;  
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,  
And sings a song, that is yours, O peerless Genevi ve!  
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—  
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

WILL M. CARLETON.

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## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[This piece should be spoken in a low key, slow time, and full voice—"as solemn and sweet as the gravest tones of an organ." The speaker should carefully avoid drawing, or, as Shakspeare warns us against, "*mouth*ing our words."] ]

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

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## THE PILOT.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent man. He was a pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, "Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up; buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger! Here, see the smoke bursting out!—go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast, and run her on shore," said the captain. Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled;—his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

## DEITSCHKE ADVERTISEMENT.

Mine horse is shloped, and I'm avraid  
 He has been taken, shtolen or shtrayed;  
 Mine pig plack horse dat looks so sphry,  
 Pout fourteen oder twelve hands high;  
 He hash been got shoot four feet plack,  
 Mit shtriped shpots all down his pack,  
 Two legs before, and two behind—  
 Pe sure you keep all this in mind.  
 He's plack all over, dat is true,  
 All but his vace, and dat's plack too;

He drots and ganter, vaux and paces,  
And outworks Pelzepub in draces;  
And ven he gallops in der shtreet  
He vaux upon his legs and feet;  
Von leg goes down, and den the oder,  
Und always follows von anoder;  
He hash two ears shtuck 'pon his head,  
Bote of dem's neider vite nor red,  
But bote alike, shust von you see,  
Ish blacker than the oder pe;  
He's got two eyes dat looks von vay,  
Only he lost one toder day,  
So, ven you wants to take a ride,  
Shump on his pack on toder side,  
And it is shust as gospel drue,  
His eye vat's plind will not see you.  
His dail's pehind him long and shleek,  
Only I cut him off last veeck,  
Und derefore 'tis not any more  
As half so longer as pefore.  
He cocks his ear, and looks so gay,  
Und vill not shtart and run away,  
But ven he's scart, he make von shpring  
Und shumps apout like every ding;  
He rides apout mit chaise and cart,  
I never see such horse for smart;  
Und sometimes he go on de road,  
Mitout nopody for his load  
But pag of corn, and takes de track,  
Mit little poy upon his pack.  
Mine horse ish not so very old,  
Not half so young as ven he's foaled,  
And ven he gallop, rear or shump,  
His head come all pefore him plump.  
And den his dail goes all pehind;  
Put sometimes, ven he takes a mind,  
Gets mad and durns all round, be sure  
Vy den his dail goes all pefore.  
Whoever vill my plack horse got,  
Shall pay ten dollars on the sphot;

And if he brings der tief alive  
 Vy den he pays me twenty-five,  
 Mitout no questions axed by me.  
 By mine advertisement you'll see  
 I live out here by Schneider's Gap,  
                     Near Schotoffelfunk's.

C. TOLER WOLFE.

## CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting  
 O'er the hills so far away,  
 Filling all the land with beauty  
 At the close of one sad day;  
 And the last rays kiss'd the forehead  
 Of a man and maiden fair,  
 He with step so slow and weakened,  
 She with sunny, floating hair;  
 He with sad, bowed head, and thoughtful,  
 She with lips so cold and white,  
 Struggling to keep back the murmur,  
 "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered,  
 Pointing to the prison old,  
 With its walls so dark and gloomy,—  
 Walls so dark, and damp, and cold,—  
 "I've a lover in that prison,  
 Doomed this very night to die,  
 At the ringing of the Curfew,  
 And no earthly help is nigh.  
 Cromwell will not come till sunset,"  
 And her face grew strangely white,  
 As she spoke in husky whispers,  
 "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—  
 Every word pierced her young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows—  
Like a deadly poisoned dart;  
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew  
From that gloomy shadowed tower;  
Every evening, just at sunset,  
It has told the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever,  
Tried to do it just and right,  
Now I'm old, I will not miss it,  
Girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features,  
Stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
And within her heart's deep center,  
Bessie made a solemn vow;  
She had listened while the judges  
Read, without a tear or sigh,  
"At the ringing of the Curfew—  
Basil Underwood *must die*."  
And her breath came fast and faster,  
And her eyes grew large and bright—  
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—  
"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward,  
Sprang within the old church door,  
Left the old man coming slowly,  
Paths he'd often trod before.  
Not one moment paused the maiden,  
But with cheek and brow aglow,  
Staggered up the gloomy tower,  
Where the bell swung to and fro;  
Then she climbed the slimy ladder,  
Dark, without one ray of light,  
Upward still, her pale lips saying:  
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder,  
O'er her hangs the great dark bell,  
And the awful gloom beneath her,  
Like the pathway down to hell;

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging,  
'Tis the hour of Curfew now—  
And the sight has chilled her bosom,  
Stopped her breath and paled her brow.  
Shall she let it ring? No, never!  
Her eyes flash with sudden light,  
As she springs and grasps it firmly—  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night!”

Out she swung, far out, the city  
Seemed a tiny speck below;  
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended,  
As the bell swung to and fro,  
And the half-deaf sexton ringing;  
(Years he had not heard the bell.)  
And he thought the twilight Curfew  
Rang young Basil's funeral knell;  
Still the maiden clinging firmly,  
Cheek and brow so pale and white,  
Still her frightened heart's wild beating—  
“*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*”

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying,  
And the maiden stepped once more  
Firmly on the damp old ladder,  
Where for hundred years before  
Human foot had not been planted;  
And what she this night had done,  
Should be told in long years after—  
As the rays of setting sun  
Light the sky with mellow beauty,  
Aged sires with heads of white,  
Tell the children why the Curfew  
Did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell;  
Bessie saw him, and her brow  
Lately white with sickening terror,  
Glowed with sudden beauty now;  
At his feet she told her story,  
Showed her hands all bruised and torn;



## SELECT READINGS.

And her sweet young face so haggard,  
 With a look so sad and worn,  
 Touched his heart with sudden pity—  
 Lit his eyes with misty light;  
 "Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell;  
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

## LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy  
 Vot gomes schust to my knee,—  
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue  
 As efer you dit see.  
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings  
 In all barts off der house.  
 But vot off dot? He vas mine son,  
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumba,  
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;  
 He sbills mine glass ob lager bier,  
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;  
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—  
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;  
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo  
 To make der schticks to beat it mit—  
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!  
 I dinks mine head vas schplit abart  
 He kicks oup such a touse;  
 But nefer mind, der poys vas few  
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:  
 Who baints mine nose so red?

Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace out  
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?  
 Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp  
 Vene'er der glim í Jouse?  
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain  
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild  
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,  
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest  
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy.  
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
 So quiet as a mouse,  
 I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,  
 But; leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

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## THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and  
 green;  
 I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;  
 It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,  
 And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of a scorching  
 sun,  
 Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task for the  
 day was done:  
 I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,  
 Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in  
 my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a swingin' the old scythe then;  
 Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through  
 the ranks of men;

I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power;  
The work that took me a day to do, it done in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into his wheat,  
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;  
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn,  
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it; but I said to the hired men,  
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my threescore  
years and ten,  
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,  
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my boys now do;  
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new:  
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling  
days,  
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change  
their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in this wonderful  
way!  
Old tools are of little service now, and farming is almost play;  
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers, and every  
such thing,  
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;  
You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toiling for you and I;  
There were cows to milk, there was butter to make; and many a day  
did you stand,  
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.

Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,  
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine;  
No more the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there! hear it afar?  
A-rattling along through the tall, stout grass with the noise of a rail-  
road car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away, they stand a-gatherin' rust,  
 Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;  
 When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength  
     goes out of his arm,  
 The best thing a poor old man can do, is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been  
 tried  
 By men who have studied, and studied, and worried till they died;  
 It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross,  
 It's the way to the kingdom of heaven—by the simple way of the  
 cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

### THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

Well, Betsy, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen,  
 We are riding in a palace fit for a king or queen.  
 We didn't ride so fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,  
 When we left New England years ago, to seek a home out West.  
 We rode through this same country, but not as now we ride;  
 You sat within a stage-coach, while I trudged on by your side.  
 Instead of riding on a rail, I carried one, you know,  
 To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.  
 Let's see—'tis fifty years ago—just after we were wed;  
 Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.  
 Now, Betsy, people call us old, and push us to one side,  
 Just as they did the slow old coach in which we used to ride.  
 I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend  
 To take a wedding tour like ours, with a log-house at the end.  
 Much of the sentimental love which sets young cheeks aglow  
 Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.  
 Our love grew stronger as we toiled, though food and clothes were  
     coarse;  
 None ever saw us in the courts a-hunting a divorce.  
 Love leveled down the mountains, and made low places high;  
 Love sang a song that cheered us when clouds and storm were nigh.  
 I'm glad to see the world move on—to hear the engine's roar,  
 And all about the cable stretching from shore to shore.

Our mission here's accomplished; with toil we both are through,  
The Lord just lets us live awhile to see how young folks do.  
Whew! Betsy, how we're flying; see the farms and towns go by;  
It makes my gray hairs stand on end, and dims my failing eye.  
Soon we'll be through our journey, and in the house so good  
That stands within a twelve-rod of where the log one stood.  
How slow, like old-time coaches, our youthful days swept by,  
The years when we were living 'neath a bright New England sky.  
Swifter than palace cars now fly, our later years have flown,  
Until we're journeying hand in hand down to the grave alone;  
And I can hear the whistle blown on life's fast-flying train,—  
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.  
Soon we'll reach the home eternal with its glories rare—untold,  
Stop at last in that blest city, and walk its streets of gold!

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## THE EAST AND THE WEST.

We must educate! we must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the cradle to the grave will be our race. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us, or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage. And let no man at the East quiet himself and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political institutions, and common interests, are such that we cannot stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation. No punishments of heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailings, such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die;

and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more bone and sinew and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interests, and perils, live forever—one and undivided!

LYMAN BEECHER.

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## IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN  
IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'Ryan was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation,  
But poachin' was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was;  
He gave the keepers many a run,  
And would n't mind the game laws,

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
He thought he'd enter bould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';  
So let me have a rasher quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you  
While better is to spare, sir,  
But here's a jug of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he, "Good luck attind you,  
And whin you're in your windin' sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff,—  
 "Them tidin's is thransportin',  
 But may I ax your saintship if  
 There's any kind of sportin'?"  
 St. Patrick said, "A Lion's there,  
 Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—  
 "Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin' 's rare;  
 St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,  
 For fear I'd tire your patience,  
 You'll see O'Ryan any night  
 Amid the constellations.  
 And Venus follows in his track  
 Till Mars grows jealous really,  
 But faith, he fears the Irish knack  
 Of handling the shillaly. .

CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

## SELLING THE FARM.

Well! why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say;  
 You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mortgage we cannot  
 pay.

I know that we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er and o'er;  
 For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat never failed  
 before,

And everything here's gone backward since Willie went off to sea,  
 To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead, for you and  
 me.

I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts be paid,—  
 The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of his weakness  
 made;

And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well as I,  
 If the ship had not gone down that night when no other ship was  
 nigh.

But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've tried to pray—  
 (But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely been here  
 to-day).

I thought that the merciful Father would somehow care for the lad,  
Because he was trying to better the past, and because he was all we  
had.

But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since hope for my boy has fled,  
For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing for sure he's  
dead.

Oh, Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have always known?  
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much our own.  
First day we kept house together was the day that you brought me  
here

And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be half so dear.  
Of course you remember it, Thomas,—I need not ask you, I know,  
For this is the month, and this is the day,—it was twenty-six years  
ago.

And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the barn was made,  
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid?  
The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a  
charm,

We felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid for the farm.  
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die;  
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of my tears is  
dry.

There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to buy, you say;  
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he come to-day?  
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough to bear,  
And in all of our petty troubles you always have borne your share;  
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown:  
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and slow;  
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six years ago.  
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we first were  
wed,  
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie, our boy that's  
dead.

Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him more:  
I shall never hear his footsteps as he comes through the open door.  
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the words he'd say;  
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day.



I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early or late,  
He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he opened the  
garden gate.

And many and many a moment, since the night the ship went down,  
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from  
town;

And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence early and late,  
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to pause at the gate.

I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;  
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and  
me.

Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve years old;  
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold;

And often when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,  
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could understand;  
And sometimes I used to fancy whenever I spoke of my boy,  
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy.

It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day,  
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the  
way.

And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he helped to tend:  
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend.

And now we must go and leave them,—but there they come from  
town;

I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change my gown.  
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late,  
And the stranger's whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he comes up  
from the gate.

I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face!  
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has bought the  
place?

Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps so slow;  
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six years ago.

There's something that sounds like gladness, and the man that he  
used to be

Before our Willie went out from home to die on the stormy sea.

What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my hands so  
tight?

Why don't you tell me quickly—must we go from the farm to-night?  
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy?"

It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.

Oh, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look in your face

Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting to buy the place.

BETH DAY.

## WORDS AND THEIR USES.

### A SATIRE ON SLANG PHRASES.

RESPECTED WIFE: From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll  
learn—

Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:  
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,  
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,  
Said "Shine." "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward  
grace!"

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk;  
"Hi Daddy! What *is* 'inward grace'? How does the old thing  
work?"

"Friend," said I to Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,  
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"  
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—  
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said, "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin—  
Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an inn?  
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folk about in—  
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild;  
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.  
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."  
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "you sling on too much  
style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments some twenty years and more,"  
said I,

"And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a wilful lie!"  
At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet,"  
And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said;  
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played!"  
But all his jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity,  
By threats, profanely emphasized, to "put a head" on me!

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"  
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,  
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—  
For instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,  
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;  
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked "How's that for  
high?"

It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose.  
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his  
goose;"  
Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,  
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy," although I've seen nigh threescore  
year;

And said that I was "lightning" when I "got up on my ear!"  
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in drab,  
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!

Thou canst conceive that by this time I was somewhat perplexed;  
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed;  
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—  
With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

FRANK CLIVE.

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### WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone!  
O, she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts:  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So lovely the Widow Malone.  
  
Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more,  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;  
From the minister down  
To the clerk of the Crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
All were courting the Widow Malone.  
  
But so modest was Mistress Malone  
'T was known!  
That no one could see her alone,  
Ohone!  
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.



2. Behold how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roll of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

3. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

4. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

5. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

6. But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge—our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band; you are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example.

7. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men; you lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheath your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn,  
Risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

8. But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoted heart! him, the head of our civil councils and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought thither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage?

How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterances of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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## FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"

—ADDISON.

Never go to France  
 Unless you know the lingo,  
 If you do, like me,  
 You will repent, by jingo.  
 Staring like a fool,  
 And silent as a mummy,  
 There I stood alone,  
 A nation with a dummy:

Chaises stand for chairs,  
 They christen letters *Billies*,  
 They call their mothers *mares*,  
 And all their daughters *fillies*;  
 Strange it was to hear,  
 I'll tell you what's a good 'un,  
 They call their leather *queer*,  
 And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make,  
For every little notion,  
Limbs all going like  
A telegraph in motion,  
For wine I reeled about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And made a pair of horns,  
To ask for "beef and bully."

Moo! I cried for milk;  
I got my sweet things snuggler,  
When I kissed Jeannette  
'Twas understood for sugar.  
If I wanted bread  
My jaws I set a-going,  
And asked for new-laid eggs,  
By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it;  
On my stick astride,  
I made believe to trot it;  
Then their cash was strange,  
It bored me every minute,  
Now here's a *Hog* to change,  
How many *Sows* are in it!

Never go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo;  
If you do, like me,  
You will repent, by jingo;  
Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!

THOMAS HOOD.



## EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes;  
 His shadow lengthens along the land,  
 A giant staff in a giant hand;  
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,  
 The katy-did begins to sing;  
     The early dews are falling;  
 Into the stone heap darts the mink;  
 The swallows skim the river's brink;  
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,  
     Cheerily calling,  
     "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"  
 Farther, farther, over the hill,  
 Faintly calling, calling still,  
     "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.  
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,  
 Looing, pushing, little and great;  
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,  
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,  
     While the pleasant dews are falling;  
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,  
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,  
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,  
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,  
     Soothingly calling:  
     " So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so! "  
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,  
     Saying, " So, boss! so, boss! so! so! "

To supper at last the farmer goes.  
 The apples are pared, the paper read,  
 The stories are told, then all to bed.  
 Without, the cricket's ceaseless song  
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;  
     The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;  
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;  
The household sinks to deep repose,  
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,  
Singing, calling—  
"Co', boss! co', boss, co'! co'! co'!"  
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,  
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,  
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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### RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows hover over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,  
What a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start;  
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,  
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years ago,  
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn.  
O! I see her bending o'er me, as I list to the refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair—  
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue,  
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;  
I remember that I loved her with a rapture kin to pain,  
While my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell,  
 In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions well,  
 As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain  
 Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain!

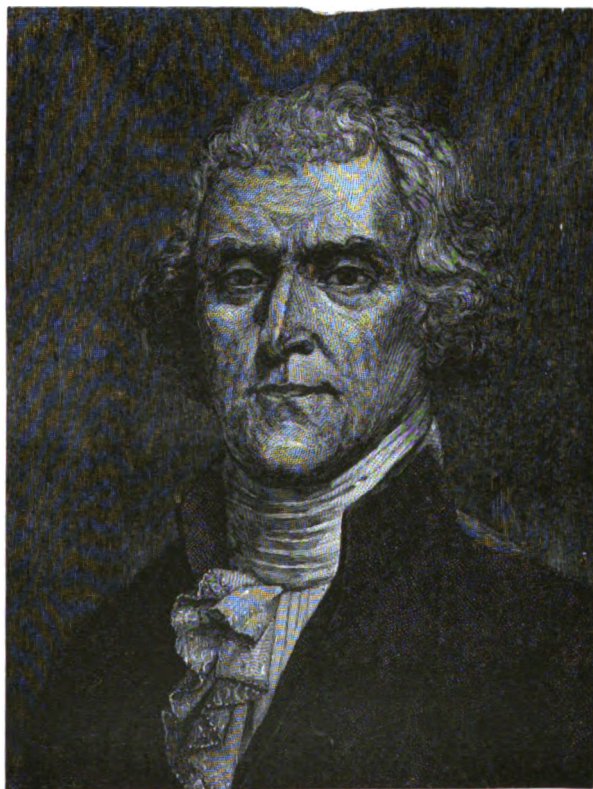
COATES KINNEY.

## NATIONAL CHARACTER.

1. The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire—an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the Eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of de-solated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and vandalism desolated her classic fields.

2. Such, the warning voice of antiquity, the example of all republics, proclaim may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to avenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altar of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and we may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man, I AM AN AMERICAN!

MAXEY



**THOS. JEFFERSON.**



## MEIN VAMILY.

Dimpled cheeks, mit eyes of blue,  
 Mout' like it was mois'd mit dew,  
 Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—  
 Dot's der baby.

Curly hed und full of glee,  
 Drowzers all oudt at der knee—  
 He vas been playin' horse you see—  
 Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hundred seexty in der shade,  
 Der oder day ven she vas veighed—  
 She beats me soon, I vas afraid—  
 Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,  
 Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,  
 Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—  
 Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,  
 Von leedle, pright-eyed, rogulsh son,  
 Von frau to greet ven vork vas done—  
 Dot's mine vamily.

YAWCOB STRAUS.

## THE LABORER.

[This piece, so full of true manliness and noble sentiment, should be delivered in a voice above the ordinary conversational style of speaking, though avoiding too loud a tone. The speaker is supposed to be reasoning with his auditor, hence should use somewhat of an appealing tone.]

Stand up, erect! Thou hast the form  
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?  
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
 Of daily life, a heart as warm  
 And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among;  
As much a part of the great plan  
That with Creation's dawn began  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high  
In station, or in wealth the chief?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step and averted eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
A feather, which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as idly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurbed passions, low desires,  
Absence of noble self-respect,  
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
To that high nature which aspires  
Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;  
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:  
Thy labor and thy life accursed.  
O stand erect! and from them burst!  
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
The great!—what better they than thou?  
As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
Has God with equal favors thee  
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not!—'tis but dust!  
Nor place, uncertain as the wind!  
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust  
And water may despise the lust  
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,  
 True faith, and holy trust in God  
 Thou art the peer of any man.  
 Look up, then: that thy little span  
 Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

### WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

[These exquisite lines were suggested by the following incident: Mr. Morris accompanied a young man to his former home, which had been an earthly paradise; but, owing to the father's indorsement for others, this home had been swept away and the family scattered,—all its members had died except this son, who having gained a fortune, returned to the scenes of his youth. Approaching his old home, he saw a woodman standing by the "aged oak" near the old cottage, sharpening his axe. Putting spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly up and accosted him thus: "What are you going to do?" "I intend to cut down this tree," replied the woodman. "What for?" "I want it for fire wood," "If you want fire wood," said the stranger, "why did you not go to yonder forest, and let this old oak stand?" "You see I am an old man," replied the woodman, "and I have not strength to bring my wood so far." "If I will give you enough money to hire as much wood brought to your door, as this tree will make, will you forever let it stand?" The woodman replied, "Yes." They executed a bond that the tree should remain; and the stranger turned to Col. Morris, and said, with a generous tear sparkling in his eye, "In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now." It affected the poet deeply, and on his return to New York, he wrote this beautiful and affecting poem. When we become familiar with the circumstances under which it was written, it breathes a charm over the cold realities of life.]

Woodman, spare that tree!  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now.  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea,  
 And wouldst thou hew it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
 O spare that aged oak,  
 Now towering to the skies!



When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here, too, my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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## THE VETERAN SOLDIERS.

[In 1876 Col. Ingersoll was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Cincinnati, and electrified the members of the whole country by his eloquent and masterly address in nominating Blaine. Subsequently he attended a grand Soldiers' and Sailors' Reunion at Indianapolis, and delivered an address, the closing paragraphs of which are here given. This address touched the hearts of millions throughout the land who had lost loved ones in the war for the nation's honor.]

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love, as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some

are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever!

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child, trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses

and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

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### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they becken to me,  
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there—  
The gates of the city could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me;  
Over the river the boatman pale,  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet;

She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;

Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their barke no more  
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.  
And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,  
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.

I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before;  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

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## THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry rocks they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away,  
They only wait through the wintry hours,  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or hearts too pure for taint or vice,  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same  
Except the sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
 The dear immortal spirits tread;  
 For all the boundless universe  
 Is life—there are no dead.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

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## LANGUAGE.

[This piece should be carefully studied, special attention being given to the enunciation of the words, referring constantly to the dictionary for their proper pronunciation. Not only is this piece exceedingly humorous, but it will be found highly instructive.]

Some words on language may be well applied,  
 And take them kindly, though they touch your pride.  
 Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—  
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.  
 Our cold North-easter's icy fetter clips  
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips;  
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,  
 How all his passions play about his mouth!  
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,  
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.

The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk  
 Tie the small muscles, when he strives to talk;  
 Not all the pumice of the polished town  
 Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down;  
 Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race  
 By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face;—  
 Nature's rude impress, long before he knew  
 The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,  
 We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;  
 But school and college often try in vain  
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain;  
 One stubborn word will prove this axiom true—  
 No late-caught rustic can enunciate *view*.



O. W. HOLMES.

A few brief stanzas may be well employed  
To speak of errors we can all avoid.  
Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope  
The careless churl that speaks of soap for soap;  
Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
The clownish voice that utters rôad for road;  
Less stern to him who calls his coat a coat,  
And steers his boat believing it a bôat.  
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
Who said, at Cambridge, môt instead of most;  
But knit her brows, and stamped her angry foot,  
To hear a teacher call a root a rôot.

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;  
Carve every word before you let it fall;  
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,  
Try over hard to roll the British R;  
Do put your accents in the proper spot;  
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"  
And when you stick on conversation's burrs  
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

OLIVER WENDRELL HOLMES.

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## THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."



They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,  
Forgot was Briton's glory:  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing:  
The bravest are the tenderest,—  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
    Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
    Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
    Sweet Cork, of thee,—  
With thy Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
    Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music  
    Spoke not like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling  
    Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,

Their thunder rolling  
 From the Vatican,--  
 And cymbals glorious  
 Swinging uproarious  
 In the gorgeous turrets  
 Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
 Than the dome of Peter  
 Flings o'er the Tiber,  
 Pealing solemnly.  
 Oh! the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;  
 While on tower and kiosk O  
 In St. Sophia  
 The Turkoman gets,  
 And loud in air  
 Calls men to prayer,  
 From the tapering summit  
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
 I freely grant them;  
 But there's an anthem  
 More dear to me,—  
 'T is the bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS MAHONY).

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### DRIFTING.

My soul to-day  
 Is far away:  
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;

My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,  
The mountains swim:  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The bay's deep breast at intervals  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

## SELECT READINGS.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail;  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where summer sings and never dies,—  
O'erveiled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
Oh, happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

Mo more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

THOMAS BUCHANAN REAL

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### MOTHER'S FOOL.

"It is plain to see," said a farmer's wife,  
"Those boys will make their mark in life;  
They were never made to handle a hoe,  
And at once to a college ought to go;  
There's Fred, he's little better than a fool,  
But John and Henry must go to school."

"Well, really wife," quoth Farmer Brown,  
As he set his mug of cider down,  
"Fred does more work in a day for me  
Than both his brothers do in three.  
Book larnin' will never plant one's corn,  
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,  
Nor mend a rod of broken fence—  
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife was bound the roost to rule,  
And John and Henry were sent to school.  
While Fred, of course, was left behind,  
Because his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent;  
Then into business each one went.  
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,  
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;  
While his brother looked rather higher than he,  
And hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home their brother Fred  
Had taken a notion into his head;  
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,  
And weeded onions, and planted peas,  
While somehow or other, by hook or by crook,  
He managed to read full many a book,  
Until at last his father said  
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head;  
"But for all that," added Farmer Brown,  
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred  
A hundred men to battle led,  
And when the rebel flag came down,  
Went marching home as General Brown.  
But he went to work on the farm again,  
And planted corn and sowed his grain;  
He shingled the barn and mended the fence,  
Till people declared he had common sense.

Now, common sense was very rare,  
And the State House needed a portion there;  
So the "family dunc" moved into town—  
The people called him Governor Brown;  
And his brothers, who went to the city school,  
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

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## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,

Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

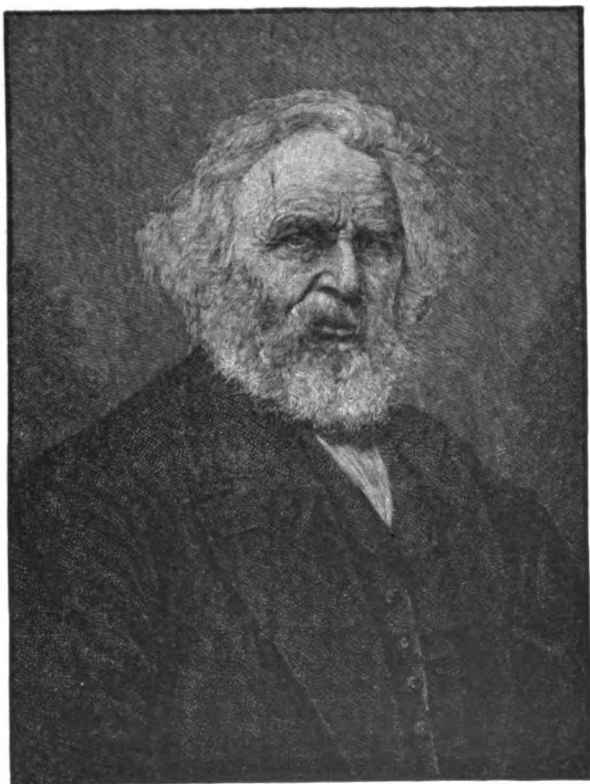
Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber door,  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;





HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

But like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime!  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain and care,  
And death and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

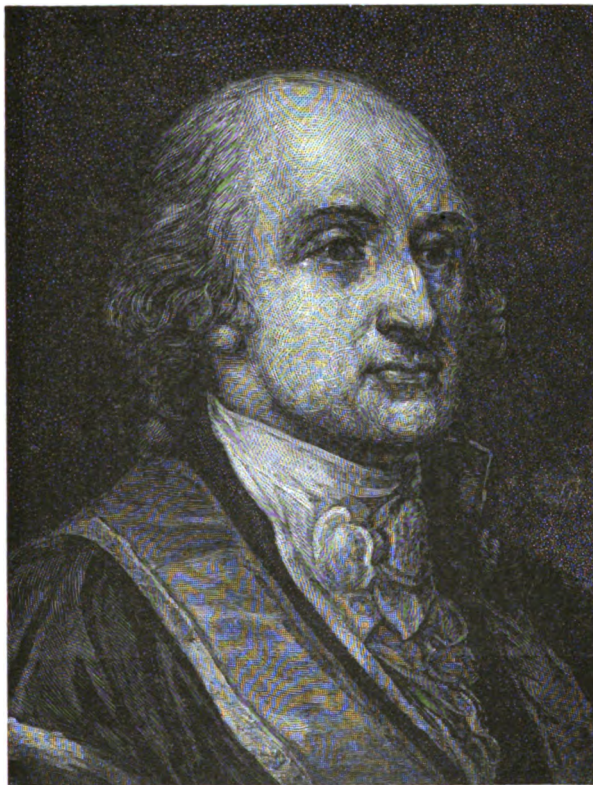
## AMERICAN LABORERS.

The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of Northern laborers and the history of your country presents but a universal blank. Sir, who was he that disarmed the thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world—whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor, who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time"? Who, sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer, a Yankee tallow-chandler's son—a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army—yes, an army of Northern laborers—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defense against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith—the gallant General Greene—who left his hammer and his forge and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of Northern laborers. Where are Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence and indomitable independence of Northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering



**JOHN JAY.**



for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, hopeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter—the midnight of our Revolution—whose wanderings cou'd be traced by their blood tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and—? But it is idle to enumerate. To name the Northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this house. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

NAYLOR.

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### THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door;  
And again  
The pavement-stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So forlorn;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom;

## SELECT READINGS.

And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady! she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff;  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches,—and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below;

The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,  
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows  
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp! and wasted all its fire;  
And he who wrought that spell,—  
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills



With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths intwine,  
Deem it not all a too pre-umptuous folly,  
This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

### NATIONAL MORALITY.

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided: Whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away: whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing: whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshipers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves.

Be not deceived. Our rocks and hills will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence. The hand that overturns our laws and temples is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell.

If the most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

The day of vengeance is at hand. The day of judgment has

come. The great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove the foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this, a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath?

Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## MAHSR JOHN.

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,  
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as does;  
I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin' on—  
Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de grates' man de country ebber growed—  
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de road!  
He hel' his head up dis way, lik' he 'spised to see de groun';  
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John was 'roun';

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me  
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use' to be,  
A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an' wise,  
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planter's linen suits,  
An' kep' a nigger busy jus' a-blackin' ob his boots;  
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',  
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution when he went to take a ride,  
 To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—  
 Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin';  
 An' two Kaintucky hosses tuck 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

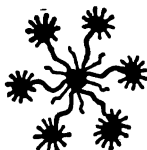
Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan';  
 Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan;  
 He had a thousan' nigger—an' he worked 'em shore's you born!  
 De obarseahs ud start 'em at de breakin ob de morn.

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun;  
 De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one,  
 Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to dance,  
 An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tickler sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed! De war it come an' sot de niggers free,  
 An' now ol' Mahrs John ain't hardly wuf as much as me;  
 He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—  
 An, I declar' I's sorry for pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heah 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,  
 I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,  
 An' den I 'lows dot in in dem days, 'at I remembers on,  
*Dat* gemmen warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!

IRWIN RUSSELL.



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DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Little Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

"Floy! What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa!"

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said:

"My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it:

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how

many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing room down stairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling; why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"O yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke,—woke mind and body,—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

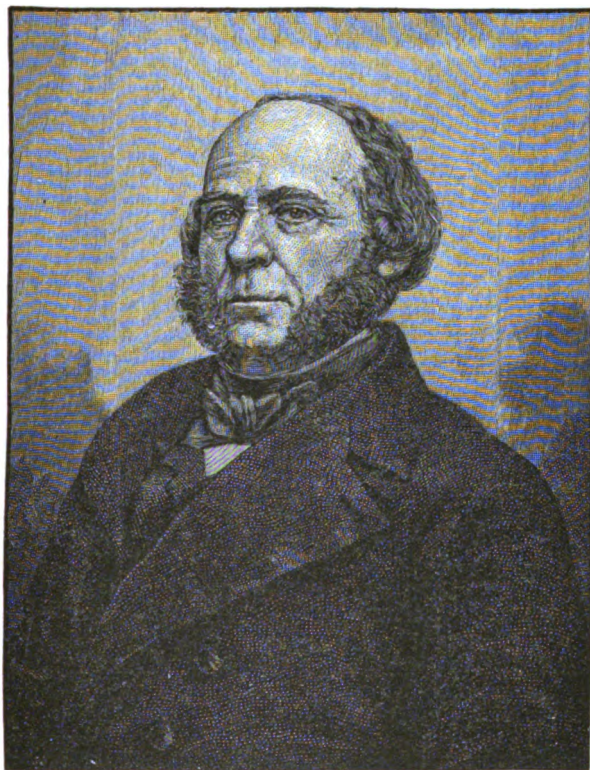
Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips as a breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

"Ah, yes! Good-bye!—Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted



**JOHN ERICSON.**



from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried, "Good-bye!" again..

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

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## THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternsonknee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,



Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around its columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:—

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength,  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great Sun rises to behold the sight.

The Ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands!

Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old Sea.

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand:  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms,  
And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
"Take her, O, bridegroom, old and gray;  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O, ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
Oh gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity,  
Upon the bosom of that sea,

Thy comings and thy goings be!  
 For gentleness, and love, and trust,  
 Prevall o'er angry wave and gust;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
 Humanity, with all its fears,  
 With all its hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what forge, and what a heat,  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale;  
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee - are all with thee.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### SHAMUS O'BRIEN

Just after the war, in the year '98,  
 As soon as the boys were all scattered and bated,  
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisan was got,  
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.  
 There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.

It 's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:  
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;  
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,  
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.  
 An' it 's many 's the fine boy was then on his keepin'  
 Wid small share iv restin' or atin' or sleepin',  
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;  
 An' the bravest and hardest boy iv them all  
 Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.

•  
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!  
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
 An' in fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,  
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Mulloney a fut;  
 An' for lightness of fut there wasn't his peer,  
 For, be gorra, he could almost outrun the red deer!  
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,  
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;  
 An' by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.  
 An' it 's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
 An' it 's often he run, an' it 's often he fought,  
 An' it 's many the one can remember right well  
 The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell  
 How he frightened the magistrates in Caharbally,  
 An' 'scaped through the sodgers in Aherloe valley;  
 How he lathered the yoemen, himself agin four,  
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;  
 After many a brave action of power and pride,  
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side  
 An a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,  
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,  
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still,  
 Farewell to the potheen, the hurlin' and wake  
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.  
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,•  
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin all bail.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,  
 The terrible day iv the thrial kim on,  
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;  
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,  
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;  
 An' counselors almost gev over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;  
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big  
 With his gown on his back, an' an illigant new wig;  
 An' "Silence" was called, an' the minute it was said  
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,  
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm an' so strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;

An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;  
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
 An' JIM didn't understand it nor mind it a taste,  
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,  
 "Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said:  
 "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime  
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
 Though I stood by my grave to receive my death-blow  
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no !  
 But if you would ask me as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
 I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,  
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great and the jury smiled bright,  
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
 By my sowl, it's himself, was the crabbed ould chap!  
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
 Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin' by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:  
 "O, judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !  
 The crather is young, have mercy, my lord;  
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';  
 You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin !  
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;  
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.  
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,  
 An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word!"

That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was shaken,  
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;

An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,  
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;  
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,  
 But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;  
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.  
 "An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,  
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;  
 And God knows it 's bettther than wandering in fear  
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,  
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,  
 From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour,  
 For I wish, when my head 's lyin' under the raven,  
 No thtrue man can say that I died like a craven!"  
 Then toward the judge SHAMUS bent down his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;  
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?  
 What come they to talk of? what come they to see?  
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?  
 O, SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,  
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;  
 Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,  
 When, sthrong, proud an' great as you are, you must die.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,  
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
 An' a cart in the middle an' SHAMUS was in it,  
 Not paler, but prouder than ever that minute.  
 An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,  
 Wid prayin' and blessin' and all the girls cryin',  
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.  
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
 An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
 A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.  
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
 An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;  
 An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look around.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,  
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;  
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare;  
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.  
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound  
 An' with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground;  
 Bang! bang go the carbines, and clash go the sabres;  
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him neighbors!  
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—  
 By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,  
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—  
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
 An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;  
 To-night he'll be sicepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
 An' the devil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hangin, it 's yerself you must hang.

Well, a week after this time without firing a cannon,  
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,  
 And the captain left word he was goin' to Cork,  
 But the divil a bit, he was bound for New York.  
 The very next spring, a bright morning in May,  
 Just six months after the great hangin' day,  
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,  
 An' on the outside was written out fair  
 "To ould Misthress O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere."  
 An' the inside began, "My dear good old mother,  
 I'm safe—and I'm happy—and not wishing to bother  
 You in the readin' (with the help of the priest)  
 I send you inclosed in this letter at least



Enough to pay him and fetch you away  
 To th's land of the free and the brave, Amerikay.  
 Here you'll be happy, and never nade cryin'  
 So long as you're mother of Shamus O'Brien.  
 An' give me love to swate Biddy and tell her beware  
 Of that spalpeen who calls himself Lord of Kildare.  
 An' just tell the judge, I don't now care a rap,  
 For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap,  
 An' as for dragoons, them paid men of slaughter,  
 Just say that I love them as the devil loves holy water.  
 An' now my good mother, one word of advice:  
 Fill your bag with pittaties and whisky and rice,  
 An' when you start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork  
 An' come straight over to the town of New York,  
 An' there ax the mayor the best way to go  
 To the State of Cincinnati in the town of Ohio,  
 For 'tis there you will find me without much tryin'  
 At the Harp and the Eagle kept by Shamus O'Brien."

J. S. LE FANU.

### BROTHER WATKINS.

We have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath, I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the middle aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Around

on the back seats and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse, and shaken hands with the brethering—*ah!* I passed out to take a last look at the old church—*ah!* The broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*Fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistered in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground, with my saddle bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road, my old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—*Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—*ah!*”

JOHN B. GOUGH.

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## TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

FROM “THE PRINCESS.”

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under world;

Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge,—  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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## OLD CHUMS.

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?  
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told  
You might be expected;—pray how do you do?  
But what, under heaven, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!  
And your beard's white! but that can be beautifully dyed;  
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;  
And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that  
In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small,  
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—  
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all!

Turn round! let me look at you! isn't it odd  
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!  
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,  
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,  
And all the roses are under the plough;  
Why, Jack, if we'd happen to meet about town,  
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,  
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.  
How's Billy my namesake? You don't say he's gone  
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!  
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.  
What is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!  
O no, Jack! she wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?  
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.  
*That* baby! good Lord! is she married and gone?  
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I  
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back  
A sober old greybeard, just ready to die!  
I don't understand how it is,—do you, Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;  
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;  
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light  
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare  
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;  
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—  
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,  
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat  
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,  
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,  
And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say ;  
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?  
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

ALICE CARY.

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### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar.  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down ;  
And there through the flash of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night,  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;  
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering south,  
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;

The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;  
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,  
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,  
By the flash of his eye, and his nostrils' play  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,—  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—  
There with the glorious General's name  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:  
"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight  
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## RICH AND POOR.

I see, in those vehicles which carry to the people sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, the solid ground, never to be shaken, on which recent measures rest, *that the poor naturally hate the rich.*

I know that, under the shade of the roofs of the Capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as a matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed, powerful enough to support everything and defend everything, and that was,—*the natural hatred of the poor to the rich*

I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their understandings.

*"The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!"* It shall not be till the last moment of my existence; it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, when I shall cease to have respect or affection for anything on earth, that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled, and driven about in herds, by such abominable frauds as this.

If they shall sink to that point, if they so far cease to be men, thinking men, intelligent men, as to yield to such pretenses and such clamor, they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom. They ought not to dishonor the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it. They ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of Republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow; of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practiced, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

*"The natural hatred of the poor against the rich!"* "The danger of a moneyed aristocracy! A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution!" "A call to a new Declaration of Independence!"

I admonish the people against the objects of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusions. I tell him the attempt is to play off

his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country; and in the name of his own independence, to *destroy* that very independence, and make him a *beggar* and a *slave*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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### SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows;  
And age was plea-ed, in heats of noon to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn,  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new,  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.





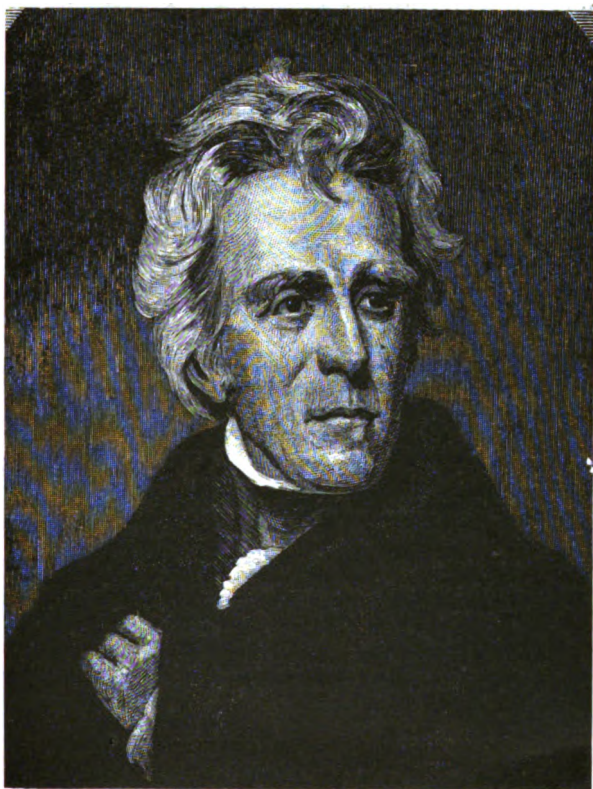
## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
Ofttimes I hover;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait  
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout,  
And noise and humming;  
They've hushed the minster bell;  
The organ 'gins to swell;  
She's coming, coming!

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast;  
She comes,—she's here, she's past!  
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly;



A. JACKSON.



I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
And see, through heaven's gate,  
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

"An' sure I was tould to come to your Honor,  
To see if ye'd write a few words to me Pat.  
He's gone for a soldier, is Mither O'Connor,  
With a sthripe on his arm and a band on his hat.

"An' what'll ye tell him? It ought to be aisy  
For sich as yer Honor to spake wid the pen,—  
Jist say I'm all right, and that Mavoorneen Daisy  
(The baby, yer Honor,) is betther again.

"For when he went off it's so sick was the childer  
She never held up her blue eyes to his face;  
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look but the wilder,  
An' say, 'Would you wish for the counthry's disgrace?'

"So he left her in danger, and me sorely gratin',  
To follow the flag with an Irishman's joy;—  
O, it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',  
An' a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

"An' say will he send a bit of his money,  
For the rint an' the docther's bill due in a wake;—  
Well, surely, there's tears on yer eye-lashes, honey!  
Ah, faith, I've no right with such freedom to spake.

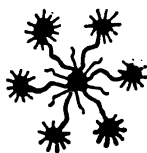
"You've overmuch trifling, I'll not give you trouble,  
I'll find some one willin'—O, what can it be?  
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?  
Yer Honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

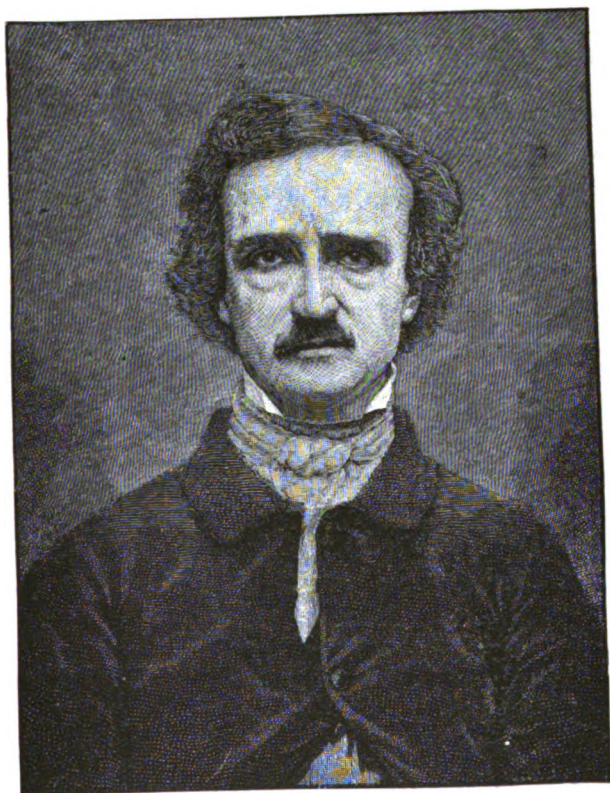
"What, Patrick O'Connor! No, no, 't is some other!  
Dead! dead! no, not him! 'Tis a wake scarce gone by.  
Dead! dead! why, the kiss on the cheek of his mother,  
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

"Don't tell me! It's not him! O God, am I crazy?  
Shot dead! O for love of sweet Heaven, say no.  
O, what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy!  
O, how will I live, an' O, where will I go!

"The room is so dark, I'm not seein' yer Honor,  
I think I'll go home—" And a sob thick and dry  
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,  
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

M. A. DENNISON





**E. A. FOR.**



## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee,  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee,—  
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsman came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me,  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.



For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side  
 Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride  
 In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR A. POE.

### THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.  
 Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!  
 Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!  
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—  
 The rogue is growing a little old:  
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
 And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!  
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!  
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),  
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,  
 (This out-door business is bad for strings)  
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle  
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;  
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—  
 Aren't we Roger?—see him wink!—  
 Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.  
 He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?  
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!  
 He understands every word that's said,—  
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
 I've been so sadly given to grog,  
 I wonder I've not lost the respect  
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.  
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;  
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
 To such a miserable, thankless master!  
 No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!  
 By George! it makes my old eyes water:  
 That is, there's something in this gin  
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
 And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)  
 Shall march a little. Start, you villain!  
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!  
 Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your  
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,  
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
 Now tell us how many drams it takes  
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
 Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!  
 The night's before us, fill the glasses!—  
 Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—  
 Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;  
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?  
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—  
 The same old story; you know how it ends.  
 If you could have seen these classic features,—  
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then  
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:  
 I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
 Whose head was happy on this breast!  
 If you could have heard the songs I sung  
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed  
 That ever I, sir, should be straying  
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
 Ragged and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:  
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
 I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent;  
 On the dusty road a carriage stopped;  
 But little she dreamed as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry,  
 It makes me wild to think of the change!  
 What do you care for a beggar's story?  
 Is it amusing? You find it strange?  
 I had a mother so proud of me!  
 'T was well she died before—Do you know  
 If the happy spirits in heaven care  
 The ruin and wretchedness here below

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain; then Roger and I will start.  
 I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
 Aching thing in place of a heart?  
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,  
 No doubt remembering things that were,—  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—  
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!  
 We must be fiddling and performing  
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.  
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?  
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—  
 The sooner the better, for Roger and me!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night. How dark! No light! No fire!  
 Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!  
 Shivering, she watches by the cradle side,  
 For him who pledged her love; last year a bride!

"Hark! 'T is his footstep! No! 'T is past! 'T is gone!"  
 Tick! Tick! "How wearily the time crawls on!  
 Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!  
 And I believed 't would last! How mad! How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe! Rest on! 'T is hunger's cry!  
 Sleep! For there is no food! The fount is dry!  
 Famine and cold their wearying work have done;  
 My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes, he 's there! he 's there!  
 For this, for this he leaves me to despair!

Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child, for what?  
The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'T is all in vain!  
'T is long to wait, but sure he 'll come again!  
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,  
My child! My child! Oh fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.  
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!  
Ha! 'T is his knock! He comes, he comes once more!"  
'T is but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,  
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray  
For his return; and yet he sees no tear!  
No! No! It can not be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou 'rt cold! Thou 'rt freezing! But we will not part!  
Husband! I die! Father! It is not he!  
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They 're gone, they 're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled!  
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.  
The gambler came at last; but all was o'er;  
Dread silence reigned around. The clock struck four.

COATES.

## LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail;  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart;  
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed;  
 "Look aloft," to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spread in light to thine eye,  
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly;  
 Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart;  
 Thy relations and friends, in sorrow depart;  
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
 To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O, when death comes in terrors, to cast  
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past;  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

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### "CLEON AND I."

Cleon hath a million acres,—ne'er a one have I:  
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace,—in a cottage, I:  
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,—not a penny, I;  
 But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,—but the landscape, I:  
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy:  
 Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,—freshening vigor, I:  
 He in velvet, I in fustian—richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,—free as thought am I:  
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,—need of none have I.  
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die.  
 Death may come, —he'll find me ready,—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,—in a daisy, I:  
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky.  
 Nature sings to me forever,—earnest listener, I:  
 State for state, with all attendants, who would change? not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

## HANNAH JANE.

She isn't half so handsome as when twenty years ago,  
At her old home in Piketon, Parson Avery made us one:  
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,  
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as white as milk,  
Her brown hair—what a mess it was! and soft and fine as silk;  
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,  
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling; her little notes to me,  
Were full of crooked pothooks, and the worst orthography;  
Her "dear" she spelled with double e, and kiss with but one s:  
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing and she blundered when she spoke,  
And every rule of syntax that old Murray made, she broke;  
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I was young;  
Her form and face o'er balanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;  
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a little more by rule;  
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us well knew,  
Said—which I believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes,  
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;  
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;  
Her fingers once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;  
The beauty rare, that more than hid that great defect is gone.  
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife,  
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and levee,  
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile on me;

And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men;  
And sometimes sigh with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might  
have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant  
belles,  
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,  
Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,  
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "Hell,"

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,  
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;  
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;  
She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claims.

I can't forget—just at this point another form appears—  
The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;  
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,  
And wonder what my share would be, if Justice should decide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;  
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate,  
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine—  
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted, then I had my legal lore,  
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;  
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,  
And love for me, and faith in me, and back of that, a *will*.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won  
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!  
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—  
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)  
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most "shocking  
bad,"  
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made;  
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade."



Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day,  
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay;  
I got a coat and wore it; but, alas! poor Hannah Jane  
Ne'er went to church or lecture, till warm weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,  
That I might have a decent suit in which t'appear in court;  
She made her last year's bonnet do, that I might have a hat;  
Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

No negro ever worked so hard; a servant's pay to save  
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.  
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,  
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!  
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured;  
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be concealed;  
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;  
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,  
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—  
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have  
been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted.  
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl, where we started.  
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in every  
race;  
I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the base.

She made me take each fall the stump; she said t'was my career;  
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my ear.  
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?  
For me she lived on gladly, in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed  
T'was the best one of the session, those comments she could read;  
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,  
She sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt.

At twenty-eight the Statehouse; on the bench at thirty-three;  
 At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.  
 I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life, but  
 she—

Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be! Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has  
 been,

The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.  
 Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true;  
 For me she rubbed herself quite out; I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—  
 First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.  
 The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give great  
 praise to me,  
 For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God and me,  
 Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.  
 No matter what the world may think; I know down in my heart  
 That, if either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and, on the final day,  
 Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?  
 When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,  
 I'll yield the palm, for God is just, and he knows Hannah Jane.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY (D. R. LOCKE).

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## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all of every sort,  
 Give ear unto my song;  
 And if you find it wondrous short,  
 It can not hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man,  
 Of whom the world might say,

That still a goodly race he ran  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOOSMITH



## ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increas!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight of his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room, he said,  
"What writest thou?"

The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"  
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

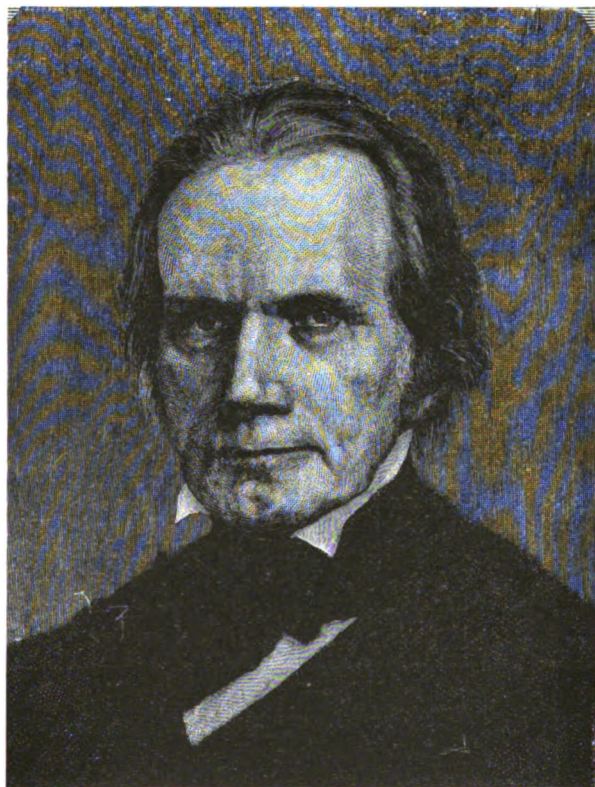
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go;  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo!

ROBERT BURNS.

## AMERICAN LIBERTY.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be. Resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.





H. CLAY.



I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring. Teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No. I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who, at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country!

JOSEPH STORY.

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## VALUE OF REPUTATION.

O divine, O delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; the example it testifies! Pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit; to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to out-law life, but to attain death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I can conceive of but few crimes beyond it.

He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time. But what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person, effects that which medicine may remedy. But what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He



who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify. But what riches shall redeem a bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy; without antidote; without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye, no activity can escape. From the venom of its fang, no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; no prey but virtue; no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels, to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

### GUNEOPATHY.

I saw a lady yesterday,  
A regular M. D.,  
Who'd taken from the Faculty  
Her medical degree;  
And I thought if ever I was sick  
My doctor she should be.

I pity the deluded man  
Who foolishly consults  
Another man, in hopes to find  
Such magical results  
As when a pretty woman lays  
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder once  
A kind of chronic chill,  
That all the doctors in the town,  
With all their vaunted skill,  
Could never cure, I'm very sure,  
With powder nor with pill;

I don't know what they called it  
In their pompous terms of art,

Nor if they thought it mortal  
In such a vital part;  
I only know 'twas reckoned  
"Something icy round the heart."

A lady came, her presence brought  
The blood into my ears;  
She took my hand, and something like  
A fever now appears.  
Great Galen! I was all aglow,  
Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case  
That's fairly in her reach,  
But should I e'er be ill again  
I fervently beseech  
That I may have, for life or death,  
A lady for my "leech!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

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### THE COQUETTE PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it, too  
As other village beauties do,  
Whose mirrors never lie;  
Secure of any swain she chose,  
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,  
And, reckless of a lover's woes,  
She cheated these and taunted those,  
"For how could any one suppose  
A clown could take her eye?"

But whispers through the village ran  
That Edgar was the happy man  
The maid designed to bless;  
For, wheresoever moved the fair,  
The youth was like her shadow, there,  
And rumor boldly matched the pair,  
For village folks will guess,

## SELECT READINGS.

Edgar did love, but was afraid  
To make confession to the maid,  
So bashful was the youth:  
Certain to meet a kind return,  
He let the flame in secret burn,  
Till from his lips the maid should learn  
Officially the truth.

At length one morn to take the air,  
The youth and maid, in one-horse chair,  
A long excursion took.  
Edgar had nerved his bashful heart  
The sweet confession to impart,  
For ahl suspense had caused a smart  
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,  
Till Hempstead's wide-extended plains  
Seemed joined to skies above:  
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near  
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,  
Nor soul within ten miles to hear,  
And still poor Edgar's silly fear  
Forbade to speak of love.

At last one desperate effort broke  
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke  
With most persuasive tone;  
Recounted past attendance o'er,  
And then, by all that's lovely, swore  
That he would love forever more,  
If she'd become his own.

The maid in silence heard his prayer,  
Then, with a most provoking air,  
She tittered in his face;  
And said, "Tis time for you to know  
A lively girl must have a beau,  
Just like a reticule—for show;  
And at her nod to come and go;  
But he should know his place,

"Your penetration must be dull  
 To let a hope within your skull  
 Of matrimony spring.  
 Your wife? ha! ha! upon my word,  
 The thought is laughably absurd  
 As anything I ever heard—  
 I never dreamed of such a thing!"

The lover sudden dropp'd his rein  
 When on the center of the plain;  
 "The linch-pin's out!" he cried;  
 "Be pleased one moment to alight,  
 Till I can set the matter right,  
 That we may safely ride,

He said, and handed out the fair;  
 Then laughing, cracked his whip in air,  
 And wheeling round his horse and chair,  
 Exclaimed, "Adieu, I leave you there  
 In solitude to roam."  
 "What mean you, sir?" the maiden cried,  
 "Did you invite me out to ride,  
 To leave me here without a guide?  
 Nay, stop, and take me home."

"What! take you home!" exclaimed the beau,  
 "Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know  
 How such a hopeless wish could grow,  
 Or in your bosom spring.  
 What! take Ellen home! ha! ha! upon my word,  
 The thought is laughably absurd  
 As any thing I ever heard—  
 I never dreamed of such a thing!"

ANONYMOUS.

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## YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,

Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;  
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

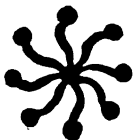
"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more  
 Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace.  
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store  
 As I of His who buildeth over these  
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,  
 And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
 And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,  
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,  
 Depart before the prying day grow bold."  
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,  
 Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,  
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,  
 Sobbing: "O sheik, I cannot leave thee so:  
 I will repay thee; all this thou hast done  
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee  
 Into the desert, never to return,  
 My one black thought shall ride away from me;  
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,  
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;  
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.





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### REMORSE OF DE MOOR.

I must rest here. My joints are shaken asunder. My tongue cleaves to my mouth. How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun! 'Tis thus the hero falls, 'tis thus he dies, in god-like majesty! When I was a boy, a mere child, it was my favorite thought, to live and die like that sun. 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit. There *was* a time, there *was* a time, when I could not sleep, if I had forgotten my prayers! Oh that I were a child once more!

What a lovely evening! what a pleasing landscape! That scene is noble! this world is beautiful! the earth is grand! But I am *hideous* in this world of beauty: a monster on this magnificent earth: the prodigal son! My innocence! Oh my innocence!

All nature expands at the sweet breath of spring; but, oh, this paradise, this heaven, is a hell to me! All is happiness around me: all is the sweet spirit of peace: the world is one family: but its Father there above is not my father! I am an outcast! the prodigal son! the companion of murderers, of viperous fiends! bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!

Oh! that I could return once more to peace and innocence! that I were once more an infant! that I were born a beggar! the meanest kind! a peasant of the field! I would toil, till the sweat of blood dropped from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep,

the rapture of a single tear! There *was* a time when I could weep with ease. Oh, days of bliss! Oh, mansion of my fathers! Scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthusiasm! Will you no more return? No more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom? Oh, *never, never* shall they return! No more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace! They are gone! gone forever!

J. C. F. VON SCHILLER.

## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,  
That whistle through the glen!  
I'll tell ye o' a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken:  
What is the greatest bliss  
That the tongue o' man can name?  
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame,

*When the kye come hame,  
When the kye come hame,—  
'Tween the gloomin' an' the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.*

'Tis not beneath the burgoonet,  
Nor yet beneath the crown;  
'Tis not on couch o' velvet,  
Nor yet in bed o' down:  
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
In the glen without the name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,  
For the mate he lo'es to see,  
And on the tapmost bough  
O, a happy bird is he!

There he pours his melting ditty  
And love is a' the theme;  
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonnie lucken gowan  
Has fauldit up his ee;  
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift,  
Drops down and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,  
That lingers on the hill:  
His yowes are in the fauld,  
And his lambs are lying still;  
Yet he doon gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame,  
To meet his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises high in the breast,  
And the little wee bit starn  
Rises red in the east,  
O, there's a joy sae dear  
That the heart can hardly frame!  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins  
In this love without alloy,  
O, wha wad prove a traitor  
To Nature's dearest joy?  
Or, wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils an' its fame,  
And miss his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame?

JAMES HOGG.



## THE EDITOR.

The editor sat in his easy chair,  
 But he sat not easy; there being an air  
 Of anxious thought beclouding his brow,  
 As if rightly he knew not what or how  
 To do in some matter of moment great,  
 On which depended a throne or a state;  
 When, all of a sudden, flew open wide  
 The office door, and, with hasty stride,  
 A loaferish figure came stalking in  
 With a rubicund phiz, and hairy chin  
 (The former a product directly of gin)  
 And with fiery eye and menacing grin  
 He made right up to the editor's chin.

"Are you the man  
 What edits the paper?  
 I've come to tan

Your hide for that caper.

You called me a *villain*; you called me a *rogue*;  
 A way of speaking, sir, too much in vogue  
 With you fellows that handle the printing press.  
*Defend yourself, sir! I demand a redress.*"

The editor quailed,  
 Decidedly paled,

But just at the moment his courage gave way,  
 His genius stepped in, and gained him the day.  
 "I'm not the person you seek," he said;  
 "If you want redress, go straight to the head.  
 He's not far off, and will settle affairs,  
 I have n't a doubt. I'll call him up stairs."

Then down he went  
 As if he were sent,

A fire, or something worse to prevent.  
 Meanwhile there came, through a door below,  
 Another somebody to deal him a blow;

A scamp well known to annals of fame,  
Whom, the hapless editor hoping to tame,  
Had ventured to publish, and that by name.

At the foot of the stair,  
Or near it somewhere,  
The monster met him, demanding redress,  
And, just like the other, began to press  
Poor editor hard with a Billingsgate mess,  
And threaten forthwith his hide to dress;  
When necessity, mother of all invention,  
And a brain editorial, used to tension,  
Contrived a means of diverting attention.

"Stranger," said he,  
"Be not too free  
In applying abusive words to me;  
Up stairs is the person you wish to see."  
Up stairs all raging, the rowdy flew,  
(Neither complainant the other knew)  
So the moment they met, without more ado,  
At it they went, in a regular set to.

A terrible tussle,  
A terrible bustle,  
They make, as round the room they wrestle;  
There were but few words, but plenty of blows,  
For they fought like a couple of deadly focs,  
Till each had acquired a bloody nose;  
And each had the pleasure distinctly to spy,  
In the face of the other, a very black eye!

ANONYMOUS



**THE DOORSTEP.**

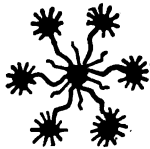
The conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snow birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all,  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!  
We let the old folks have the highway.  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed, and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.



The little hand outside her muff—  
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—  
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—  
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled

A cloud passed kindly overhead  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister;  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover!  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## DULUTH.

[Hon. Proctor Knott was born near Lebanon, Ky., on the 20th of August, 1830. He was a Member of Congress several terms. In 1883 he was elected Governor of his native State. During his Congressional term he became widely known as a prominent Democratic statesman and a humorous speaker in the Congressional debates. One of his most famous speeches was that delivered in the House of Representatives, January 21, 1871, when the question granting government aid in improving the harbor of Duluth was before Congress. In this speech he ridiculed the town and the proposition then pending before the House. His speech, for convenience, is divided into four pieces,—each may be spoken independently, or any number, or all of them may be spoken together.]

## I.

If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain, for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth; friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that act of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill, not inspired by the imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House, myself not excepted, notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railways, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages

to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meagre results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill, I have never entertained the shadow of a doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the River St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of Republican institutions on this continent. I felt, instinctively, that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the government, and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over, this morning, the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's *Globe*.

Now, sir, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such

an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and war-like people, in the possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence, and hatching out the damnable heresy of secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs, and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

"Now, sir, I repeat, I have been satisfied for years that, if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and it seems so to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But, in what direction should it run, or where should it terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept, such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piney woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take, would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "*Duluth*."

*Duluth!* The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses; or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright joyous dream of sleeping innocence.

## II.

"*Duluth!*" 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks! But where was *Duluth*? Never in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profound humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman in this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library, and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which, I supposed, was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but could nowhere find *Duluth*. Nevertheless I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of maternal nature would since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out *Duluth*! In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that *Duluth* not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of *Duluth*; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of the inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for *Duluth*; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of *Duluth*. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because, in all his travels, and with all his geographical research, he had never heard of *Duluth*. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of Pilgrims from every nation of the earth, to the gushing fountain of poesy, opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art, called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish,



that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of *Duluth*. Yes, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find *Duluth*. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is *Duluth*?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capitol of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and, as I unfolded it, a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagined burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of Paradise. There, there, for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "*Duluth*!" This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of *Duluth* in the United States; but, if the gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of *Duluth* in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It hits the shadowy vale of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of *Duluth*, far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

### III.

As to the commercial resources of *Duluth*, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two millions of square miles rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to *Duluth*. Look at it, sir. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal measures, wide-extended plains of richest pasturage,—all, all embraced in this vast territory,—which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of *Duluth*. Look at it sir; do you not see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory, that the enterprising inhabitants of *Duluth* intend

some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there, whether it would or not? And here, sir, I find within a convenient distance, the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of *Duluth*, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the small-pox breaks out among the women and children of the famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war, especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose

"Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting has grown rusty,  
And eats into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack."

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science, unprecedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past, as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know the next flash of electric fire that simmers along the ocean cable, may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory, never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there, and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians?

And here, sir, recurring to the map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

## IV.

I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map, in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and Piegans, and was about to say, that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind, there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it in with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to *Duluth*, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that *Duluth* is destined to be the best market of the world. Here, you will observe, are the buffaloes directly between the Piegans and *Duluth*; and here, right on the road to *Duluth*, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into *Duluth* in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward *Duluth*, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock yards at *Duluth*.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of *Duluth*, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon this delightful theme. I think every gentleman upon this floor is as well satisfied as I am that *Duluth* is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of *Duluth* and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor

of "woman's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insurmountable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners, who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic, would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted, and, in the second place, these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never sir! Rather perish *Duluth*! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix.

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

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### CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee.  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
The fathers spake that work of Thine,  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,

Unveiling all the triumphs won  
 By art or toil, beneath the sun ;  
 And unto common good ordain  
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
 The war-flags of a gathered world,  
 Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
 The Orient's mission of good will,  
 And freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
 Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,  
 For beauty made the bride of use,  
 We thank Thee while withal we crave,  
 The austere virtues strong to save,  
 The honor proof to place or gold,  
 The manhood never bought nor sold !

O make Thou us, through centuries long,  
 In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
 Around our gift of freedom draw  
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law,  
 And, cast in some diviner mould,  
 Let the new cycle shame the old !

JOHN G. WHITTIER

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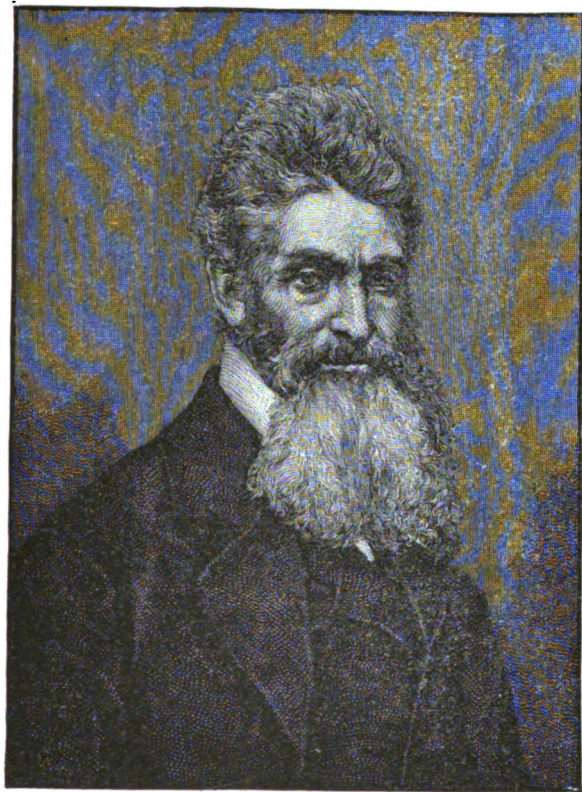
## ON TO FREEDOM.

[This poem should be delivered with great energy, life, and spirit. The speaker should catch the noble sentiment of the theme.]

" There has been the cry—' On to Richmond !' And still another cry—' On to England !' Better than either is the cry—' On to Freedom !' "

CHARLES SUMNER.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!  
 'Tis the everlasting cry  
 Of the floods that strive with ocean—  
 Of the storms that smite the sky;



**J. BROWN.**



Of the atoms in the whirlwind,  
Of the seed beneath the ground—  
Of each living thing in Nature  
That is bound!  
’Twas the cry that led from Egypt,  
Through the desert wilds of Edom:  
Out of darkness—out of bondage—  
On to Freedom ! On to Freedom !

O ! thou stony-hearted Pharaoh !  
Vainly warrest thou with God !  
Moveless, at thy palace portals,  
Moses waits, with lifted rod !  
O ! thou poor barbarian, Xerxes !  
Vainly o’er the Pontic main  
Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,  
Scourge or chain !  
For the cry that led from Egypt,  
Over desert wilds of Edom,  
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew !  
On to Freedom ! On to Freedom !

In the Roman streets with Gracchus,  
Hark ! I hear that cry outswell ;  
In the German woods, with Hermann  
And on Switzer hills, with Tell !  
Up from Spartacus, the bondman,  
When his tyrants’ yoke he clave,  
And from stalwart Wat the Tyler—  
Saxon Slave !  
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,  
Stuggling up from wilds of Edom—  
Sounding still through all the ages :  
On to Freedom ! On to Freedom !

On to Freedom ! On to Freedom !  
Gospel cry of laboring Time :  
Uttering still through seers and sages.  
Words of hope and faith sublime !



From our Sidneys, and our Hampdens  
 And our Washingtons they come :  
 And we cannot—and we dare not  
     Make them dumb !  
 Out of all the shames of Egypt—  
 Out of all the snares of Edom ;  
 Out of darkness—out of bondage—  
 On to Freedom ! On to Freedom !

DUGANNE.

## THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

[The reciter should read this piece in an ordinary tone, the voice slightly tremulous. Those who are capable of impersonating an old man will find favorable opportunity here.]

Well, wife, I've found the model church ! I worshiped there to-day !  
 It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray ;  
 The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,  
 But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door ;  
 He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor ;  
 He must have been a Christian, for he lead me boldly through  
 The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard' the singin' ; it had the old-time ring ,  
 The preacher said, with trumpet voice : " Let all the people sing !  
 The tune was " Coronation," the music upward rolled,  
 Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold

My deafness seemed to melt away ; my spirit caught the fire ;  
 I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,  
 And sang as in my youthful days : " Let angels prostrate fall  
 Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more ;  
 I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,  
And anchor in that blessed port, forever, from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;  
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;  
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye  
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth;  
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;  
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;  
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed,

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place;  
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;  
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with  
friend.

"When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too,—  
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue;  
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,  
The happy hour of worship, in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory soon be won,  
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;  
O'er the river we are nearin'; they are throngin' to the shore,  
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

JOHN H. YATES.

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## FARE THEE WELL.

[This poem was addressed by Lord Byron to his wife. It gives the reader a rare opportunity for variety of expression and full scope for the portrayal of deep love, intense sadness, infinite tenderness, and bitter sorrow.]

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Still, for ever, fare thee well,  
E'en though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth,  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hand shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee.  
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken.  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
E'en my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we can not bridle  
Force their way without the will,

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

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## WHY THE COWS CAME LATE.

Crimson sunset burning  
O'er the tree-fringed hills;  
Golden are the meadows,  
Ruby flash the rills;

Quiet in the farmhouse,  
Home the farmer hies:  
But his wife is watching;  
Shading anxious eyes,

While she lingers with her pail beside the barn-yard gate  
Wondering why her Jennie and the cows come home so late!

Jennie, brown-eyed maiden,  
Wandered down the lane,  
That was ere the daylight  
Had begun to wane.  
Deeper grow the shadows;  
Circling swallows cheep;  
Katydid's are calling;  
Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barnyard gate,  
And wonders where her Jennie and the cows can be so late?

Loving sounds are falling,  
Homeward now at last,  
Speckle, Bess, and Brindle,  
Through the gate have passed.  
Jennie, sweetly blushing,  
Jamie grave and shy,  
Takes the pails from mother,  
Who stands silent by.

Not one word is spoken, as the mother shuts the gate,  
But now she knows why Jennie and the cows came home so late.

ANONYMOUS.

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## THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

*Fought May 11, 1745.*

By our camp fires rose a murmur,  
At the dawning of the day,  
And the tread of many footsteps  
Spoke the advent of the fray;

And as we took our places,  
Few and stern were our words,  
While some were tightening horse girths,  
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded  
Our footmen to array;  
The willing steed has bounded  
Impatient for the fray;  
The green flag is unfolded,  
While rose the cry of joy,  
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner,  
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,  
And the memory arose  
Of our homes and perished kindred,  
Where the Lee or Shannon flows.  
We looked upon that banner,  
And we swore to God on high,  
To smite to-day the Saxon's might,—  
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,—  
'Tis a voice from our own land;  
God of battles—God of vengeance,  
Guide to-day the patriot band;  
There are stains to wash away;  
There are memories to destroy,  
In the best blood of Briton  
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels  
In a thousand reeking flanks,—  
Down, chivalry of Ireland,  
Down on the British ranks;  
Now shall their serried columns  
Beneath our sabres reel,—  
Thro' their ranks, then, with the war-horse:  
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,  
And the fair land of the vine,  
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,  
We swept upon their line,—  
Then rang along the battle-field  
Triumphant our hurrah,  
And we smote them down, still cheering  
    *"Erin, slanthagal go brash."*\*

As prized as is the blessing  
From an aged father's lip,—  
As welcome as the haven  
To the tempest-driven ship,—  
As dear as to the lover  
The smile of gentle maid,—  
Is this day of long-sought vengeance  
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,  
A broken, routed line,—  
See, England, what brave laurels  
or your brow to-day we twine.  
Oh thrice bless'd the hour that witnessed  
The Briton turn to flee  
From the chivalry of Erin,  
And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp fires,  
When the sun had passed away,  
And thought upon our brethren,  
Who had perished in the fray,—  
Who prayed to God to grant us,  
And then we'd die with joy,  
One day upon our own dear land  
Like this of Fontenoy.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

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\* Ireland, the bright toast forever.

## AMERICAN CORN.

[Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, was born at Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. He was for nearly thirty years a member of the House of Representatives, and was appointed by President Cleveland United States Minister to Turkey in 1885. During his Congressional career he was always prominent in the discussion of the questions which agitated the country, proving an able debater and an eloquent and humorous speaker. He has been a constant contributor to the press and periodicals, and the author of several popular works. Besides a great number of speeches which have been widely read, and as widely admired. Prominent among the latter is his humorous speech against the appropriation of funds from the United States Treasury, toward defraying expenses of United States Commissioners and others, at the "Paris Exposition," delivered in the House of Representatives, November 19, 1877. An extract from this speech is given. Its delivery produced tumultuous laughter and applause.]

It is further charged that my colleague wished to avenge himself on pauperized Europe, by introducing corn as a regular article of diet. It is also hinted that some of our distinguished statesmen will be called upon to minister to the long line of *flaneurs* and *petit-maitres* along the boulevards, while they illustrate how the smoking cob can be gnawed, and the dulcet sound of 'hot corn' lull them at night into sweet dreams of home. He then goes so far as to hint that the 'pop corn' fiend will be introduced upon the railways of France.

But, Mr. Chairman, have we no cherished associations with France, growing out of our Revolutionary era, which forbid us to exhibit toward that friendly nation such a spirit of revenge, and lack of comity? I have faith in the stern, repressive power of the French government, under its present military president, aided by the advice of the American Cæsar, General Grant, against such unwarrantable irruptions into Gaul. It is many years since, that an Indiana minister to Berlin labored to qualify the European stomach for this American diet. His experiment was tried upon Humboldt. It failed; failed, sir, upon griddle cakes for breakfast, as the *pièce de resistance*. It failed, even though the Indiana matron compounded it with her own skillful hands. It failed, sir, although the sweet treacle, tinct with the maple of Vermont, with its dulcet sirup, titillated the palate, and enthused the fancy.

Why, sir, since this scheme, which contemplated both hog and hominy, both patriotism and grits, both corn-dodgers and corn-juice failed, even though an American minister, racy of the Western soil, had earnestly endeavored to accomplish it, what can be expected from a body of political Jeremy Diddlers and self-sufficient commissioners who know not a full ear from a nubbin!



The amendment under consideration only proposes to prepare and cook the maize in the presence of the assembled French. This requires an explanation. Why not show how it is grown, how the hills are planted and hoed, the shooting of the tender but not dangerous germ; then the way to protect, with ashes from the grubworm, and frighten off birds with the scarecrow, one of the most interesting images of Western production, requiring a separate exhibition with varieties all along from Virginia, round to Kansas.

If our States are required to send effigies of their great men to fill our niches in this Capitol, why should not our Paris exposition glory in distinct scarecrows from every one of our free and independent States? Why not, under favoring conditions, show the silky fringes of the inchoate corn (is not France the land of silk?) and the roasting ear, ready for the youngster's larceny, and the family succotash? Why not, as an addition to the zoological exhibition, export the sly 'coon and nimble squirrel, enriching their stores like drones or lobbyists from honest toil? Why limit the exhibition to cookery, which the French so well understand?

Let there be a corn-shucking on the Trocadero, when the ear is full ripe for the harvest; then let the bursting corn arise upon the banks of the Seine, aloof from the incursive rat and the waters' flow. Then, O joy! let us show the world the old-fashioned husking, before machinery depoetized the rustic frolic. What a reformatory sight in bad, luxurious Paris! Would that it were permitted the Foreign Affairs Committee to take part in it, with its grave but festive chairman.

How happy to be surrounded by the attractive grisettes and coquettish lorettes, or mayhap by the wooden-shod peasant girls of sweet Normandy by the sea, assisted of course by my colleague as chief interpreter. I think I see these gentle nymphs of Paris, in a beautiful circle, aiding us to tear off the dry envelope from the golden ear, while the song of Lord Lovell, who went far countries for to see, accompanied by sweet cider, passes around! My honored chairman is in their midst. Shall I omit my colleague from the charmed circle? I should love to be with them when the gentle usage begins. Delicious custom!

But never more so than when, with scream and titter, some lucky maiden cries, '*La rouge! la rouge!* I have found the red ear!' Would my honored chairman be reluctant? Suppose a dark-eyed maid of Marseilles had a red ear—would he be reluctant? If he were,

would not my colleague take his place? He would. Would my colleague with modest grace shrink from the penalty which follows? Would not Ceres be dethroned for another goddess? *Hominum, divumque voluptas?* I hear my colleague sigh. Methinks I hear the merry demoiselle crying '*Embrassez-moi, cher monsieur; embrassez moi!*' Would he, could he, refuse the proffered kiss? And if perchance the red ear fell to the ingenious inventor of this 'maizy' plan—without giving way for a reply—I ask him now and here, would he carry out the custom, and kiss the reluctant maids all around? If he will say he would, then there is no need of further appropriation. It will pay for itself.

S. S. COX.

### MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby,  
 Against the cottage wall—  
 A lily grew on the threshold,  
 And the boy was just as tall;  
 A royal tiger lily  
 With spots of purple and gold,  
 And a heart like a jeweled chalice,  
 The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled  
 High up in the old roof trees,  
 And to and fro at the window,  
 The red rose rocked her bees.  
 And the wee pink fists of the baby  
 Were never a moment still,  
 Snatching at shine and shadow  
 That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—  
 His mouth like a flower unblown—  
 Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,  
 Peeped out from his snowy gown;  
 And we thought, with thrill of rapture  
 That yet had a touch of pain,  
 When June rolls around with her roses.  
 We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me, in darkened chamber,  
With the sunshine shut away,  
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain  
We measured the boy to-day,  
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled  
And sweet as a budding rose,  
Lay side by side together,  
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling,  
With the light of heaven thereon;  
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves  
Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
Never to snatch at the sunshine  
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the shining rosewood casket  
That waited him below;  
And out of the darkened chamber  
We went with a childless moan—  
To height of the sinless angels  
Our little one had grown.

ANONYMOUS.

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### "BAY BILLY."

You may talk of horses of renown,  
What Goldsmith Maid has done,  
How Dexter cut the seconds down,  
And Fellowcraft's great run,  
Would you hear about a horse that once  
A mighty battle won?

'Twas the last fight at Frederiksburg—  
Perhaps the day you reck,

Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,  
Kept Early's men in check.  
'ust where Wade Hampton boomed away,  
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,  
And held it with a will;  
Five several stubborn times we charged  
The battery on the hill,  
And five times beaten back, re-formed,  
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight  
Spurred up a General's aide.  
"That battery *must* silenced be!"  
He cried, as past he sped;  
Our Colonel simply touched his cap  
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more  
The grand old fellow came.  
No wounded man but raised his head  
And strove to gasp his name,  
And those who could not speak nor stir,  
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,  
That hero gray and grim;  
Right well he knew that fearfull slope  
We'd climb with none but him,  
Though while his white head lead the way  
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half way up,  
When, midst the storm of shell,  
Our leader, with his sword upraised,  
Beneath our bayonets fell.  
And, as we bore him back, the foe  
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him, Back we swept,  
And when the bugle said,  
"Up, charge again!" no man was there  
But hung his dogged head.  
"We've no one left to lead us now,"  
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,  
The Colonel's horse we spied—  
Bay Billy with his trappings on,  
His nostrils swelling wide,  
As though still on his gallant back  
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place  
That was of old his wont,  
And with a neigh, that seemed to say  
Above the battle's brunt,  
"How can the Twenty-second charge  
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,  
And gazed a little space;  
Above that floating mane we missed  
The dear familiar face;  
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire  
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all  
As that brave sight had done,  
Down all the battered line we felt  
A lightning impulse run;  
Up, up the hill we followed Bill  
And captured every gun.

And when upon the conquered height  
Died out the battle's hum,  
Vainly 'mid living and the dead  
We sought our leader dumb,  
It seemed as if a spectre steed  
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night  
Fell softly o'er the plain,  
As though o'er man's dread work of death  
The angels wept again,  
And drew night's curtain gently round  
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeon's torches went  
The ghastly rows between—  
All night with solemn step I paced  
The torn and bloody green ;  
But who that fought in the big war  
Such dread sights has not seen ?

At last the morning broke: The lark  
Sang in the merry skies  
As if to e'en the sleepers there  
It bade awake, arise !  
Though naught but that last trump of all  
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay  
Stretched on the long brigade ;  
Trimly upon the furrowed field  
The troops stood on parade,  
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed  
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men  
Were in their place that morn,  
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon  
Stood six brave fellows on,  
Now touched my elbow in the rank,  
For all between were gone.

Ah ! who forgets that dreary hour  
When, as with misty eyes,  
To call the old familiar roll  
The solemn Sergeant tries—  
One feels that thumping of the heart  
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow  
 The last few names were said,  
 Across the field some missing horse  
 Toiled-up with weary tread,  
 It caught the Sergeant's eye; and quick  
 Bay Billy's name was read

Yes ! there the old bay hero stood  
 All safe from battle's harms,  
 And ere an order could be heard,  
 Or the bugle's quick alarms,  
 Down all the front, from end to end,  
 The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth  
 Could still our mighty cheer,  
 And ever from that famous day,  
 When rang the roll-call clear,  
 Bay Billy's name was read, and then  
 The whole line answered " Here."

FRANK H. CASSADAY.

## WHERE SHOULD THE SCHOLAR LIVE ?

Where should the scholar live? In solitude or society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err, who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song?

Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song. There lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; such, such should be the poet's life.

If he would *describe* the world, he must *live* in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery.

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. - There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of nature we make our own and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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## IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
An idle beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep-scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats;  
The jack-knives' carved initial.



The charcoal frescoes on the wall,  
Its door's worn sill betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing

Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving.  
Of one who still her steps delayed.  
When all the rest were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled—  
His cap pulled low upon his face,  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, she lingered,  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing;  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty year's been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament his triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

J. G. WHITTIER.

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### WAITING BY THE GATE.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,  
Upon whose tops the clouds in eternal shadows lie  
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,  
A soft and soothing sound, yet whispers of the night;  
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,  
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of the day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the treshold, now,  
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow.  
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;  
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour  
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power;  
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,  
And as I look and listen, the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws  
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;  
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,  
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!  
Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!  
Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air  
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn.  
 But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,  
 And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,  
 In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,  
 The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly  
 shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strews  
 Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows?

So come from every region, so en'er side by side,  
 The strong and faint of spirit, the meek, and men of pride.  
 Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,  
 And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the treshold whose looks are blank with  
 fear.

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,  
 As if they saw dear faces and caught the gracious eye  
 Of Him, the sinnless teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these within my heart,  
 Can neither make the dread, nor the longing to depart.  
 And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,  
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

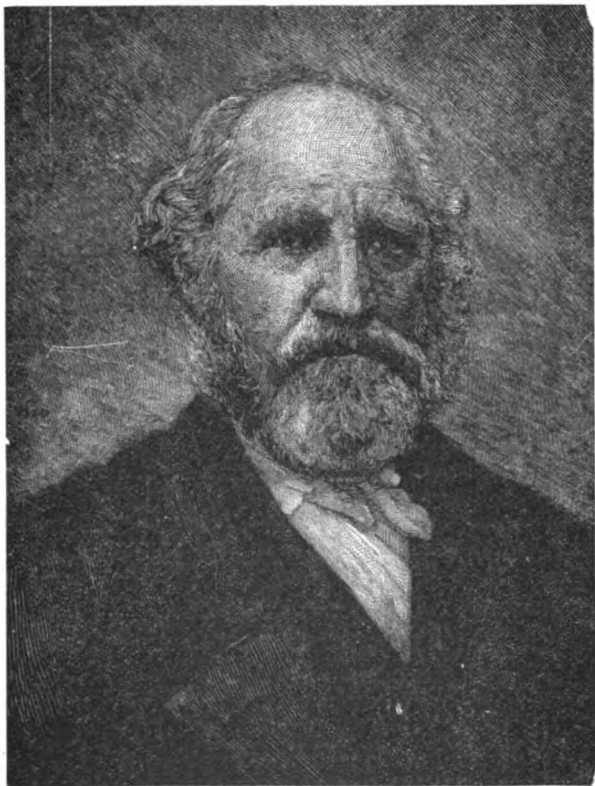
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## CHARLES SUMNER.

[This extract is from the speech of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, delivered in the House of Representatives April 27, 1874, now Secretary of Interior under President Cleveland. His eulogy pronounced on Charles Sumner ranks among the best ever delivered on the floors of the House.]

Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement be-



**SAMUEL HOUSTON.**



tween these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if it is not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly by a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at least endeavor to grow *toward* each other once more in heart as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in political organization; one not merely in identity of institutions; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection, nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here, I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed, not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so enfolded that the feelings of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the results with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence.

The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable dis-

cord, in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen, *know* one another, and you will *love* another."

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

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### THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel,  
With face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night:  
And sees the Beacon Light  
A-trembling in the rain;  
She hears the sea- birds scree  
And the breakers on the beach  
Making moan, making moan.  
And the wind about the eaves  
Of the cottage, sobs and grieves;  
And the willow-tree is blown  
To and fro, to and fro.

Till it seems like some old crone  
Standing out their all alone,  
With her woe!  
Wringing, as she stands,  
Her gaunt and palsied hands  
While Mabel, timid Mabel,  
With face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night,  
And sees the Beacon Light  
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table; maiden Mabel,  
And make the cabin warm;  
Your little fisher lover  
Is out there in the storm,

And your father—you are weeping,  
O Mabel, timid Mabel,  
Go, spread the supper-table,  
and set the tea a-steeping.  
Your lover's heart is brave,  
His boat is staunch and tight;  
And your father knows the perilous reef  
That makes the water white.  
—But Mabel, Mabel darling,  
With face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night  
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!  
And the thunder, how it rolls!  
In the lullings of the storm  
The solemn church-bell tolls  
For lost souls!  
But no sexton sounds the knell  
In that belfry old and high;  
Unseen fingers sway the bell  
As the wind goes tearing by!  
How it tolls for the souls  
Of the sailors on the sea!  
God pity them, God pity them,  
Wherever they may be!  
God pity wives and sweethearts  
Who wait and wait in vain!  
And pity little Mabel,  
With her face against the pane.

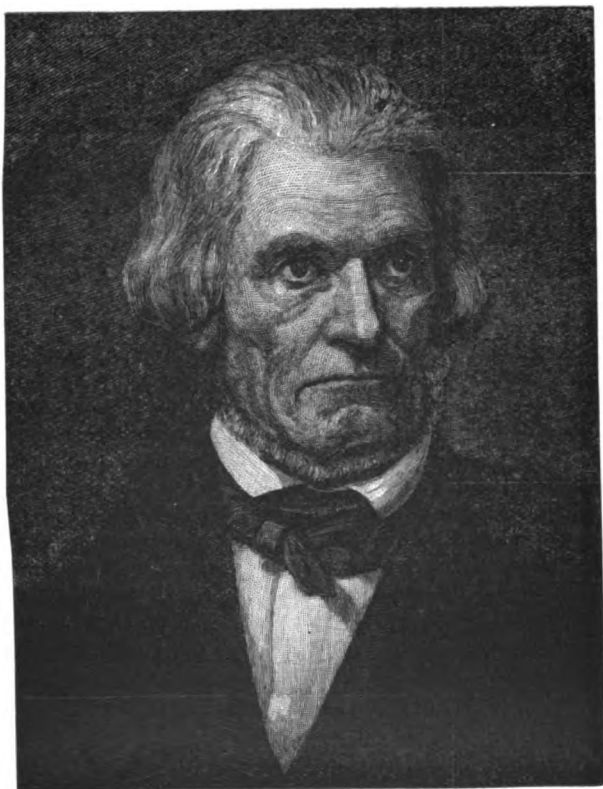
A boom!—the Lighthouse gun!  
(How its echo rolls and rolls!)  
'T is to warn the home bound ships  
Off the shoals.  
See! a rocket cleaves the sky  
From the fort;—a shaft of light!  
See! it fades and, fading, leaves



Golden furrows on the night!  
What made Mabel's cheek so pale?  
What made Mabel's lips so white?  
Did she see the helpless sail  
That tossing here and there,  
Like a feather in the air,  
Went down and out of sight?  
Down, down and out of sight,  
O, watch no more, no more,  
With face against the pane;  
You cannot see the men that drown  
By the Beacon in the rain.

From a shoal of richest rubies  
Breaks the morning clear and cold;  
And the angel on the village spire,  
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.  
Four ancient fishermen,  
In the pleasant autumn air,  
Come toiling up the sands,  
With something in their hands,—  
Two bodies stark and white,  
Ah, so ghastly in the light,  
With sea-weed in the hair!  
O ancient fishermen,  
Go up to yonder cot,  
You'll find a little child,  
With face against the pane,  
Who looks toward the beach.  
And, looking, sees it not.  
She will never watch again!  
Never watch and weep at night.  
For those pretty, saintly eyes  
Look beyo' the stormy skies,  
And they see the Beacon Light.

THOS. B. ALDRICH.



J C. CALHOUN.



## PATRIOTISM.

Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling luster, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the Revolution.

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innsbruck, in the black isle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house, his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down a chain of fires in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, pro-

claims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land  
a sainted spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this glorious wor-  
ship? Shall not all have the faith, the duties, the festivities of  
patriotism?

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

### THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Now I'se got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,  
And stand de 'zamination in the cote house in de sky,  
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat the angel's gwine to ax.  
When he gets you on de witness stand and pins you to de fax,  
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,  
An' de water million question's gwine to bodder you a sight!

Den your eyes 'll open wider den dey eber done befo',  
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat happened long ago.  
De angels on de picket-line erlong the milky way  
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say:  
No matter what you want do, no matter whar you's gwine,  
Dey's mighty apt to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;  
An' of'en at the meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,  
Why, dey send de news a kitin' by de golden telegraph;  
Den, de angel in de ofis, what's a-settin' by de gate,  
Jes' reads de message, wid a look, an' claps it on de slate!

Den, yo better do your duty well, an' keep your conscience clear,  
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;  
'Cause arter 'while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',  
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan',  
Den you'll hab to lissen to de clerk, an' answer mighty straight  
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate.

J. A. MACON.



**ADMIRAL. FARRAGUT.**



## OUR BATTLE FLAGS.

At the opening of the session of Congress in 1872, Charles Sumner reintroduced two measures which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his Civil Rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress, and the other a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the War of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register. It was indeed only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before in 1862, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom! How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation from the republics of antiquity down to our day, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen shall feel himself, with all others, as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, when fighting for Old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendée. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment, from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelotte, was made to remember by words written on a Prussian standard the Black Eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz and Langensalza. Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some for-



elgn foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day? Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State houses and armories. But let the colors of the army under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children. Do you want shining mementoes of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most shining of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, reunited in common national pride.

CARL SCHURZ.

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### LAUGHING IN MEETING.

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this: we had laughed out in meeting-time! To be sure, the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. But by Sunday evening as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and seat himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for, though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boys—yis," said Sam, virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts; "ye ought never to laugh right out in meetin';



**MRS. STOWE.**



that are's so, but then there is times when the best on us gets took down. We gets took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur will get the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why Sam, *ministers* don't ever laugh in meetin'. Do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws yes. Why haven't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrell for laughin' out in prayer time?"

"Laughin' in prayer-time!" we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother; "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on't. But Parson Morrell was a good man, and I'm glad the council wasn't hard on him."

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbitt's fault than't was anybody's. Ye see, Ike was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin' house green. Somehow or other Ike's fences allers contrived to give out come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, 'cause, ye see, to have sheep and lambs a ba-a-n' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'n't the thing. 'Member, that are old meetin' house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill, the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body had to come into the meetin'-house steppin' down instead o' up.

"Fact was, they said 't was put there 'cause the land wa'n't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin'-house on 't would be a clear savin'; but Parson Morrell he didn't like it, and was free to tell 'em his mind on 't, that 't was bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's service—but there 't was.

"There warn't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrell. His doctrine was right up and down and good and sharp, and he give saints and sinners their meat in due season, and for consoling and comfortin' widders and orphans, Parson Morrell hadn't his match. The women sot lots by him, and he was allus ready to take tea round, and make things pleasant and comfortable, and he had a good story for every one, an' a word for

the children, and maybe an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wal, you know there ain't no pleasin' everybody, and ef Gabriel himself, right down out o' heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect there'd be a pickin' at his wings, and sort o' fault-fandin'. Now Aunt Jerusha Scrان and Aunt Polly Hokum, they sed Parson Morrell wa'n't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks that a minister ought to be jest like the town-hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment and eternity, and nothin' else, when you see him round; and if they see a man rosy and chipper, and havin' a pretty nice sociable sort of time, why they say he ain't spiritooal-minded. But in my times I've seen ministers that's the most awakenin' kind in the pulpit was the liveliest when they was out on 't. There is a time to laugh, Scriptur' says, tho' some folks never seem to remember that ar."

"But, Sam, how came you to say it was Ike Babbitt's fault? What was it about the sheep?"

"O wal, yi.—I'm coming to that ar. It was all about them sheep—I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrell to laugh in prayer time."

"Ye see there was old Dick, Ike's bell wether, was the figetin'est old crittur that ever yer sec. Why Dick would butt his own shadder and everybody said it was a shame the old critter should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wal, I used to live out in that parish in them days, and Lem Sudoc and I used to go out sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right 'cross the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand at the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt agin the fence, and then I'd ketch him by the horns and hold him while Lem run and got over the fence t'other side the lot, and then I'd let go and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him, and away he'd go full butt at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick—but ef he came sudden up behind a fellow he'd give him a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wal, that summer, remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing man and I can tell you he give it to the boys lively. There warn't no sleepin' nor no playin', for the Deacon had eyes like a gimlet, and he was quick as a cat, and the youngsters hed to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the Deacon was like them

four beasts in the Revelation that was full o' eyes behind and before, for whichever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know once Lem Sudoc jist wrote two words in the psalm-book and passed it to Keziah Larkin, and the Deacon give him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet, and vowed he'd be up with him some day for that.

"Well, Lordy massy! folks that is so chipper and high-steppin' has to have their comedowns, and the Deacon he had to have his.

"That ar Sunday, I remember it now jes as well as if't was yesterday. The parson he give us his gret sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free agency—everybody said that ar sermon was a masterpiece. He preached it up to Cambridge at Commencement, but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzling and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin' like a red hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decrees, the best on us will get sleepy. The old meetin'-house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kep' off all the wind, and the sun blazed away at them great west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Wall, the Deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children and tapped the boys on the head, and kep' everything straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he raily got most tuckered out, and he took a chair, and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister, and fairly got to sleep himself, jest as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

"Wal, Parson Morrell had a way o' praying with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's, anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out toward the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin'-house door.

"Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out, and we could jes see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the Deacon. The Deacon had a little round head, as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there making bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonel. Lem and me was settin' jest where we could look out and see the whole picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that critter'll pay the Deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The Deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o' threatenin'. Finally the Deacon he

gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and came down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t'other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the girls and boys they stamped and roared, and the old Deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins—'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

" 'You don't orter laugh,' says he; 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he; 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that critter,' says he. Then all roared and haw-hawed the more, to see the Deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he!

"Wal, the truth on't was, 'twas just one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 'twas jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles river—it all comes at once and no whoa to't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed until they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the Deacon he went home feeling pretty sore about it. Lem Sudoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playing tithing-man, wa'n't he, Deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins shen went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot o' tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrell to set sich an example, and suthin' had got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hadn't no spiritooality, and now it had broken out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'm into it; and Mrs. Titkins she said such a man wa'n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she couldn't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the Deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's, and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there warn't nothin' else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Scran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot everybody else a talkin'.

"Finally, it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmen they went to chopping mince, and making up

pumpkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a general trainin'. The hosses they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails, and all the wimmen was a talkin' and they hed up everybody for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'jest let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.

"The parson he was a master hand at sittin' off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a' done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what you look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

[This poem presents an admirable exercise for the practice of the voice, for rapid and distinct articulation and variety of expression.]

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling,

Here smoking and frothing,

Its tumult and wrath in,

It hastens along, conflicted and strong,

Now striking and raging,

As if a war waging,

Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,

Swelling and flinging,

Showering and springing,

Eddyin' and whisking,



Spouting and frisking  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around,  
Collecting, dissecting,  
With endless rebound.  
Smiting and fighting,  
In turmoil delighting,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and spitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And hopping and dropping,  
And working and jerking,  
And gurgling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,  
And falling and brawling, and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;  
Dividing and gliding and sliding  
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,

Clattering and battering and shattering,  
 And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
 Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
 And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,  
 And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing  
 And so never ending,  
 But always descending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er,  
 With a mighty uproar ;—  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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### CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height,  
 Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right  
 Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—  
 You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—  
 Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow  
 Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay, one moment; you've heard  
 Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word  
 Down at Springfield? What, no! Come, that's bad; why he  
 had

All the Jerseys aflame? and they gave him the name  
 Of "the rebel high-priest." He stuck in their gorge,  
 For he loved the Lord God, and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day  
 Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way

At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,  
Sat alone in the house. How it happened, none knew  
But God, and that one of the hireling crew  
Who fired the shot. Enough! there she lay,  
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand  
By the old church, to-day; think of him, and that band  
Of militant plowboys! See the smoke and that heat  
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!  
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—  
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch  
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,  
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road  
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load  
At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots  
Rang his voice—"Put Watts into 'em boys! give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,  
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.  
You may dig anywhere and turn up a ball,  
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

BRET HARTE.

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### HALF-WAY DOIN'S

Belubbed fellow trabelers, in holden forth to-day,  
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;  
De sermon will be bery short, an' dis here am the tex':  
Dat *half way* doin's aint no 'count in this worl' nor de nex'.  
Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton row,  
Where ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;  
An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,  
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up the crap  
When Moses led the Jews acrost de waters of de sea,  
Dey had to keep a goin' jus' as fas' as fas' could be;

Do you suppose dey could eber hab succeeded in dere wish,  
 And reached de promised land at last, if they had stopped to fish?  
 My frien's, dere was a garden once, where Adam libbed wid Eve,  
 Wid no one roun' to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve;  
 An' ebery day was Christmas, an' dey had dere rations free,  
 An' everyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story,—how de snake come snookin' 'round,  
 A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de ground,  
 How Eve an' Adam ate de fruit, an went an' hid dere face,  
 Till the angel oberseer came an' drove dem off de place.  
 Now, s'pose dis man an' 'ooman, too, hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,  
 But had gone about dere gardenin', an' tended to dere work,  
 Dey wouldn't have been loafin' whar' dey had no business to,  
 An' de debble nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No *half-way doin's*, bredren, 'twill neber do, I say!  
 Go at your task, an finish it, and den's de time to play;  
 For even if de crap is good, de rain will spoil de bolls,  
 Unless you keeps a pickin' in de garden ob your souls.  
 Keep a-plowin', an' a-hoein'; an' a-scrapin' ob de rows;  
 An' when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owe  
 But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,  
 De sheriff gwine to leby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber you's a-dribin' at, he sure an' dribe it t'ro',  
 An' don't let nothin' stop you, but *do* what you's gwine to do;  
 For when you see a nigger foolin', den, sure as you are born,  
 You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

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## THE APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

[Lord George Gordon Byron was born in London January 23, 1788, and died in Greece April 20, 1824. His poetry is acknowledged to be of the highest literary order. This poem should be delivered in the orotund quality of voice, effusive form, with slow time and long quantity. The reader should fully realize the emotions which animated the author at the time he wrote it.]

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,

That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her!  
 Ye elements! in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not  
 Accord me such a being? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
 Though, with them to converse, can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;  
 I love not man the less, but nature more  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, unconfin'd, and unknown.

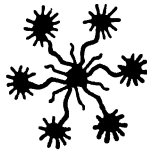
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole; or in the torrid clime  
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have lov'd thee, ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports, was, on thy breast to be

Born, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers;—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

My task is done—my song has ceased—my theme  
Hath died into an echo; 'tis fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
That which I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me, and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering faint and low.

LORD BYRON.



**THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.****I.**

The district school-master was sitting behind his great book-laden desk,  
Close watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay and grotesque.

As whisper the half leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes  
have come,  
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum.

Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when treading the forest  
path o'er,  
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was with-  
standing a drouth;  
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a  
mouth.

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they wore names  
that could bloom;  
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in  
the room.

With a countenance grave as a horse's and his honest eyes fixed on  
a pin,  
Queer-tem on a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins' skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-books into  
the brain,  
Loud puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just starting  
its train.

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at the sums on  
his slate,  
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin lips a short  
twist,  
As to say, "I could whip you, confound you! could such things be  
done with the fist!"

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some  
beauty possessed,  
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young master  
likes best.

A class in the front with their readers, were telling, with difficult pains,  
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of his veins;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood,  
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could.

## II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old school-  
sanctum hath,  
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a wood grating  
of lath.

A patch of thick plaster just over the school-master's rickety chair,  
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles' sword, by a  
hair.

The square stove puffed and crackled, and broke out in red-flaming  
sores,  
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to rush out-  
o'-doors.

White snow flakes looked in at the windows; the gale pressed its lips  
to the cracks;  
And the children's hot faces were steaming, the while they were  
freezing their backs.

## III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his sufferings were o'er,  
And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps were  
heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the room in a row,  
And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their white  
cloaks of snow;



And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad,  
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had:

"We've come here, school-master, intendin' to cast an inquirin' eye 'round,  
Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately been found;

"To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been about,  
An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn ye out.

"The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read,  
You give 'em too tight of a reinin' an' touch 'em up more than they need;

"You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in one han'.  
An' you turn a stray g in their doin's, an' tack an odd d on their an'.

"There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so polite, as I see,  
Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as they be.

"An' then there's that readin' in concert, is censured from first unto last;  
It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a travelin' past.

"Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to my say,  
Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,  
And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "Them 'ere is my sentiments tew."

"Then as to your spellin'; I've heern tell by them as has looked into this,  
That you turn the *n* out of your labor, an' make the word shorter than 't is;

"An' clip the *f* off your musick, which makes my son Ephraim perplexed,  
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on to the next.

"They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't take them letters along;  
But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is made wrong.

"You might jest as well say that Jackson didn't know all there was about war,  
As to say that old spellin'-book Webster didn't know what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,  
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, "Them's my sentiments tew."

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me,  
Is that you have left Tare and Tret out, an' also the old Rule of Three;

"An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-stepping scholars to please,  
"With saw-bucks an crosses and pot-hooks, an' w's, x, y's and z's.

"We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great good to be reached.  
By tip-toein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was teached."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,  
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "Them's my sentiments tew."

"Another thing I must here mention, comes into the question to-day,  
Concerning some things in the grammar you're teaching our girls for to say,

"My gals is as steady as clockwork, an' never give cause for much fear,  
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a talkin' such stuff  
as this here:

" 'I love,' an' 'Thou lovest,' an' 'He loves,' an' 'You love, an'  
'they—'  
An' they answered my questions, 'It's grammar'—'t was all I could  
get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so  
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that I want to  
know."

## IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of the even-  
ing before,  
Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down on  
the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what  
he had said,  
A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the  
head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the  
place,  
And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered with black  
in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their cumber-  
some books,  
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their visitors'  
looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of a violet  
hue;  
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say, "Them's  
my sentiments tew."

WILL CARLETON.

## THE BACHELOR SALE.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers;  
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,  
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,  
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;  
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,  
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse—  
And declared that to save their hearts' blood from spilling  
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,  
So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.

A crier was sent through the town to and fro,  
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,  
And to cry out to all he might meet on his way,  
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"

And presently all the old maids of the town,—  
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,—  
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer then in his labor began;  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"  
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I!"

In short, at a highly extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
And forty old maidens—some younger, some older—  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

ANONYMOUS

## GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

[This extract is from an eloquent speech of Colonel Vilas, now **Postmaster General**, delivered at Chicago, November 13, 1874, at the Reunion of the "Army of the Tennessee," in response to the toast, "Our First Commander." General Grant had but just returned from his unique "Tour Around the World," and was at the time a guest of his old comrades. The vast assembly rose to its feet as the eloquent speaker concluded his response, the hall resounding with tumultuous applause and cheers.]

Joined to it by such a story, and especially when so assembled, his old associates and soldiers in war, we may rightfully without censure and without adulation, claim and speak the just measure of his merit and renown. Nor shall his presence deny that satisfaction to us. His reputation is not his, nor even his country's alone. It is, in part, our peculiar possession. We, who fought to aid its rising, may well rejoice in its meridian splendor.

The foundations of his title are deep laid and safe. There was reaction in the minds of our people after the intense strain of war, and many distracting subjects for attention. But, with regained composure and reflection, his reputation augments, and its foundations appear more and more immovably fixed for lasting duration. They spring not from merely having enjoyed possession of the honors of place and power which his countrymen have bestowed; others have had them too. They lie not specially on his shining courage and personal conduct before the enemy, who was never outdone in calm intrepidity, nor in the splendid daring with which he ever urged the battle he immediately ordered, though long these will live in song and story. Beyond the warrior's distinction, which was his earlier glory, he is the true genius of the General. The strategic learning of the military art was to him a simple implement, like colors and brush to a Raphael, not fetters to the mind. How like a weapon in a giant's hand did he wield the vast aggregation of soldiery whose immensity oppressed so many minds! How easily moved his divisions, yet how firm the place of all! How every soldier came to feel his participation a direct contribution to the general success. And when, at length, his merit won the government of the entire military power of the North, how perfect became, without noise or friction, the co-operation of every army, of every strength, throughout the wide territory of war toward the common end! Subordinate every will and jealous soul, the profound military wisdom of the capital even, to the clear purpose and comprehensive grasp of the one commanding mind. Then how rapidly crumbled on every side the crushed revolt! When

shall we find in past records the tale of such a struggle so enormous in extent, so nearly matched at the outset, so desperately contested, so effectively decided? Through what a course of uninterrupted victory did he proceed from the earliest engagements to a complete dominion of the vast catastrophe! Nor should it be forgotten, he fought no barbarians, ill-equipped, undisciplined, not commanded by educated skill; but against soldiers of the finest spirit, armed with the best weapons, standing on their own familiar ground, and led by veteran Generals of well-trained science, one of whom, at least, was never over-matched on his chosen field before.

Spare, in pity, the poor brain which cannot see, in this career, more than a dogged pertinacity! Out upon the unjust prejudice which will consciously disparage the true meed of genius! Leave it where his reliant silence leaves it; leave it to history! leave it to the world.

But in the great cause, so well understood, and the great results to men, so well accomplished, the basis of his renown is justly broadened. For the salvation of this Government of freedom for mankind we took up arms. When liberty was safe they were laid down again. Risen to the highest seat of power, he has descended as a citizen of equal rank with all. This goes to the soul of American liberty, ennobling individual citizenship above all servants in office. His is indeed the noblest grandeur of mankind who can rise from the grasp of overtopping power above the ambition of self to exalt the ambition of humanity, denying the spoils of the brief time to the lasting guerdon of immortal honor. The judgment of immediate contemporaries has been apt to rise too high or fall too low. But let not detraction or calumny mislead. They have ever been the temporal accompaniments of human greatness. That glory cannot rise beyond the clouds, which passes not through the clouds. We may confidently accept the judgment of the world. It has been unmistakably delivered. But lately, as he had pressed his wandering course about the round earth, mankind have everywhere bowed in homage at his coming, as the ancient devotees of the East fell before the sun at rising. These honors were not paid to his person, which was unknown; they were not paid to his country, for which he went on no errand, and whose representatives never had the like before; they were not paid to him as to some potentate of a people, for he journeyed not as a man in power. They have been the willing prostration of mortality before a glory imperishable.

"His memory shall, indeed, be in the line of the heroes of war, out distinctive and apart from the greater number. Not with the kind of Alexander, who ravaged the earth to add to mere dominion; nor of Belisarius, who but fed the greedy craving of an imperial beast of prey; not with Marlborough, Eugene, Wellington, who played the parts set them by the craft of diplomacy; not with the Napoleons, who chose "to wade through slaughter to the throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;" not with Cæsar, who would have put the ambitious hand of arms on the delicate fabric of constitutional freedom. America holds a higher place in the congregation of glory for her heroes of Liberty, where sits in expectation, her majestic Washington. In nobler ambition than the gaining of empire, they have borne their puissant arms for the kingdom of man, where Liberty reigneth forever. From the blood poured out in their warfare, sweet incense rose to Heaven; and angels soothed, with honorable pride, the tears which sorrow started for the dead.

"Home again now, our first commander, after the journey of the world! Here, here again, we greet him, at our social board, where with recurring years, we regale on the deeper-ripening memories of our soldier-ship for Freedom. Partakers of the labors, the perils, the triumphs, which were the beginnings of his glory, we join now with exultation, in the welcoming honors by which his grateful countrymen tell their foreknowledge of the immortality of his renown. Long and many be the years, illustrious leader, before your hour of departure come! Green and vigorous be your age, undecayed every faculty of mind and sense, in full fruition of the well-earned joys of life; happy in the welfare of your native land, the love of your countrymen, the admiration of the world!"

COL. W. F. VILAS

## LITTLE BREECHES.

(A Pike County view of special Providence.)

I don't go much on religion,  
 I never ain't had no show;  
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir  
 On the handful of things I know.  
 I don't pan out on the prophets,  
 And free-will, and that sort of thing;

But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe come along—  
No four-year-old in the country  
Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
Peart, and chipper, and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight,  
And I larnt him to chew terbacker,  
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket;  
As I passed by Taggart's store,  
I went in for a jug of molasses,  
And left the team at the door.  
They skeered at something and started—  
I heard one little squall,  
And hell-to-split over the prairie  
Went team, Little Breeches, and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!  
I was almost froze with skeer,  
But we roused up some torches,  
And sarched for 'em far and near.  
At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
Snowed under a soft, white mound,  
Upsot, dead-beat—but of little Gabe  
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,  
Of my fellow critter's aid—  
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed,

\* \* \* \* \*

By this the torches was played out,  
And me and Isrul Parr  
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold,  
That he said was somewhar thar.



We found it at last, and a little shed  
 Whar they shut up the lambs at night;  
 We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,  
 So warm, and sleepy, and white  
 And *thar* sot Little Breeches, and chirped,  
 As peart as ever you see,  
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,  
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.  
 He could never have walked in that storm,  
 They jest scooped down and toted him  
 To whar it was safe and warm.  
 And I think that saving a little child  
 And bringing him to his own,  
 Is a derned sight better business  
 Than loafing around the Throne

JOHN HAY.

### NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf, and celebrate this day,  
 For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is wiped away.  
 I have got the papers with me, they are right as right can be,  
 Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free.

Don't all we Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of July?  
 Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up our nation's sky;  
 Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er forget?  
 Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,  
 And night has overtaken me before the task was done;  
 When weary with my labor 'twas this thought that nerved my arm;  
 Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the shore,  
 By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store,  
 You did not spend the money in dressin' up for show,  
 But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart!  
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nater smart,—  
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to charm,  
To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage, soon to make your heart rejoice,  
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice;  
You shall not make your butter with that up and down concern,  
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,  
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown;  
Low prices for our produce need not give us now alarm;  
Spruce up a little, Mary, there's no mortgage on the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget  
To thank the God of heaven for being out of debt;  
For He gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my arm,  
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

JOHN H. YATES.

## STAND BY THE FLAG.

(Letter to Kentuckians written from Washington, May 31, 1861.)

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings, and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit which breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada, to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, and they have led the brave and the free to victory and to glory.

It has been my fortune to look upon this flag in foreign lands, and amid the gloom of an Oriental despotism, and right well do I know by contrast, how bright are its stars, and how sublime its inspirations! If this banner, the emblem for us, of all that is grand in human his-

tory, and of all that is transporting in human hope is to be sacrificed on the altars of a Satanic ambition, and thus disappear forever amid the night and tempest of revolution, then will I feel—(and who shall estimate the desolation of that feeling?)—that the sun has indeed been stricken from the sky of our lives, and that, henceforth, we shall be wanderers and outcasts, with naught but the bread of sorrow and penury for our lips, and with hands ever outstretched in feebleness and supplication, on which, in any hour, a military tyrant may rivet the fetters of a despairing bondage. May God in his infinite mercy save you and me, and the land we so much love, from the doom of such a degradation.

No contest so momentous as this has arisen in human history, for, amid all the conflicts of men and of nations, the life of no such government as ours has ever been at stake. Our fathers won our independence by the blood and sacrifice of a seven years' war, and we have maintained it against the assaults of the greatest power upon earth; and the question now is, whether we are to perish by our own hands, and have the epitaph of suicide written upon our tomb. The ordeal through which we are passing must involve immense suffering and losses for us all, but the expenditure of not merely hundreds of millions, but of billions, will be well made, if the result shall be the preservation of our institutions.

Could my voice reach every dwelling in the United States, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as do unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from their lethargy, and fly to the rescue of their country, before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism shall flash from heart to heart, in one unbroken current throughout the land. It is a time in which the workshop, the office, the counting-house, and the field may well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and "the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung aleak at many points that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, at such an hour, will not work the pumps, is either a maniac or a monster.

J. HOLT.

## THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

[The reader will find in this piece an excellent opportunity for practicing himself in rapid utterances and changes of tone and action. It should be delivered in a serious, matter-of-fact manner.]

A man in many a country town we know,  
 Professes openly with death to wrestle;  
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,  
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.  
 Yet some affirm no enemies they are,  
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,  
 Who first shake hands before they box,  
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,  
 With all the love and kindness of a brother;  
 So (many a suffering patient saith),  
 Though the apothecary fights with Death,  
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line  
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;  
 No man could better gild a pill,  
 Or make a bill;  
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;  
 Or draw a tooth out of your head,  
 Or chatter scandal by your bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

His fame full six miles round the country ran.  
 In short, in reputation he was *solus*;  
 All the old women called him "a fine man!"  
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade  
 (Which oftentimes will genius fether),  
 Read works of fancy, it is said,  
 And cultivated the belles lettres.  
 And why should this be thought so odd?  
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?  
 Of poetry though patron god,  
 Apollo patronizes physis.

Bolus loved verse and took so much delight in 't,  
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.  
 No opportunity he e'er let pass  
 Of writing the directions on his labels  
 In dapper couplets, like Gay's fables,  
 Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.  
 Apothecary's verses!—and where's the treason?  
 'T is simply honest dealing; not a crime;  
 When patients swallow physic without reason,  
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,  
 Some three miles from the town,—it might be four;  
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article  
 In pharmacy, that's called cathartical.  
 And on the label of the stuff  
 He wrote this verse,  
 Which one would think was clear enough,  
 And terse:

*"When taken,  
 To be well shaken."*

Next morning early, Bolus rose,  
 And to the patient's house he goes  
 Upon his pad,  
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had:  
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;  
 But that's of course  
 For what's expected from a horse  
 With an apothecary on his back?  
 Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,  
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind  
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;  
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;  
 One loud, and then a little one behind,  
 As if the knocker fell by chance  
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face  
Long as a courtier's out of place—  
Portending some disaster;  
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,  
As if the apothecary had physicked him,  
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.  
John shook his head.  
"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!  
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.  
"Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!"—  
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."—  
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out.—  
"We jolted him about"—  
"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."—  
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."  
"Two shakes! odd's curse!  
"T'would make the patient worse."—  
"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—  
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."

GEORGE COLEMAN.

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## THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

Many a long, long year ago,  
Nantucket skippers had a plan  
Of finding out, though "lying low,"  
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,  
And then by sounding through the night,  
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;  
And so below he'd "douse the glim,"  
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,  
This ancient skipper might be found;  
No matter how his craft would rock,  
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then  
Run down and wake him, with the lead;  
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men  
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,  
A curious wag,—the peddler's son;  
And so he mused (the wanton wretch!)  
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,  
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools  
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth,  
That stood on deck,—a parsnip-bed,—  
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste,"  
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
And out upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,  
Thrust on his boots and roared to Marden:  
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are  
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

JAMES T. FIELDS.

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## OUR GUIDE IN GENOA AND ROME.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would, and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say “smart” things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways “show off” when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more — we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassable faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We



have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or, or—how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he

made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, gentlemen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, gentlemen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, O, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?"

"O, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, gentlemen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of some things."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide

was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name! Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!'"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy.'"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, - mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to - If you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we'll brain you!"

We made it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

MARK TWAIN.

## THE BOYS.

[This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains, in a high degree, the freshness and joyousness of youth, addresses his classmates as "boys."]

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?  
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!  
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if you please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
Look close, you will see not a sign of a flake!  
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,  
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;  
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"  
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;  
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?  
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,  
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!  
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,  
We called him the "Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;  
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
 Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;  
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;  
 And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?  
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
 The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

His eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,  
     His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
     His days are marching on.

I have read the fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal.  
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,  
     Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!  
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE

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### THE MARINER'S DREAM.

[This favorite poem should be read in a simple unaffected manner until the sixth verse, when the voice should be more animated and impassioned, rising to a high pitch; toward the end it should sink into a low, mournful tone.]

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;  
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;  
 While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,  
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;  
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
 And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;  
 All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;  
 His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;  
 Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;  
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—  
 "O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?  
 Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?  
 'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!  
 'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;  
 Amazement confronts him with images dire;  
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;  
 The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;  
 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;  
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wavel

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!  
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.  
 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,—  
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again  
 Shall home, love, or kin red thy wishes repay;  
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
 Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,  
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—  
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow:



**R. W. EMERSON.**





Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;  
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—  
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

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## BEAUTY.

The poets are quite right in decking their mistresses with the spoils of the landscape, flower gardens, gems, rainbows, flushes of morning and stars of night, since all beauty points at identity, and whatsoever thing does not express to me the sea and sky, day and night, is somewhat forbidden and wrong. Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music or depth of space. Polarized light showed the secret architecture of bodies; and when the second sight of the mind is opened, now one color, or form, or gesture, and now another, has a pungency, as if a more interior ray had been emitted, disclosing its deep holdings in the frame of things.

The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manner, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders; as if the Divinity, in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and designs to draw a truer line, which the mind knows and owns. This is that haughty force of beauty, *vis superba formæ*, which the poets praise—under calm and precise outline, the immeasurable and divine—beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky.

All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus Antoninus, and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought. Gross and impure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles; but character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs. An adorer of truth we cannot choose but obey, and the woman who has shared with us

the moral sentiments—her looks must appear to us sublime. Thus, there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eye, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the human intellect. Wherever we begin, thither our steps tend; an ascent from the joy of a horse in his trappings up to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree; up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expression of an all-dissolving unity—the first stair on the scale to the temple of the mind.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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### THE FASHIONABLE SCHOOL GIRL.

A few months ago a daughter of a Nassau man, who had grown comfortably well-off in a small grocery line, was sent away to a

female college, and a few weeks ago she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot in Albany when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk home. When the train had stopped in the Union Depot, a bewitching array of dry-goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the cars and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms and planted a kiss where it would do most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Greenbush? I consider it somewhat about two miles beyond Greenbush, continuing from the Bath-way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter exclaimed, "I mean this horse and wagon. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony or even a single poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believed it used to be an express-wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be in such a lonesome direction, that he fetched the horse a resounding crack, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiate, as they drove up to the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how d'you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shouting—I mean I consider it too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The

girls are sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense; and then the parties, the calls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been ones of sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup—halt! All—"but how about your books, readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't!" exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully; the rule of three! grammar! It is French, and music, and painting, and the divine in art, that has made my school-life the boss—I mean that has rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

"The grocery-man and his wife looked helplessly across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:—

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum-preserve is simply a poem of itself."

The old man abruptly arose from the table and went out of the room rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boarding-school business is too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnuts, you take an' dust up-stairs in less 'n two seconds, an' pull off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother to wash the dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

ANONYMOUS.

## PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

Peter would ride to the wedding—he would,  
So he mounted his ass—and his wife  
She was to ride behind, if she could,  
“For,” says Peter, “the woman, she should  
Follow, not lead through life.

‘He’s mighty convenient the ass, my dear,  
And proper and safe—and now  
You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear,  
And we’ll ride to the kirk in time, never fear,  
If the wind and the weather allow.”

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,  
But the ass had adopted the whim  
That two at a time was a load never framed  
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed  
That two should stick fast upon him.

“Come, Dobbin,” says Peter, “I’m thinking we’ll trot”  
“I’m thinking we won’t,” says the ass,  
In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot  
As if he had shown he would sooner be shot  
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, “I’ll whip him a little,”—  
“Try it, my dear,” says she,—  
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle;  
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle  
That never a step moved he.

“I’ll prick him, my dear, with a needle,” said she,  
“I’m thinking he’ll alter his mind,”—  
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels;  
“I’m thinking,” says she, “he’s beginning to feel  
Some notion of moving—behind.”

“Now lend me the needle and I’ll prick his ear,  
And set t’other end, too, a-going.”

The ass felt the needle, and upward he reared;  
 But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,  
 He had any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "We get on rather slow;  
 While one end is up t'other sticks to the ground;  
 But I'm thinking a method to move him I know,  
 Let's prick head and tail together, and so  
 Give the creature a start all around"

So said, so done; all hands were at work,  
 And the ass he did alter his mind,  
 For he started away with so sudden a jerk,  
 That in less than a trice he arrived at the kirk,  
 But he left all his lading behind.

ANONYMOUS.

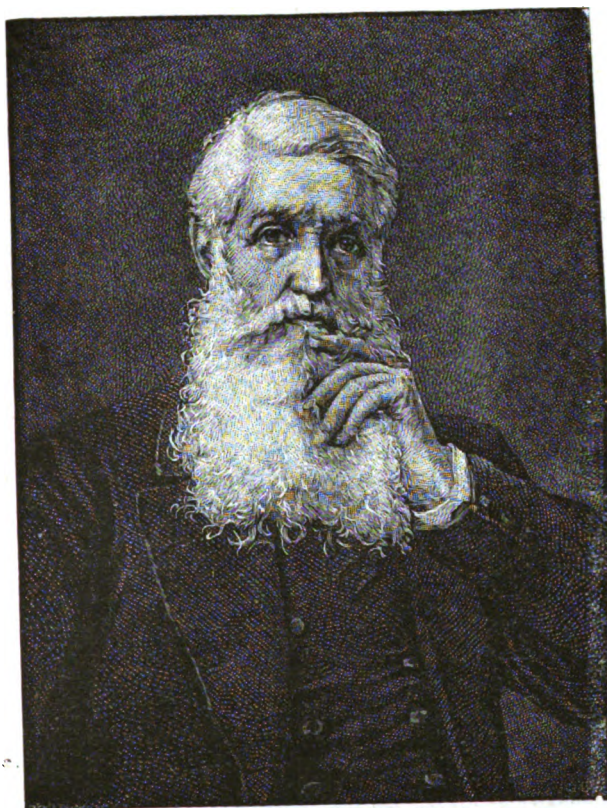
## THE MILLS OF GOD.

[The reader will readily appreciate this delightful piece, and find in it a charming exercise for lofty, grand, and dignified recitation.]

Those mills of God! Those tireless mills!  
 I hear their ceaseless throbs and thrills,  
 I see their dreadful stones go round,  
 And all the realms beneath them ground;  
 And lives of men and souls of states,  
 Flung out, like chaff, beyond their gates.

And we, O God! With impious will,  
 Have made these Negroes turn Thy mill!  
 Their human limbs with chains we bound,  
 And bade them whirl Thy mill-stones round,  
 With branded brow and fettered wrist,  
 We bade them grind the Nation's grist!

And so like Samson—blind and bound—  
 Our Nation's grist this Negro ground,



G. BANCROFT.





And all the strength of Freedom's toll,  
 And all the fruits of Freedom's soil,  
 And all her hopes and all her trust,  
 From Slavery's gates were flung, like dust.

With servile souls this mill we fed,  
 That ground the grain for Slavery's bread:  
 With cringing men, and groveling deeds,  
 We dwarfed our land to Slavery's needs;  
 Till all the scornful nations hissed,  
 To see us ground with Slavery's grist.

The mill grinds on! From Slavery's plain  
 We reap great crops of blood-red grain;  
 And still the Negro's strength we urge,  
 With Slavery's gyve and Slavery's scourge;  
 And still we crave—on Freedom's sod—  
 That Slaves shall turn the mills of God!

The mill grinds on! God lets it grind!  
 We sow the seed—the sheaves we bind:  
 The millstones whirl as we ordain;  
 Our children's bread shall test the grain!  
 While Samson still in chains we bind,  
 The mill grinds on! God lets it grind!

DUGANNE.

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### THE BLIND PREACHER.

[The following extract is from Wirt's "British Spy." Rousseau, mentioned in the last paragraph was a celebrated Swiss philosopher. The reader will find this one of the most pathetic and beautiful pieces of a descriptive character in our language. It should be read colloquially, and in an animated manner.]

One Sunday, as I traveled through the County of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses, tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion, alone, should have stopped me to join in the

duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man,—his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments convinced me that he was blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed!

It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death.

I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet,—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies:—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,”—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief.

The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher.

For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or, perhaps, shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!!" Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

WILLIAM WIRT.

## THE THREE BELLS.

[This poem refers to the well known rescue of the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean, by Captain Leighton, of the English ship, *Three Bells*. Unable to take them off in the night and the storm, he stayed by them until morning, shouting to them from time to time, through his trumpet, "Never fear, hold on; I'll stand by you."]

Beneath the low-hung night cloud  
That raked her splintering mast,  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out;  
Dear God! was that Thy answer,  
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—  
"Ho! Ship ahoy!" its cry;  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow,  
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swells  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—  
The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals;  
Man answered back to man;  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the Captain, from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry;  
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted.  
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear;  
All night, from reeling taffrail,  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail!  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the love Eternal,  
Repeat the Master's cry,  
As tossing through our darkness  
The lights of God draw nigh!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern :  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel,

With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows,  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again, I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;  
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor proud;  
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;  
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will;  
Better to trust in God, than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;  
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;  
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;  
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;  
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth,  
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.





## TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp—comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows relentlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast,—so incalculably vast,—that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exsit no longer.

A hue-and-cry is raised about woman suffrage, as if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest.

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from political disability?

The truth is, that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling of those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of the business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

Temperance laws are being passed by the various Legislatures, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influences. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulse on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul and all are doomed to death.

J. G. HOLLAND.

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## REVERY IN CHURCH.

Too early, of course! How provoking!  
I told ma just how it would be.

I might just as well have on a wrapper,  
For there's not a soul here yet to see me.  
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—  
I declare if it isn't too bad!  
I know that my suit cost more than hers did,  
And I wanted to see her look mad.  
I do think that sexton's too stupid—  
He's put some one else in our pew—  
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;  
Now what am I going to do?  
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!  
I don't care, I think it's a sin  
For people to get late to service,  
Just to make a great show coming in.  
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—  
She said she'd a headache last night.  
How mad she'll be after her fussing!  
I declare it would serve her just right.  
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?  
Well, I don't think you need be so proud  
Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,  
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.  
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses  
To go on the street in light blue!—  
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—  
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.  
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—  
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,  
And thinking so much about fashion!—  
A pretty example of life!  
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder  
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—  
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—  
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.  
Just look at her now, little humbug!—  
So devout—I suppose she don't know  
That she's bending her head too far over  
And the end of her switches all show.  
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!  
That woman will kill me some day,

With her horrible lilacs and crimson,  
 Why will these old things dress so gay?  
 And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—  
 She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!  
 Dear me! I'd keep on my gloves sometimes,  
 If I did have a solitaire ring!  
 How *can* this girl next to me act so—  
 The way that she turns 'round and stares,  
 And then makes remarks about people;  
 She'd better be saying her prayers.  
 Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!  
 He must love to hear himself talk!  
 And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!  
 I wanted to have a nice walk.  
 Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful  
 After all, for we don't dine till one;  
 How can people say church is poky!—  
 So wicked!—I think it is real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

## A DARKEY'S COUNSEL TO A NEWLY MARRIED PAIR.

My chil'ren, lub one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—for lub will sweeten ebery sorer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de berry cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burning sand; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storin, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder; an' fru ebery ting in de berry darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru the clouds, an' sent him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes an' de ugly forns— [dem was our bad ways]—war atween us; but lub, like de sun,

shone down on us, and we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, and dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we'em ole trees now, an' sometimes de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru the tops, an' freaten ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we'em growin' closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day -an' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de ole branches all cobered ober wid de grav moss, will twine roun' one anoder; soon de two ole trees will come togedder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in his heavenly kingdom foreber! Amen.

EDMUND KIRKE.

## SCHNEIDER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY OF LEAH.

I vant to dold you vat it is, dot's a putty nice play. De first time dot you see Leah, she runs cross a pridge, mit some fellers chasin' her mit putty big shticks. Dey *ketch* her right in de middle of der edge, and her leader (dot's de villen) he sez of her, "Dot it's better ven she *dies*, und dot he coodent allow it: dot she can *li/*." Und de *ader* fellers hollers out, "So ve vill;" "Give her some deth;" "Kill her putty quick;" "Shmack her of der jaw," und such dings; and chust as dey vill kill her, de priest says of dem, "Don'd you do dot," und dey shtop dot putty quick. In der next seen, dot Leah meets Rudolph (dot's her feller) in de voods. Before dot he comes in, she sits of de bottom of a cross, und she don't look putty *li/e/ly*, und she says, "Rudolph, Rudolph, how is dot, dot you don'd come und see about me? You didn't shpeak of me for tree days long. I vant to dold you vot it is, dot ain't some luf. I don'd like dot." Vell, Rudolph he don'd vas dere, so he coodent sed something. But ven he comes in, she dells of him dot she lufs him *or/ful*, und he says dot he gaess he lufs her orful too, und vants to know vood she leef dot place, und go oud in some oder country mit him. Und she says, "I told you, I vill;" und he says, "Dot's all right," und he tells her he vill meet her soon, und dey vill go vay dogedder. Den he *kisses* her und goes oud, und she feels honkey dorey 'bout dot.

Vell, in der nexd seen, Rudolph's old man finds oud all about

dot, und he don'd feel putty *goot*; und he says of Rudolph, "Vood you leef *me*, und go mit dot gal?" und Rudolph feels putty bad. He don'd know vot he shall do. Und der old man he says, "I doid you vot I'll do. De skoolmaster (dot's de villen) says dot she mighd dook some money to go vay. Now, Rudolph, my poy, I'll give de skoolmaster some money to gif do her, und if she don'd dook dot money, I'll let you marry dot gal." Ven Rudolph hears dis, he chumps mit joyness, und says, "Fader, fader, dot's all righd. I baed you any-dings she woodent dook dot money." Vell, de old man gif de skoolmaster de money, und dells him dot he shall offer dot of her. Vell, dot pluddy skoolmaster comes back und says dot Leah dook dot gold righd avay ven she didn't do dot. Den de old man says, "Didn't I told you so?" und Rudolph gets so vild dot he svears dot she can't haf someding more to do mit him. So ven Leah vill meet him in de woods, he don'd vas dere, und she feels orful, und goes avay. Blime-by she comes up to Rudolph's house. She feels putty bad, und she knocks of de door. De old man comes oud, und says, "Got oud of dot, you orful vooman. Don'd you come round after my poy again, else I put you in de dooms." Und she says, "Chust let me see Rudolph vonce, und I vill vander away." So den Rudolph comes oud, und she vants to rush of his arms, but dot pluddy fool voodent allow dot. He chucks her away, und says, "Don'd you touch me uf you please, you deceitfulness gal." I doid you vat it is, dot looks *ruff* for dot poor gal. Und she is extonished, und says, "Vot is dis about dot?" Und Rudolph, orful mad, says, "Got oudsiedt, you ignomominous vooman." Und she feels so orful she coodent said a vord, und she goes oud.

Afterward, Rudolph gits married to anoder gal in a shurch. Vell, Leah, who is wandering eferyveres, happens to go in dot shurchyard to cry, chust at de *same* dime of Rudolph's marriage, which she don'd know someding about. Putty soon she hears de organ, und she says dere is some beeples gittin married, and dot it vill do her unhappiness goot if she sees dot. So she looks in de vinder, und ven she sees who dot is, my graciousness, don'd she holler, und shvears vengeance! Putty soon Rudolph chumps oud indo der shurchyard to got some air. He says he don'd feel putty goot. Putty soon dey see each oder, und dey had a orful dime. He says of her, "Leah, how is dot you been here?" Und she says mit big scornfulness, "How is dot, you got cheek to talk of me afder dot vitch you hafe done?" Den he says, "Vell, vot for you dook dot gold, you false-

hearted leetle gal?" Und she says, "Vot gold is dot? I didn't dook some gold." Und he says, "Don'd you doid a lie about dot?" She says slowly, "I doid you I didn't donk some gold. Vot gold is dot?" Und den Rudolph tells her all about dot, and she says, "Dot is a orful *lie*. I didn't seen some gold;" and she adds with much sarkasmness, "Und you believed I dook dot gold? Dot's de vorst I efer heered. Now, on account of dot, I vill give you a few gurses." Und den she svears mit orful voices dot Mister Kain's gurse should git on him, und dot he coodent never git any happiness eferyvere, no matter vere he is. Den she valks off. Vell, den a long time passes away, und den you see Rudolph's farm. He has got a nice vife, und a putiful leetle child. Purty soon Leah comes in, being shased, as ushual, by fellers mit shticks. She looks like she didn't ead something for two monds. Rudolph's vife sends off dot mop, und Leah gits away again. Den dot nice leetle child comes oud, und Leah comes back; und ven she sees dot child, don'd she feel orful about dot, und she says mit affectfulness, "Come here, leedle child, I vooden'd harm you;" und dot nice leedle child goes righd up, und Leah grabs her in her arms, und gries, und kisses her. Oh, my graciousness, don'd she grie about dot!

Und den she say vile she gries, "Leedle child, don'd you got some names?" Und dot leedle child shpeaks oud so nice, pless her leedle hard, und says, "Oh, yes. My name dot's Leah, and my papa tells me dot I shall pray for you efery nighd." Oh, my goodnessness, don'd Leah gry orful ven she hears dot! I doid you vot it is, dot's a shplaindid ding. Und quick comes dem tears in your eyes, und you look up at de vall, so dot nobody can'd see dot, und you make oud you don'd care about it. But your eyes gits fullid up so quick dot you couldn'd keep dem in, und de tears comes down of your face like a shnow-storm, und den you don'd care if eferybody sees dot. Und Leah kisses her und gries like dot her heart's broke, und she dooks off dot gurse from Rudolph und goes away. De child den dell her fader und muder about dot, und dey pring her pack. Den dot mop comes back und vill kill her again, but she exposes dot skoolmaster, dot viliain, und dot fixes him. Den she falls down in Rudolph's arms, und your eyes gits fullid up again, and you can'd see something more. You couldn't help dot any vay. Und if I see a gal vot don'd gry in dot piece, I voodn't marry dot gal, efen if her fader owned a pig prewery. But I told you vot it is, dot's a putty piece.

ANONYMOUS.

## KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—  
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—  
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;  
Röschen, there, was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.  
How much we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin to tell—  
Came from the Blue-grass country; my father gave her to me  
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—  
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.  
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;  
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!  
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still  
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—  
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,  
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:  
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;  
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,  
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river shore—  
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—  
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad  
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad.  
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,  
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;  
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.  
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,  
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"



- The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;  
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spoons on the floor;  
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;  
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.  
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!  
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,  
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—  
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—  
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—  
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;  
But still I stood in the doorway with baby on my arm.  
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped  
along—  
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through  
day;  
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,  
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,  
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance.  
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways  
glance;  
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,  
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,  
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.  
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;  
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Ten-  
nessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—  
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun.

The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish  
mouth;  
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and  
through;  
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do.  
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,  
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddle that I too was from the South,  
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.  
"Do you know the Blue-grass country?" he wistful began to say;  
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;  
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;  
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,  
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!  
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"  
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door—  
'Tne ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—  
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly,—  
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day  
and night;  
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat start'ed through all those summer days:  
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways—  
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east,  
now west,  
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.  
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;  
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,  
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—  
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.  
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—  
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty gentle lass—  
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass.  
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,  
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;  
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow:  
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,  
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;  
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—  
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,  
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's  
stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;  
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.  
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—  
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;  
And Kentuck, she was thriving, and fat and hearty and well;  
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.  
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

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### MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you  
please;  
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,

Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how  
would you know  
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly  
think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know  
just where to sit;  
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit;  
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be just  
like you  
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last  
screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh, you're afraid  
they would think it was mean!  
Well, then, there's the album; that's pretty, if you're sure that your  
fingers are clean.  
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's  
cross.  
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as  
good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never  
have thought  
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;  
For that was the message to pa from the photograph-man where I  
sat,—  
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer  
than this.  
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front curls to friz.  
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you  
and me!  
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come  
like Tom Lee,—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here  
day and night,  
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave  
him a fright.

You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, / am, for I know now your hair *isn't* red;

But what there's left of it is mousey, and not what that naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait just to see

If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

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## THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,  
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman and to himself said he;  
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see.  
I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,  
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam.  
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—  
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"O what was that, my daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."



JOHN ADAMS.



"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"  
 "It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now bring me my harpoon!  
 I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,  
 Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weeds on a  
 clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,  
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;  
 But fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,  
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

[The following is an extract from a speech supposed by many to have been delivered by John Adams in support of American Independence. It was really delivered by Daniel Webster, who was its author—and contains sentiments which were cherished by Adams. In his discourse on Adams and Jefferson he *imagines* Mr. Adams to have thus spoken in favor of the immediate adoption of the Declaration of Independence. It is a masterly production. This famous speech affords a fine opportunity for the grandest declamation; the student will do well to read and reread and ponder over every paragraph until he catches the exact meaning intended to be conveyed. It should be recited on a moderately high key, with rather quick time, and with great and increasing animation and power. Emphasis and quantity should be combined in its elocution.]

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interests, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp.

We have to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character



abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us, has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king,—set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it

Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—*independence now, and independence for ever!* DANIEL WEBSTER.

## AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

### IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART ONE

"Come right in. How are you, Fred?"

Find a chair, and get a light.'

"Well, old man, recovered yet

From the Mathers' jam last night?"

"Didn't dance. 'The German's old."

"Didn't you? I had to lead—  
Awful bore! Did you go home?"

"No. Sat it out with Molly Mead.  
Jolly little girl she is—

Said she didn't care to dance,  
'Drather sit and talk to me—  
Then she gave me such a glance!

"So, when you had cleared the room,  
And impounded all the chairs,  
Having nowhere else, we two  
Took possession of the stairs.

"I was on the lower step,  
Molly on the next above,  
Gave me her bouquet to hold,  
Asked me to undo her glove;  
Then of course I squeezed her hand,  
Talked about my wasted life;  
Ah! if I could only win  
Some true woman for my wife,  
How I'd love her—work for her!  
Hand in hand through life we'd walk,  
No one cared for me—  
Takes a girl, that kind of talk.

"Then you know, I used my eyes—  
She believed me, every word—  
Said I 'mustn't talk so'—Jove!  
Such a voice you never heard.  
Gave me some symbolic flowers,—  
Had a meaning, oh, so sweet,—  
Don't know where it is, I'm sure;  
Must have dropped it in the street.

"How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!—  
Well, I know it wasn't right—  
But she pitied me so much  
That I—kissed her—pass a light!"

## PART TWO.

"Molly Mead, well, I declare!  
 Who'd have thought of seeing you  
 After what occurred last night,  
 Out here on the Avenue!  
 Oh, you awful! awful girl!  
 There, don't blush, I saw it all."  
 "Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night—  
 At the Mathers in the hall."

"Oh, you horrid—where were you?  
 Wasn't he the biggest goose!  
 Most men must be caught, but he  
 Ran his own neck in the noose."

"I was almost dead to dance,  
 I'd have done it if I could,  
 But old Gray said I must stop,  
 And I promised ma I would.  
 So I looked up sweet and said  
 That I'd rather talk to him;  
 Hope he didn't see me laugh,  
 Luckily the lights were dim."

"My, how he *did* squeeze my hand!  
 And he looked up in my face  
 With his lovely big brown eyes—  
 Really, it's a dreadful case."

"'Earnest!'—I should think he was!  
 Why, I thought I'd have to laugh  
 When he kissed a flower he took,  
 Looking, oh! like such a calf.  
 I suppose he's got it now  
 In a wine-glass on his shelves;  
 It's a mystery to me  
 Why men *will* deceive themselves."

"Saw him kiss me,—oh! you wretch,  
 Well, he begged so hard for one—"

And I thought there'd no one know  
So I—let him, just for fun.

"I know it really wasn't right  
To trifle with his feelings, dear,  
But men *are* such stuck-up things;  
He'll recover, never fear."

GEO. A. BAKER

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### HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance  
In a robe even *you* would admire,—  
It cost a cool thousand in France,  
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a cue:  
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"  
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
I left in the midst of a set;  
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.  
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up,  
And then he adores me indeed.  
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"  
"And what do I think of New York?"  
"And now in my higher ambition,  
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"  
"And isn't it nice to have riches,  
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"  
"And are n't it a change to the ditches  
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving  
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—  
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving  
 To look supernaturally grand,—  
 If you saw papa's picture as taken  
 By Brady, and tinted at that,—  
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting  
 In the glare of the grand chandelier,—  
 In the bustle and glitter befitting  
 "The finest *soirée* of the year,"  
 In the mists of a *ganze de Chambéry*,  
 And the hum of the smallest of talk,—  
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"  
 And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster  
 Of flags festooned over the wall;  
 Of the candles that shed their soft luster  
 And tallow on head dress and shawl;  
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;  
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;  
 And how I once went down the middle  
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
 On the hill, when the time came to go;  
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
 From under their bed-clothes of snow;  
 Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;  
 Of—the something you said at the gate,—  
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress  
 To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny  
 To think, as I stood in the glare  
 Of fashion and beauty and money,  
 That I should be thinking, right there,

Of some one who breasted high water,  
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
 Just to dance with old Follansbee's daughter,  
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

My goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!  
 (Mamma says my taste still is low)  
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
 I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!  
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—  
 Whatever's the meaning of that,—  
 O! why d'd papa strike pay gravel  
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper;  
 Good night,—if the longitude please,—  
 For maybe while wasting my taper,  
*Your* sun's climbing over the trees.  
 But know if you haven't got riches,  
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,  
 And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

### SPEECH OF A MINGO CHIEF.

[History informs us, substantially, that in the spring of 1774, two Indians of the Shawanese tribe murdered one of the inhabitants of Virginia. The infamous Colonel Cresap, accompanied by several other white men, proceeded down the Kanawha and destroyed every member of the innocent family of Logan. They concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and his women and children, who were seen coming in a canoe from the opposite shore, unapprehensive of danger, and unarmed, were all killed at one fire. Logan had long been recognized as the white man's friend. This atrocious outrage and ungrateful return, provoked him to take up arms, and he signalized himself in the battle which was fought in the autumn of the same year, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, between the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and made a treaty for peace. Logan disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but fearing his absence would operate injuriously, he sent the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore,—a speech of which Thomas Jefferson says: "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and of Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to it."]

I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin *hungry*, and he gave him no *meat*; if ever he came *cold* and naked,

and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man."

I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it,—I have killed many,—I have fully glutted my vengeance.

For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

### THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

[This is an excellent exercise for the practice of quick narration—bold voice—often rising into shouts of exultation—the poem is studded with fine points for brilliant recitation.]

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat now:  
The billows ceased, the flame's decreased; though on the forge's brow  
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves below,  
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;  
It rises, roars, rends all outright,—O Vulcan, what a glow!  
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show,—  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row  
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;  
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow  
Sinks on the anvil,—all about the faces fiery grow,  
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out": bang, bang, the  
sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;  
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;  
 The leathern mall rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strew  
 The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;  
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!  
 Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;  
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,  
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;  
 The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured  
 From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;  
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,  
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,  
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high.  
 Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing,—here  
 am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,  
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!  
 But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,  
 The anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;  
 Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!  
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;  
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;  
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
 For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's  
 cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go far, far from love and home,  
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last.  
 A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.  
 A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst l'fe like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!  
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sight as thou?  
 The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 't were now  
 To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!  
 O broad-armed diver of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?



The good ship weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;  
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.  
 O, lodger in the sea-king halls, could'st thou but understand  
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, once leagued in patriot band!  
 O, could'st thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
 Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
 To shed their blood so freely for love of father-land—  
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave  
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—  
 O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
 Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## A RABBINICAL TALE.

[It is stated that Dr. Franklin, being in company where religious intolerance was the subject discussed, to illustrate some remarks he had made in favor of toleration, took up a Bible and, opening at Genesis, read the following parable, to the surprise of his hearers, who wondered that such a passage had escaped their notice! There is no such passage or parable in the Bible, but Dr. Franklin has here taught a good lesson in favor of religious toleration.]

And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat at the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold! a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose, met him, and said unto him: "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way."

And the man said: "Nay, for I will abide under this tree." But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him: "Wherefore doest thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

And the man answered and said: "I worship the God of my fathers, in the way which they have appointed." And Abraham's wrath was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and



**B. FRANKLIN.**



drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying: "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

And Abraham answered and said: "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out before my face into the wilderness." And God said: "Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

And Abraham said: "Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant; lo! I have sinned, I pray thee forgive me." And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness and sought diligently for the man, and found him and returned with him to his tent; and when he had treated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

## ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;

"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,

From the lips of the soldier who stood near;—

And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—

This time no answer followed the call;

Only his rear-man had seen him fall,

Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,

These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,

As plain to be read as open books,

While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,

And down in the corn where the poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side

That day, in the face of a murderous fire

That swept them down in its terrible ire—  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Kline!” At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“Ezra Kerr!”—and a voice answered, “Here!”  
“Hiram Kerr!”—but no man replied.  
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

“Ephraim Deane!”—then a soldier spoke:  
“Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said;  
“Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“Close to the road-side his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him drink;  
He murmured his mother’s name, I think,  
And Death came with it, and closed his eyes.”

’Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—  
For that company’s roll, when called at night,  
Of a *hundred* men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but *twenty* that answered “Here!”

N. G. SHEPHERD

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### THE SOLDIER’S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night, on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;



A. HAMILTON.



At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us, —rest, thou art weary and worn;"  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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### HANDY ANDY AT THE POST OFFICE.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."



"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire: though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the postoffice. You know the postoffice, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for His Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the afore-said combustible. "Go then, to the postoffice, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the postoffice. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster, was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him, unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o'yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, beka-se you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy, "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin, if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy, "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster, "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Duffy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkum to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse trap.

While this person, and many others, were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster; and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double lettther at all, not above half the size o' one Mr. Duffy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the postoffice. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistle for each, from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that lettther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter: so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket,

and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table, before the squire, saying—

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

### REV. GABE TUCKER'S REMARKS.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan,  
To make your judgment by de cloes dat kivers up a man;  
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often comes across  
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss;  
An', wukin in de low groun's, you diskiver, as you go,  
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for hebben  
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seven;  
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,  
And neber draps a nickel in de missionary hat,  
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,  
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way  
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;  
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,  
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;  
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,  
An' you finds the smallest possum up de biggest kind o' tree!

ANONYMOUS.

### THE SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

[The reader should recite this piece with a strong, clear voice, in a bold, martial tone, an erect carriage, with free liberal gesticulation and action.]

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told,

Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea;  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear;  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup,  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads,—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain;

'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## THAT HIRED GIRL.

THE CLERGYMAN'S RECEPTION ON HIS INITIAL CALL IN HIS NEW  
PARISH.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people, must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but

her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

## THE VILLAGE BELL.

High up in the tower of the old moss-covered church, which the winds and storms of many years have beaten against, hangs the village bell. How many times it has been rung in merriment and rejoicing, in sadness and mourning! And yet it is as faithful as if it had not stood sentinel over the little country town for half a century.

Fifty years! How long, and yet how short! In that time the little churchyard has been filled. The sleepers listened to the sound of the old bell in the days that are gone; and when they passed away, it tolled sadly and solemnly, as they were carried,—lovingly, regretfully, through the old gate-way,—and silently laid down to their calm, sweet rest.

What a long, undisturbed rest it is! They hear not the tones of the old bell, as it tells that still another is being brought out to sleep with them, under the green mounds that mark their resting-place. Is it sounding an invitation from those already there, saying, with its hollow voice, "Come, rest with us?" Is it sending up to the Great White Throne a deep-toned, agonized prayer for those who stand weeping by the open grave, supplicating, "God—help—us?" Is it the voice of the departed calling from the other shore, "Come to me?" Which is it? Who can tell?

We all know its solemn tolling sends a sorrowful thrill to our hearts. Are we laughing? The laugh goes out on our lips at the thought of the anguished father, or mother, or sister, or brother—the lonely-hearted, desolate husband or wife. God help them at such a time! It may be that He sends such terrible dispensations to show us how infinite is His power. As we listen we cannot help thinking in our hearts, and the words form themselves slowly with its deep sound of the old bell, "Will—it—be—my—turn—next?" Sometimes its tones seem almost human, so readily do we assimilate them with our own emotions.

It is a calm, beautiful morning—a lovely, sunshiny Sabbath morning—and our hearts are filled with solemn gratitude to the Great Giver. It is inviting us to come and worship. We fancy its loud, regular double strokes say, "Praise God! praise God!" Its tones seem to be inspired with the sacredness of its holy mission.

It is evening; and just while twilight is stealing over us, the bell's mellow tones come floating down, and thrill through our hearts,



wandering in and out, till they grow faint and low, like the sweet, soft music of an *Æolian* harp. How merrily it is ringing a welcome to the happy young bride and bridegroom! They are just coming up the aisle, the admired of all the simple, honest villagers assembled to witness their joy. His frank, manly face is bent down above her, and her eyes are raised trustfully to his. What a perfect shower of music the bell is making! What a glad, joyous ring!

The day fades away. It is night, and then day again. Hark! what sound is that? What has so changed the tones of the old bell? Last night it was ringing in loud rejoicing; to-day it is slowly tolling, tolling, like great, deep, half-suppressed sobs. What a dreary sadness steals over us as we listen to its muffled sound! Another friend has passed away. The form, lately so full of life and gaiety, is now cold and still in death; and now, in the beautiful spring-time, the setting sun casts a golden, warm and mellow light on the heavy sod that covers her breast, and the villagers sorrowfully mourn a loved one.

Every inhabitant of the village will tell you what the old bell is to him. Every peal awakens a responsive heartbeat in our breasts, for the recollection of half a century is sweetened by hallowed memories.

ANONYMOUS.

### CARVING A NAME.

I wrote my name upon the sand,  
And trusted it would stand for aye;  
But soon, alas! the refluxing sea  
Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood,  
And, after years, returned again;  
I missed the shadow of the tree  
That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name  
I gave as a perpetual trust;  
An earthquake rent it to its base,  
And now it lies overlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood  
 I turn and ask myself, "What then?  
 If I would have my name endure,  
 I'll write it on the hearts of men,

"In characters of living light,  
 From kindly words and actions wrought.  
 And these, beyond the reach of Time,  
 Shall live immortal as my thought."

HORATIO ALGER.

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## THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—  
 They say that, ere noon to-morrow,  
 Thou wilt bring back a radiant, smiling bride,  
 To our lonely house of sorrow.

I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,  
 But tears are my words suppressing;  
 I think of my mother's dying kiss,  
 And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care;  
 I will still my bosom's beating;  
 And strive to give to thy chosen fair  
 A kind and courteous greeting.

She will heed me not, in the joyous pride  
 Of pomp, and friends, and beauty;  
 Ah! little heed has a new-made bride  
 Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,  
 When thy heart first fondly sought her;  
 Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,  
 Bestow on thy weeping daughter.

My eye even now on the treasure falls,  
I covet and ask no other;  
It has hung for years on our ancient walls;  
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,  
And the guests our rooms are filling,  
The calm, meek gaze of these hazel eyes  
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling;

And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,  
Sad thoughts of their owner giving;  
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past  
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,  
That portrait might awaken feelings  
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,  
And its sweet and kind revealings;

Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked  
By feeble and selfish weakness;  
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect  
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once, to-night,  
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,  
I remove the portrait from thy sight,  
To my chamber's still seclusion.

It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,—  
It will beam on me protection,  
When I ask of Heaven in faltering prayer  
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,  
To renew the ties once broken;  
But nought on earth remains to me,  
Save this sad and silent token.

The husband's tears may be few and brief,  
He may woo and win another;  
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief  
To the image of her mother!

ANONYMOUS

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### MR. PICKWICK'S PROPOSAL TO MRS. BARDELL.

It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been able to discover.

Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting in the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it is a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question?"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends"—said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities, and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the

world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him; "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"O, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a great deal of trouble, wont it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"O, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he could ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"O you dear!" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"O you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and with a

more and she rose from her chair and flung her arms around Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider, Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"O let them come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms, and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell, entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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## THE SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,  
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;  
 His work was done, and he paused to wait  
 The funeral-train at the open gate.  
 A relic of by-gone days was he,  
 And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;  
 And these words came from his lips so thin:  
 "I gather them in—I gather them in—  
 Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;  
 I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne  
 On a monument slab of marble cold—  
 My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.  
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,  
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!  
 May they loiter in pleasure, or toilsomly spin,  
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest  
 Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"

And the sexton ceased as the funeral train  
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;  
And I said to myself: When time is told,  
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,  
Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din;  
"I gather them in—I gather them in—  
Gather—gather—gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN.

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### WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle-peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your *homes* retire?  
Look behind you!—they're afire!  
And, before you, see  
Who have done it! From the vale  
On they come!—and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may,—and die we must:  
But, O, where can dust to dust  
Be consigned so well,  
As where heaven its dew shall shed  
On the martyred patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell.

JOHN PIERPONT.



**J. F. COOPER.**





## THE SNOW STORM.

[This poem is founded upon the following touching incident: In the month of December, 1821, a Mr. Blake and his wife, and an infant, were passing over the Green Mountains, near the town of Arlington, Vt., in a sleigh with one horse. The drifting snow rendered it impossible for the horse to proceed. Mr. Blake set off on foot in search of assistance, and perished in the storm before he could reach a human dwelling. The mother, alarmed, as is supposed, went in search of him with the infant in her arms. She was found in the morning dead, a short distance from the sleigh. The child was wrapped in her cloak which had been removed and survived the perils of the cold and the storm. A mother's love led Mrs. Blake to suffer the agonies of freezing to death, that her darling "little one" might continue to breathe the air of heaven.]

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child—  
As through the drifted snow she pressed,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—  
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone,  
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round the child, she wrapped the vest,  
And smiled to think her babe was warm.  
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,—  
She lay beneath a snowy veil;  
The frost of death was in her eye;  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;—  
He moved the robe from off the child;  
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

PORTLAND (ME.) ARGUS.

## THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that over-sprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.  
Hear the mellow wedding-bells,  
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight,  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!

O, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells!

On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,—  
Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now—now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
O the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,  
Of the bells—  
Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
From every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—  
 They that dwell up in the steeple,  
     All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
     In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so tolling  
     On the human heart a stone—  
 They are neither man nor woman—  
 They are neither brute nor human—  
     They are Ghouls:  
 And their king it is who tolls;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
     A paean from the bells!  
 And his merry bosom swells  
     With the paean of the bells!  
 And he dances and he yells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells,  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

[This admirable speech was made to several thousand ladies at Richmond, Va., in the fall of 1840. Though nearly half a century has passed since its delivery, it contains sentiments of as immediate interest to ladies and worthy the adoption of every patriot now as then. It is stated that when the speaker resumed his seat, James Barbour, the Governor of Virginia, arose and said: "I entirely accord with the views which have been so eloquently expressed by the highly distinguished gentleman who has addressed you. 'Albeit unused to the melting mood' I found, while he was expressing them, the tears involuntarily stealing down my cheeks; and I am persuaded that the heart of every lady here present more than responds to my own.]"

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and, more especially, by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government. It is now generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired? and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked

Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said: "Instruct the mothers of the French people," because the mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race.

The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and of youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius presents the mimic man upon the canvas. We admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble. But how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the department of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers. They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon *mind*, upon *spirit*, which is to last *forever*, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

The feelings are to be disciplined. The passions are to be restrained. True and worthy motives are to be inspired. A profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children, that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations.

They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; and that every man and every measure he supports has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

DANIEL WEBSTER

## THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

[This piece will furnish the reciter with some matchless examples of impassioned force, aspirate and guttural qualities, expulsive and explosive forms. He will readily adapt his tones to the sentiment herein expressed; the expression of his face and gesture should indicate anger, scorn, defiance and hatred.]

Blaze, with your serried columns!  
I will not bend the knee!  
The shackles ne'er again shall bind  
The arm which now is free.  
I've maled it with the thunder,  
When the tempest muttered low;  
And where it falls, ye well may dread  
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,  
I've scalped ye on the plain;  
Go, count your chosen, where they fell  
Beneath my leaden rain!  
I scorn your proffered treaty!  
The pale-face I defy!  
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,  
And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,  
Some to defend their all,—  
I battle for the joy I have  
To see the white man fall;  
I love, among the wounded,  
To hear his dying moan,  
And catch, while chanting at his side,  
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,  
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;  
And struggling through the everglade,  
Your bristling bayonets gleam;  
But I stand as should the warrior,  
With his rifle and his spear:

The scalp of vengeance still is red,  
And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,  
I scorn ye with mine eye,  
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,  
And fight ye till I die!  
I'll ne'er will ask ye quarter,  
And I ne'er will be your slave;  
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,  
Till I sink beneath its wave!

GEORGE W. PATTEN.

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## THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal light which flies  
At midnight, through the startled skies.  
And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere,  
The answering tread of hurrying feet;  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak  
The church of Berkley Manor stood;  
There Sunday found the rural folk,  
And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
In vain their feet with loitering tread  
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught,  
All could not read the lesson taught  
In that republic of the dead.



How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
The vale with peace and sunshine full,  
Where all the happy people walk,  
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;  
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;  
And every maid, with simple art,  
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
A bud, whose depths are all perfume;  
While every garment's gentle stir  
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks  
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;  
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
He led into the house of prayer,  
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;  
The psalm was warrior David's song.  
The text, a few short words of might—  
“*The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right!*”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
Of sacred rights to be secured;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle-brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly, his mantle wide,  
His hands impatient flung aside,

And, lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—  
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease,  
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so.  
When God is with our righteous cause;  
His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers  
That frown upon the tyrant foe;  
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,  
There is a time to fight, and pray!"

And now before the open door—  
The warrior priest had ordered so—  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,  
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead, with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before,  
It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was, "War! WAR! War!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came,—  
"Come out with me in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?"  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
And hundred voices answered, "I!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

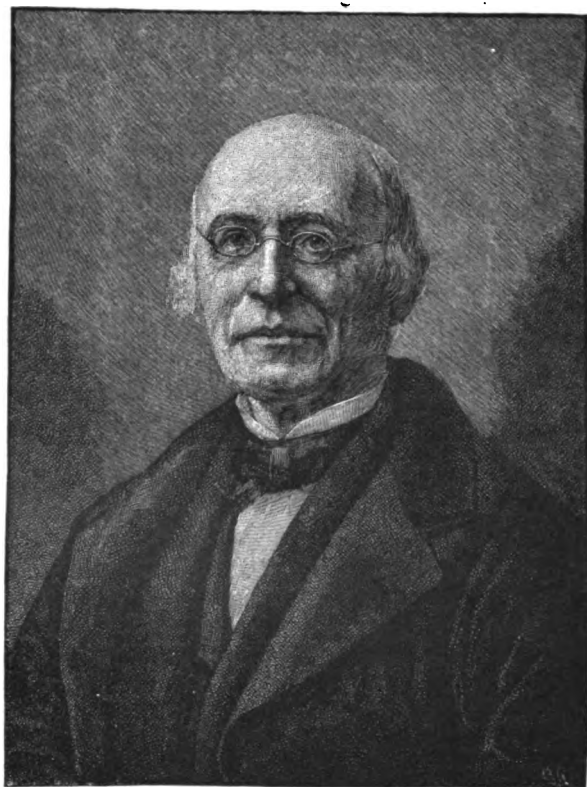
How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells!  
Each one its creed in music tells,  
In tones that float upon the air,  
As soft as song, as pure as prayer:  
And I will put in simple rhyme  
The language of the golden chime.  
My happy heart with rapture swells  
Reponsive to the bells—sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel—excel,"  
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;  
"This is the church not built on sands,  
Emblem of one not built with hands;  
Its forms and sacred rites revere;  
Come worship here—come worship here;  
Its rituals and faith excel—excel."  
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"O, heed the ancient landmarks well,"  
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;  
"No progress made by mortal man  
Can change the just, eternal plan.  
With God there can be nothing new;  
Ignore the false, embrace the true,  
While all is well—is well—is well,"  
Pealed out the good old Dutch Church bell.

"O swell, ye purifying waters, swell,"  
In mellow tones rang out a bell;  
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,  
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,  
To show the world unfaltering faith  
In what the sacred Scripture saith.  
O swell, ye rising waters, swell,"  
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,  
Must test the soul," said a soft bell;



WM. L. GARRISON.



"Come here, and cast aside your load,  
And work your way along the road,  
With faith in God, and faith in man,  
And hope in Christ, where hope began:  
Do well—do well—do well—do well,"  
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell,"  
In gloomy tones exclaimed a bell;  
"Life is a boon to mortals given,  
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.  
Do not invoke the avenging rod;  
Come here, and learn the way to God.  
Say to the world farewell! farewell!"  
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"  
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;  
"Look up to heaven this holy day,  
Where angels wait to lead the way;  
There are no fires, no fiends, to blight  
The future life; be just, do right.  
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"  
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell—we tell,"  
Shouted, in ecstasies, a bell;  
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!  
Our Lord has made salvation free.  
Repent! believe! have faith! and then  
Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.  
Salvation's free we tell—we tell,"  
Shouted the Methodist bell.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

## ANTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

"How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you a little. My friends often say: 'It's such a

comfort to see you, Anty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively.' Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, 'Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive.'

"*You don't mean to die yet, eh?* Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub in the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

"Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobbler Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

"Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf or dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

"Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

"How is Mr. Kobbler? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on them railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

"Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time; Dear! dear!

"Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

"Well, I must be going, now. I've another sick friend, and I shan't think I've done my duty unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep.

"Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you've got a good doctor. Do send him away, and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little,

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

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### A BEAUTIFUL GEM.

[After once reading this "Beautiful Gem" the reciter will need no prompting to teach him its proper elocution, nor that it is not possible for him to deliver it with too much genuine emotion. Its sentiment is especially felt by those "who mourn, yet are not without hope."]

I know that thou art gone to the land of thy rest;  
Then why should my soul be so sad?  
I know that thou art gone where the weary are blest,  
And the mourner looks up and is glad;  
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,  
The stain it has gathered in this;  
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,  
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

I know that thou art gone where thy forehead is starr'd  
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;  
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget;  
That sheds over memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark that so long has been dim,  
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;  
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,  
In many a token and sign;  
I never look up with a vow, to the sky,  
But a light like thy beauty is there;  
And I hear a love murmur, like thine, in reply,  
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.



In a far-away dwelling, wherever it be,  
 I believe thou hast visions of mine;  
 And the love that made all things as music to me,  
 I have not yet learned to resign.  
 In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
 Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
 I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
 And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
 I am wrapped in a mantle of care,  
 Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom,  
 Is not the black grief of despair.  
 By sorrow revealed as the stars are by night  
 Far off a bright vision appears;  
 And Hope, like the rainbow—a creature of light,  
 Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

E. K. HERVEY.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

[The reader should declaim this piece on a somewhat subdued or low key, slow time, and long quantity. The deep, agonizing sorrow of the deserted one should be expressed by deep emotion, the voice tremulous with agitation, rising slightly above an ordinary conversational tone as the faithful wife and mother resolves to bear her husband's "madness."]'

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,  
 But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.  
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,  
 The while he holds his riot in that town.  
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,  
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,  
 To blend its feeble walling with my tears.

O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,  
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers  
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.  
 I had a husband once, who loved me—now  
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,  
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,  
 As bees from laurel flowers a poison sip.

But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours  
 When I could hang forever on his eye,  
 And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,  
 Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart  
 Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;  
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;  
 And though he often sting me with a dart,  
 Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile  
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share,—  
 Though he should spurn me,—I will calmly bear  
 His madness; and should sickness come and lay  
 It's paralyzing hand upon him, then  
 I would with kindness, all my wrongs repay  
 Until the penitent should weep and say,  
 How injured and how faithful I had been!

### MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

[This beautiful little poem calls for no loud declamation, but should be recited with much genuine emotion.]

This book is all that's left me now!  
 Tears will unbidden start,—  
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
 I press it to my heart.  
 For many generations past,  
 Here is our family tree;  
 My mother's hand this Bible clasped;  
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
 Whose names those records bear,  
 Who round the hearthstone used to close  
 After the evening prayer,  
 And speak of what these pages said,  
 In tones my heart would thrill!  
 Though they are with the silent dead,  
 Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book  
 To brothers, sisters dear;  
 How calm was my poor mother's look,  
 Who learned God's word to hear.  
 Her angel-face—I see it yet!  
 What thronging memories come!  
 Again that little group is met  
 Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
 Thy constancy I've tried;  
 Where all were false I found thee true,  
 My counsellor and guide.  
 The mines of earth no treasure give  
 That could this volume buy:  
 In teaching me the way to live,  
 It taught me how to die.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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## SOUTH CAROLINA.

[The following extract is from a speech delivered in support of Foot's resolution, in the United States Senate, January 26, 1830, by Robert Young Hayne, of South Carolina, in his memorable debate with Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts. Mr. Webster's reply follows.]

The gentleman (Webster) has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no profession of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina; of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with diffi-

culties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts freely and lavishly to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute.

Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all; in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children.

Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions) proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible. ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

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## MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

[Extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Webster in the Senate chamber January 27, 1830, in defence of the Union and the Constitution, and in reply to a speech of Robert Young Hayne, of South Carolina. As the defender and expounder of the Constitution, Webster stood alone; he had no equal, though there were many political and mental giants in the Senate in those days; he was the acknowledged leader. In his great debate with Hayne and Calhoun, he set before the nation and the world the grandeur and the strength of our Constitution,

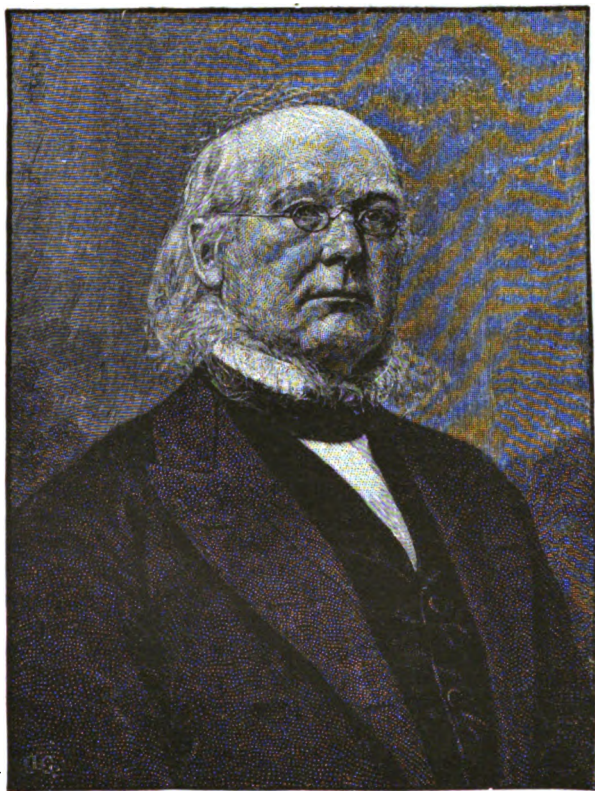
as it had never been done before, nor has it been equaled since. This grand speech should be delivered, as indeed should all of Mr. Webster's orations, in a full, bold, clear and grandly eloquent tone; the reciter should read and reread his magnificent bursts of eloquence, and when the full meaning is clearly conceived, he will experience no difficulty in giving suitable action and expression to every part.]

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions, Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and their patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored their country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

Sir, I thank God that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and



**H. GREELEY.**



feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, - it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER:

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## JUPITER AND TEN.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,  
 Mrs. Chub was very grand,  
 Mrs. Chub was always reckoned  
 A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion  
 In a very stately square,—  
 Mr. C. knows what it cost him,  
 But that's neither here nor there.



Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,  
Such a patron of the arts,  
And she gave such foreign orders  
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,  
When she went away from home,  
Of a most prodigious painting  
Which had just arrived from Rome

"Such a treasure," she insisted,  
"One might never see again!"  
"What's the subject?" we inquired.  
"*It is Jupiter and Ten!*"

"Ten *what?*" we blandly asked her,  
For the knowledge we did lack.  
"Ah! that I cannot tell you,  
But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters,—  
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,—  
Come and see our splendid painting,  
Our fine *Jupiter and Ten.*"

When Mrs. Chub departed,  
Our brains began to rack,—  
She could not be mistaken,  
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor  
To lay aside his pen,  
And give some information  
Touching "*Jupiter and Ten.*"

And we pondered well the subject,  
And our Lemprière we turned,  
To find out who the *Ten* were;  
But we could not, though we burned!

But when we saw the picture,—  
O Mrs. Chub! O, fie! O!  
We perused the printed label,  
And 't was *Jupiter and Io!*

JAMES T. FIELDS.

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### THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur 'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru' the winder  
An' there sot Huldry all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On such a blessed creetur,

A dog rose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,  
Clean grit an' human natur';  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor draw a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed 'sech a swing,  
Ez hisn in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring;  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher,

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foót, an' knowed it tu,  
A-rasping on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him further,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"  
"Wal....no....I come designin'"  
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An'....Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma blimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily 'roun the lips,  
And teary 'roun the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expres-in',

Tell methers see how matters stood,  
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red came back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

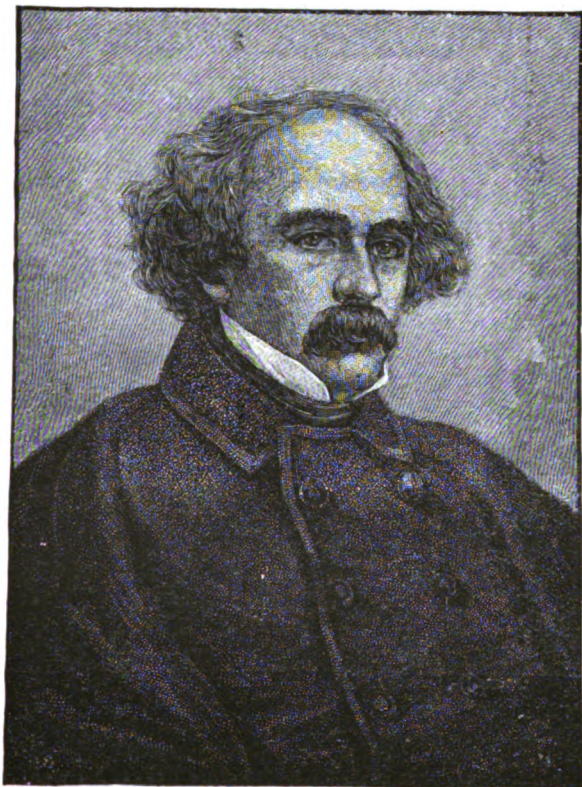
## NEW ENGLAND.

The gentleman from South Carolina taunts us with counting the costs of that war in which the liberties and honor of the country, and the interests of the North, as he asserts, were forced to go elsewhere for their defense. Will he sit down with me and count the cost now? Will he reckon up how much of treasure the State of South Carolina expended in that war, and how much the State of Massachusetts?—how much of the blood of either State was poured out on sea or land? I challenge the gentleman to the test of patriotism which the army roll, the navy list, and the treasury books afford.

Sir, they who revile us for our opposition to the last war, have looked only to the surface of things. They little know the extremities of suffering which the people of Massachusetts bore at that period out of attachment to the Union,—the families beggared, their fathers and sons bleeding in camps, or pining in foreign prisons. They forget that not a field was marshaled on this side of the mountains, in which the men of Massachusetts did not play their part, as became their sires, and their "blood fetched from mettle of war proof." They battled and bled, wherever battle was fought, or blood drawn.

Nor only by land I ask the gentleman, Who fought your naval battles in the last war? Who led you on to victory after victory, on the ocean and the lakes? Whose was the triumphant prowess before which the Red Cross of England paled with unwonted shame? Were they not men of New England? Were these not foremost in those maritime encounters which humbled the pride and power of Great Britain?

I appeal to my colleague before me from our common county of brave old Essex,—I appeal to my respected colleagues from the shores



**N HAWTHORNE.**



of the Old Colony. Was there a village or a hamlet on Massachusetts Bay, which did not gather its hardy seamen to man the gun-decks of your ships of war? Did they not rally to the battle, as men flock to a feast?

In conclusion, I beseech the House to pardon me, if I may have kindled, on this subject, into something of unseemly ardor. I cannot sit tamely by, in humble, acquiescent silence, when reflections, which I know to be unjust, are cast upon the faith and honor of Massachusetts.

Had I suffered them to pass without admonition, I should have deemed that the disembodied spirits of her departed children, from their ashes mingled with the dust of every stricken field of the Revolution,—from their bones moldering to the consecrated earth of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Monmouth, would start up in visible shape, before me, to cry shame on me, their recreant countryman.

Sir, I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer than hers; soldiers nowhere braver; patriots nowhere purer; wives and mothers nowhere truer; maidens nowhere lovelier; green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or brighter; and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her truth questioned with so much as a whisper of detraction. Living, I will defend her; dying, I would pause in my last expiring breath, to utter a prayer of fond remembrance for my native New England.

CALEB CUSHING.

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## GLORIOUS NEW ENGLAND.

Glorious New England, thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rests, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection that, though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-



place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad Republic. In the East, the South and the unbounded West their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth, of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union. To us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption, so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both, and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no, the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns; when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade, then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the North, stand upon the banks of the great river and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder, Lo! this is our country; when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city, so great and glorious a Republic!

S. S. PRENTISS.

## THE AGED STRANGER.

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;  
Said the farmer, "Say no more,  
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,  
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;  
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—  
I prithee sit at my frugal board,  
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,  
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?  
I warrant he bore him gallantly  
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,  
"And, as I remarked before,  
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"  
Said the farmer, "say no more ;

"He fell in battle?—I see, alas!  
Thou 'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—  
Nay; speak the truth, whatever it be,  
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,  
Upholding the flag he bore?  
O, say not that my boy disgraced  
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,  
"And should have remarked, before,  
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—  
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,  
But beat with his fist full sore

That aged man, who had worked for Grant  
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

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### PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Voyager upon life's sea,  
To yourself be true;  
And where'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe.  
Never, though the winds may rave,  
Falter nor look back,  
But upon the darkest wave  
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,  
Stem the hardest gale;  
Brave of heart and strong of arm,  
You will never fail.  
When the world is cold and dark,  
Keep an end in view,  
And toward the beacon mark  
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on  
To the silent shore,  
From its sunny source has gone  
To return no more:  
Then let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due;  
But while it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,  
Lofty state and power,  
Honest fame and hardy health  
Are a better dower;  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue,

**And to win the glittering prize,  
Paddle your own canoe.**

**Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hand of fate,  
Would you write a deathless name,  
With the good and great;  
Would you bless your fellow-men?  
Heart and soul imbue  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe.**

**Would you crush the tyrant wrong  
In the world's fierce fight?  
With a spirit brave and strong,  
Battle for the right;  
And to break the chains that bind  
The many to the few—  
To enfranchise slavish mind,  
Paddle your own canoe.**

**Nothing great is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed nobly done  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will to do;  
But if you succeed, you must  
Paddle your own canoe.**

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

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### POPPING CORN.

**And there they sat, a popping corn,  
John Styles and Susan Cutter—  
John Styles as fat as any ox,  
And Susan fat as butter.**

**And there they sat and shelled the corn,  
And raked and stirred the fire,**

## SELECT READINGS.

And talked of different kinds of care,  
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

'Then Susan she the popper shook,  
Then John he shook the popper,  
Till both their faces grew as red  
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,  
All kinds of fun a-poking,  
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,  
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—  
John's mouth was like a hopper—  
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,  
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,  
And still the corn kept popping;  
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,  
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—  
The corn did pop and patter—  
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!  
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;  
You'll die of indigestion;  
I'm sick of all this popping corn—  
Why don't you pop the question?"

ANONYMOUS.

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 SPEECH OBITUARY.

Nothing could more thoroughly impress us with the fact, that it  
is pretty impossible to communicate to others those ideas "whereof

we ourselves are not possess-ed of," than the following funeral discourse, which was recently delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted upon, by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the House, his utter incompetency being notorious: —

“Mr. Speaker: Sir! Our fellow citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown-creaters (bronchitis was meant), and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six year old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenuis *creetur*, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite: and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bu't in firing salutes.

“Sir! Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution: and he was indeed a first-rate good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen: and, though he was in favor of the United States' Bank, he was a friend of education: and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and hadn't ha' died some time beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by a very hard cold.

“Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn until to-morrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon.”

## THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the Organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind  
If the clothes are faded and torn ;  
Fix 'em up, make 'em do, it is better by far,  
Than to have the heart weary and worn.  
Who'll love you more for the set of your hat,  
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,  
The style of your vest, or your boots or cravat,  
If they know you're in debt for the new?

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street  
In fine clothes if you know you're in debt,  
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,  
Who will sneer, "They're not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt ;  
If the chairs and the sofa are old,  
They will fit your backs better than any new set,  
Unless they are paid for with gold ;  
If the house is too small, draw the closer together ;  
Keep it warm with a hearty good-will ;  
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,  
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint,  
If the fashions have changed since last season,  
Old nature is out in the very same tint,  
And old nature, we think, has some reason.  
But just say to your friend that you cannot afford  
To spend time to keep up with the fashion ;  
That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright,  
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,  
Have fine houses, and feathers and flowers,  
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man  
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.



If you have money to spare I have nothing to say—  
 Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,  
 But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,  
 Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husband, don't run in debt any more;  
 'Twill fill your wife's cup of sorrow  
 To know that a neighbor may call at your door  
 With a bill you must settle to-morrow.  
 O take my advice! it is good! it is true!  
 (But lest you may some of you doubt it)  
 I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you:  
 I have tried it, and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,  
 Its links all corrosion and rust;  
 Gild it o'er as you will, it is never of gold,  
 Then spurn it aside with disgust.

•  
 — —  
 ELIZA COOK.

### BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,  
 And snowy summits old in story;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
*Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;*  
*Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.*

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going;  
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!  
*Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;*  
*Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.*

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on field, on hill, on river;

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
*Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,*  
And answer, echoes, answer, *dying, dying, dying.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

What, then, remains? The liberty of the press, *only*; that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed, by shutting up that communication.

In one case, sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad. The demagogue goes forth; the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage. But soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night, the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished and the people enslaved! As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture! Guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the country.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

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### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,

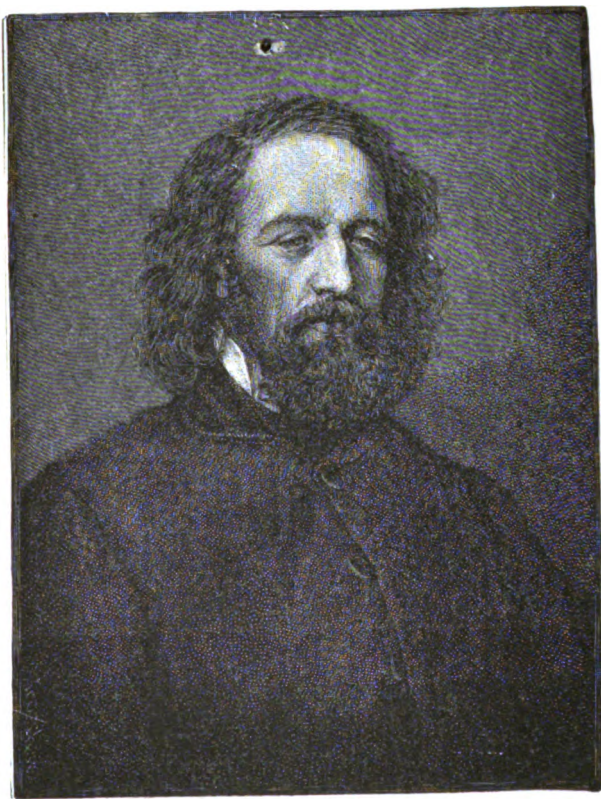
## SELECT READINGS.

All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
*"Forward, the Light Brigade!"*  
*"Charge for the guns,"* he said.  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

*"Forward the Light Brigade!"*  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not tho' the soldiers knew  
Some one had blunder'd.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabering the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd;  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the saber-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.



ALFRED TENNYSON.



Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
     Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild charge they made!  
     All the world wonder'd.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
     Noble Six Hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### QUERIES.

Is it anybody's business  
     If a gentleman should choose  
 To wait upon a lady  
     If the lady don't refuse?  
 Or, to speak a little plainer,  
     That the meaning all may know,  
 Is it anybody's business  
     If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business  
     When that gentleman may call,  
 Or when he leaves the lady,  
     Or if he leaves at all?  
 Or is it necessary  
     That the curtain should be drawn,  
 To save from further trouble  
     The outside lookers-on?

## · SELECT READINGS.

Is it anybody's business  
 But the lady's, if her beau  
 Rides out with other ladies,  
 And doesn't let her know?  
 Is it anybody's business  
 But the gentleman's, if she  
 Accepts another escort,  
 Where he doesn't chance to be?

Is a person on the sidewalk,  
 Whether great or whether small,  
 Is it anybody's business  
 Where that person means to call?  
 Or if you see a person,  
 As he's calling anywhere,  
 Is it any of your business  
 What his business may be there?

The substance of our query  
 Simply stated, would be this:  
 Is it anybody's business  
 What another's business is?  
 If it is, or if it isn't,  
 We would really like to know;  
 For we're certain if it isn't,  
 There are some who make it so.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE TROUBLESOME WIFE.

A man had once a vicious wife—  
 (A most uncommon thing in life;)  
 His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,  
 Sweet contradiction still her song,  
 And all the poor man did was wrong, and ill-done.

A truce without doors, or within,  
 From speeches long as tradesmen spin,  
 Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.

He every soothing art displayed;  
Tried of what stuff her hide was made;  
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed to take her.

Once walking by a river's side,  
In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,  
"No more let feuds our peace divide; I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resigned  
To drown, I have made up my mind,  
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be;

"Or nature may assert her reign,  
My arms assist, my will restrain,  
And swimming, I once more regain my troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,  
While joy stands glistening in her eyes:  
Already in her thoughts, he dies before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,  
Nature revolts," he said; "beside,  
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,  
While close I stand upon the brink,  
You push me in—nay, never shrink, but do it."

To give the blow the more effect,  
Some twenty yards she ran direct,  
And did what she could least expect she should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,  
So souse she dashes in the wave,  
And gave, what ne'er she gave before, much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;  
"Thou best of wives," the man replied,  
"I would, but you my hands have tied: heaven help you!"

ANONYMOUS.



## RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

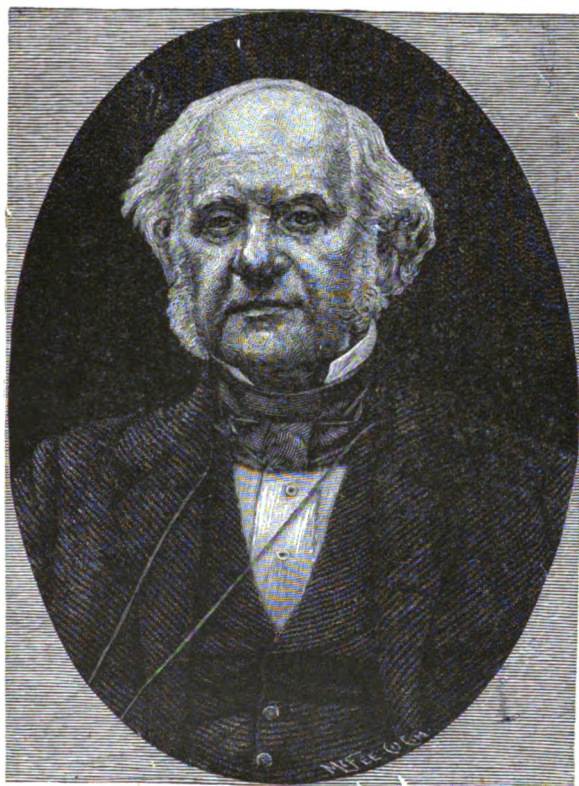
Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

And let men thorough'y believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior Intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

W. E. CHANNING.



**GEO. PEABODY.**



## WHO IS SHE?

There is a little maiden—  
Who is she? Do you know?  
Who always has a welcome  
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time;  
Her voice is like a bird's;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her joyful words.

The loveliest of blossoms  
Spring where her light foot treads,  
And most delicious odors  
She all around her sheds—

The breath of purple clover  
Upon the breezy hills;  
The smell of garden roses,  
And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter,  
As if she were the sun;  
And she is sought and cherished,  
And loved by every one—

By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low:  
Who is this little maiden?  
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her—  
You certainly can guess:  
What! must I introduce her?  
Her name is **CHEERFULNESS**.

MARION DOUGLASS.

### THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,  
And chattered away with glee, with glee,  
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,  
And he cried, "It's all for me, for me!

"Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around;  
He is wonderful kind to the poor, the poor;  
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,  
I could find it much better I'm sure, I'm sure!

"I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,  
Who has such a regard for the crow, the crow,  
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,  
And covers his corn in a row, a row!

"He must have a very great fancy for me;  
He tries to entrap me enough, enough;  
But I measure his distance as well as he,  
And when he comes near, I'm off, I'm off!"

ANONYMOUS.

### HAPPINESS.

She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Antony sought her in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion; —the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel: she hands them her cup; and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men, with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander.

On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however, her envoys to them,—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jealousy; to Revenge, Remorse. Alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment?

Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her enemies, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none are more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is traveling incognito, to keep a private appointment with Contentment, and to partake of a dinner of herbs in a cottage.

WALTER COLTON.

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### CUT BEHIND.

The scene opens on a clear, crisp morning. Two boys are running to get on the back of a carriage, whose wheels are spinning along the road. One of the boys, with a quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but falls, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature is the same in boy as in man—all running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are sly, and gain that for which they

strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers of the other political party 'cut behind.'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run; they jostle; they tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize, and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries, "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum! aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washer-woman! I knew him when he blacked his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! Cut behind! cut behind!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snow-flake to the snow bird. "Why?" said the snow-bird. "Because," said the snow-flake, "you are going *up* and I am going *down*."

We have to state that the man in the carriage, on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash-whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind*. He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good-morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive; was a boy myself once, and know what tickles youngsters."

Thank God, there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy it is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. When such a kind man has ridden to the end of the earthly road, it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

## THE POLISH BOY.

Whence came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,  
That like an arrow cleave the air,  
Causing the blood to creep and thrill  
With such sharp cadence of despair?  
Once more they come ! as if a heart  
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,  
And every string had voice apart  
To utter its peculiar woe !

Whence came they ? From yon temple, where  
An altar raised for private prayer,  
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,  
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.  
The dim funereal tapers throw  
A holy luster o'er his brow,  
And burnish with their rays of light  
The mass of curls that gather bright  
Above the haughty brow and eye  
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press  
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,  
But meets no answering caress—  
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp ?  
It is the hand of her whose cry  
Rang wildly late upon the air.  
When the dead warrior met her eye,  
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and broken moan  
She sinks beside the altar stone ;  
But hark ! the heavy tramp of feet  
Is heard along the gloomy street.  
Nearer and nearer yet they come  
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.  
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread  
Their beauties by the path they tread,



Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands  
 Rend brutally their blooming bands.  
 Now whispered curses, low and deep,  
 Around the holy temple creep.  
 The gate is burst. A ruffian band  
 Rush in and savagely demand,  
 With brutal voice and oath profane,  
 The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,  
 And to her bosom snatched the child;  
 Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,  
 Shouted with fearful energy—  
 "Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread  
 Too near the body of my dead!  
 Nor touch the living boy—I stand  
 Between him and your lawless band!  
 No traitor he. But listen! I  
 Have cursed your master's tyranny;  
 I cheered my lord to join the band  
 Of those who swore to free our land,  
 Or fighting die; and when he pressed  
 Me for the last time to his breast,  
 I knew that soon his form would be  
 Low as it is, or Poland free.  
 He went and grappled with the foe,  
 Laid many a haughty Russian low;  
 But he is dead—the good—the brave—  
 And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!  
 Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,  
 With Russia's heaviest iron bands,  
 And drag me to Siberia's wild  
 To perish if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,  
 Tearing the pale boy from her side;  
 And in his ruffian grasp he bore  
 His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one!  
 Let me but see or gold redeem my son?"

If so, I bend my Polish knee,  
And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.  
Take palaces, take lands, take all,  
But leave him free from Russian thrall.  
Take these," and her white arms and hands  
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,  
And tore from braids of long black hair  
The gems that gleam like star-light there.  
Unclasped the brilliant coronal  
And carcanet of orient pearl;  
Her cross of blazing rubies last  
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

● He stooped to seize the glittering store  
Upspringing from the marble floor,  
The mother with a cry of joy,  
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!  
But no—the Russian's iron grasp  
Again undid the mother's clasp.  
Forward she fell, with one long cry  
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,  
And breaking from the Russian's hold,  
He stands, a giant in the strength  
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,  
So blue and fiercely bright,  
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,  
So brilliant is its light.  
His curling lips and crimson cheeks  
Foretell the thought before he speaks.  
With a full voice of proud command  
He turns upon the wondering band.

"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;  
This hour has made the boy a man.  
The world shall witness that one soul  
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.

" I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,  
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;  
I wept upon his marble brow—  
Yes, wept—I was a child; but now  
My noble mother on her knee,  
Has done the work of years for me.  
Although in this small tenement  
My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,  
I've still within me ample power  
To free myself this very hour.  
This dagger in my heart! and then,  
Where is your boasted power, base men ? "  
He drew aside his 'broidered vest,  
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,  
The jeweled half of a poniard bright,  
Glittered a moment on the sight.

" Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!  
Think ye my noble father's grave  
Could drink the life blood of a slave?  
The pearls that on the handle flame  
Would blush to rubies in their shame,  
The blade would quiver in thy breast,  
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!  
No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,  
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"  
A moment, and the funeral light  
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;  
Another, and his young heart's blood  
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.  
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,  
And on the air his clear voice rang—  
" Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!  
The choice was death or slavery;  
Up, mother, up! look on my face,  
I only wait for thy embrace.  
One last, last word—a blessing, one,  
To prove thou knowest what I have done;  
No look! no word! Canst thou not feel  
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?

Speak, mother, speak—lift up thy head.  
What, silent still? Then art thou dead!  
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I  
Rejoice with thee, and thus to die.”  
Slowly he falls. The clustering hair  
Rolls back and leaves the forehead bare.  
One long, deep breath, and his pale head  
Lay on his mother's bosom, dead.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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### SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or crouches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contest, have cost one king his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions; one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be, extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?” No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in a sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and the torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been

prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her, to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude; we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king; and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament, otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But, thanks to God! there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies which one breath of their king may kindle into such a fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

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### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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## LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,  
Has seen, "lodgings to let," stare him full in the face.  
Some are good and let dearly; while some 't is well known  
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;  
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,—  
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;  
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;

And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same!—and the next! and the next!  
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vexed;  
Week after week, till by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;  
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.  
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,  
"I 've lost many pounds—make me well—there 's a guinea."

The doctor looked wis::—"A slow fever," he said;  
Prescribed sudorifics, and going to bed.  
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;  
So, calling his host--he said—"Sir, do you know,  
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,  
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:  
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute,  
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;  
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;  
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!!!"—says Will. Says the host, "Why this passion?  
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Oids!" cried Will in a taking  
"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms. Cried his host with a sneer,  
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year"

"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel,"—Will said:  
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

GEORGE COLMAN.

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## THE BONDAGE OF DRINK.

You think I love it! If this nerveless hand  
Could gain immortal strength, this very hour,  
I'd sweep this hellish traffic from the land,  
And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.  
Yea, now with all my latest dying breath,  
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death!

*Love it?* I loathe it! Yet I drink, and drink,  
And hate my bondage with a loathing hate;  
And hate myself as through the town I slink.  
*The pledge?* No, no! Too late—too late!  
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath!  
Too late—there's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink; but *not* to drink—  
Doth such a train of horrors wake  
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think;  
Ah, keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake!  
The very thought of them affects my brain;  
My end will be when they shall come again.

*Love rum?* I'd love to hold my head up high  
And breathe God's air a free and fearless man  
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,  
With steady nerve to do, and head to plan.  
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,  
In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum!

If I could go into some land  
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly  
I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned  
That clutch the soul of him who would be free:



But marshal up those grisly shapes of woe  
To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,  
In those old college days so wild and gay,  
When I first drank in youthful revelry,  
How easy then to put the cup away!  
A mother's hope and joy I was till then;  
Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again.

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, whence ye belong!  
I'll drink ye down—what! blood? Drink blood?  
Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish throng,  
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the flood!  
Long, crooked hands are clawing in my hair!  
Is this the end? ha, ha! Too late for prayer.

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### POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,  
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.  
*Apples?* No, a heap sight better!  
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!  
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—  
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?  
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?  
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,  
Where a bang-up lady sot,  
All amongst a lot of bushes—  
Each one climbin' from a pot;  
Every bush had flowers on it—  
*Pretty?* Mebbe not! Oh, no!  
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',  
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well I thought of you, poor feller,  
Lyn' here so sick and weak,

Never knowin' any comfort,  
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.  
 "Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,  
 Could I ax you for a rose?  
 For my little brother, missus—  
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—  
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe!  
 (Lackin' women folks to do it.)  
 Sich a' imp you was, you know—  
 Till yer got that awful tumble,  
 Jist as I had broke yer in  
 (Hard work too) to earn yer livin'  
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,  
 So's you couldn't hyper much—  
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you  
 Fur the first time with yer crutch.  
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,  
 'Pears to weaken every day;"  
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—  
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,  
 You is quite yerself to-night;  
 Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit  
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.  
*Better?* Well, I'm glad to hear it!  
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.  
*Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?*  
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?  
 Flowers growin' everywhere!  
 Some time when you're better, Joey,  
 Mebbe I kin take you there.  
*Flowers in heaven?* 'M—I s'pose so;  
 Dunno much about it, though;

## SELECT READINGS.

Ain't as fly as wot I might be  
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres  
That in heaven's golden gates  
Things is everlastin' cheerful—  
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.  
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;  
So good people, when they dies,  
Finds themselves well fixed forever—  
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.  
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;  
Heaven was made fur such as you is—  
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?  
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!  
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!  
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em Joey!  
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead*?

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

## AN ADDRESS TO AMERICAN YOUTH.

[The day after the Déclaration of Independence was adopted Mr. Adams wrote a letter to a friend—which commanded profound attention. An extract from this letter reads as follows: "The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great American Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for ever."]

Independence Day! The booming cannon and rattling fire-arms! It is not the wrath of battle; but only echo-thunders, rolling back upon us from the great war-tempest of '76. Nor are these sounds now mingled with the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying,—mournfully terrific, swelling up from the field of blood. The report of guns and voice of artillery that fall on our ears to-day are all mel-



**J. Q. ADAMS.**



lowed down into notes of enchanting music, and sweetly chime in with the glorious, triumphal anthem of our national jubilee.

Upon the youth of America is conferred the noblest birth-right in the whole world. The stars under which you were born beam with brightest promise, and kindle loftiest hope. The principle declared and defended by our forefathers, "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood,"—the great principle, "*that all men were created equal*," is the broad and only foundation of true greatness. The war-guns of '76 exploded that long venerated theory, that royalty must flow alone through the veins of crowned lineage, and that princes could spring from the loins of kings. While in this land it is not possible for you to inherit a single drop of royal blood, yet in each of your bosoms is implanted the germ of a self-born sovereign. Before you all, without any miserable and silly distinction of ancestry or estate, is placed the brightest diadem of moral dignity, intellectual greatness, and civil honor. This country is, morally, a "*free soil*" empire. Here the young man—it matters not whether his nursery was in the gilded palace or in the "low thatched cottage"—has before him the same privileges and inducements, and as wide and free an avenue to glory; and his gray hairs may possess the fresh dew of his country's benediction, and his name be enrolled among earth's true nobility.

But while full and equal encouragement is before you all, without respect of rank or circumstance, still the prize is only for such as are willing to gird themselves unto the race; and the diligent hand alone reaps the harvest-honor. In our land something more is requisite to constitute one a prince than being born under a palace roof. Honorable parentage or the tinsel of wealth, are not sufficient to place the royal crown upon a brainless head. It is only by fixed purpose, intense application, and invincible perseverance, that you can reach the heights of fame, and hang out your name to shine forever in the bright galaxy of national glory. Here we have no heirs apparent to the crown—the great men of America are self-made.

You bring into the world no other nobility than that with which the God of nature has endowed you—sovereignty of mind—the sceptre of genius; and in this freest, broadest field of action, you must become the architect of your own fortune—the master-builder of your own destiny. And now, in the morning glory of your wakening energies, what a full chorus of inducements is inviting you forth to toil with the sure promise of a rich reward. Oh, how many young men, in the Old World, would this day leap for joy, to gain

even "with a great price," such privileges as belong to your birthright. With the halls of science, the council chambers of state, and the high places of empire all opening before you, let your motto be, "I WILL TRY"—the watchword that never lost a battle in the moral world—the true key-note to the great anthem of self-coronation.

And while true greatness is gained only by mighty effort and persevering toil, this very effort develops the intellectual powers—mind waxes stronger in the fight, and strengthens in every new struggle, establishing a firm independence of character, and bringing out the bold features of individuality; like the oak, whose roots struggle down under the dark earth, and the crevices of the everlasting rocks, gaining a foundation of power, upon which it lifts up its head in towering majesty, defying the wrath of the wildest tempest.

In countries where rank is obtained on the easy terms of ancestry, and a man becomes a king simply because his father before him was one, nobility relaxes into indolence of spirit, and imbecility of intellect; and royalty, with all its imposing honors, degenerates into mental dwarfishness, and the king's jester is often, really, a greater man than the crowned heads. The great men of America are intrinsically great—independent of their civil honors, they possess the power of intellectual giants.

And above all, let us remember that religion was the early harbinger, and continues the guardian angel of the American's birthright. The note of religious freedom struck on the rock of Plymouth, was the grand prelude to the swelling anthem of civil liberty. None surely can doubt that the voice of the Almighty moved on the dark waters of the revolutionary struggle, and that His hand was in that sublime destiny which brought out on the blackest night of oppression the brightest star of empire! And now, the war-storm over, and the battle-thunder ceased, the precious blood of our forefathers that was poured out as a free shower upon the earth—those peerless drops are gathered over us in a bright bow of promise, spanning a continent, and resting on two oceans, attracting a world to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But the fear of God is the great keystone in this bow of national hope—take away this, and the sunlit arch will vanish into the blackness of a second moral deluge.

REV. L. PARMELY.

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long, shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,  
That are yellow with ripening grain.  
They find in the thick waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snowdrops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
They gather the elder-bloom white;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toll bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And so from these brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.  
The pen of the author and statesman—  
The noble and wise of the land—  
The sword, and the chisel, and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

W. M. CROFT



## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY

Of all the notable things on earth,  
 The queerest one is pride of birth  
     Among our "fierce democracy!"  
 A bridge across a hundred years,  
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,  
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—  
 A thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers,  
     Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,  
 Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,  
 Crossing their veins until they vanish  
     In one conglomeration!  
 So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,  
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed  
     In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
 Your family thread you can't ascend,  
 Without good reason to apprehend  
 You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,  
     By some plebeian vocation!  
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
     That plagued some worthy relation!

JOHN G. SAXE

## A HELPMATE.

When bashful single men are "well to do"  
 The ladies try their best to make them woo;  
 And, surely, if the man is worth the plot,  
 And to one's mind, etc., wherefore not?  
 All wives are "helpmates"; and each would-be wife  
 Helping to mate proves fit for married life.  
 The truth of this may not at first appear,  
 But by a case in point I'll make it clear.

No mortal ever had a better heart,  
 Or needed more this matrimonial art,  
 Than Mr. Slow; and many damsels vied  
 In showing him he would not be denied  
 If he would only lay aside his fear  
 And tell—or whisper—what they longed to hear.

Some sent him slippers to advance their suit,  
 Hoping to catch the lover by the foot;  
 Some, with a higher aim, his throat would deck  
 With warm cravat,—to take him by the neck;  
 Others gave flowers, their passion to disclose,  
 And even handkerchiefs,—to have him by the nose;  
 Gloves, cuffs and mittens were by many planned  
 With wiles directly leveled at his hand!  
 But none had found out the successful art  
 To make this “eligible man” take heart.

He looked the lover, gave expressive sighs,  
 But only spoke the language of “sheep’s eyes.”  
 At last, one maid, who wisely judged the case  
 And really loved him, met him face to face.

She bantered Mr. Slow upon his ways:  
 “You need some one, I’m sure, to cheer your days—  
 Eh? Did you speak?”—He could not for his life.  
 “I often wonder you don’t get a wife!  
 I know some one, I think, who wouldn’t frown  
 If you should ask her!”—O the senseless clown!  
 He wriggles nervously, plays with his hat,  
 Looks down and blushes, fumbles his cravat,—  
 Then seems about to speak—“Go on!”—but no  
 He only sighs, and draws a face of woe.

“Are you not well? I fear you don’t take care  
 To wrap yourself from this damp evening air.  
 Put in this button; there! that draws your coat  
 Close as a comforter about your throat.—  
 But I’m afraid you’ll think me very bold.”  
 “Oh no; go on!—I’m not afraid—of cold”—

"Why then go on?—I think you hardly know;  
But I'll unbutton it if you say so.

"Dear me! I've pulled the button off, I vow;  
If you'd a wife she'd sew it for you now!"  
"I wish that you would"—"Eh?"—"would sew it on—  
And something else!" His modest features shone,  
But not a word his palsied tongue could frame.  
"Well, 'something else' has surely got a name?"  
He covered up his face and whispered this,  
"I wish you'd give me something!" "What?" "A kiss!"  
"Why, Mr. Slow, you are a curious elf;  
A man in such a case should help himself!  
For if a lady gave one, that would be  
Like sealing an engagement,—don't you see?"

"That's what I want!" "Now really! Is it so?  
Well, just suppose that I have not said no!"  
A maiden's coyness overwhelmed him: "Ah!"  
He whispered, blushing, "Thank you: ask papa!"

She laughed outright; though 'twas indeed no joke!  
He thought this was the proper form; but spoke  
Quite freely now, and had so much to say,  
That, ere she left, he made her fix the day!  
A little help quite cured his single trouble,  
And very soon they loved each other *double*.

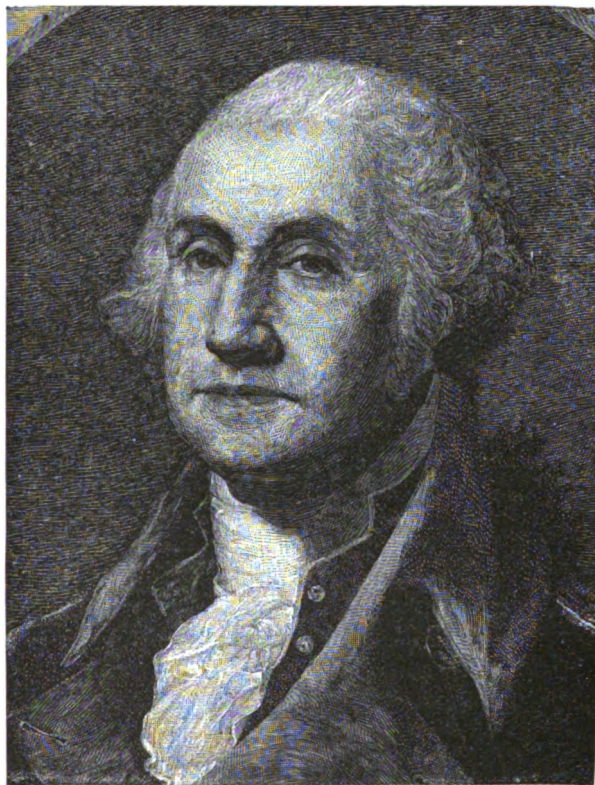
A. MELVILLE BELL.

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## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin.

If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the



**GEO. WASHINGTON.**



storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt, there were splendid exemplifications of some singular qualifications. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient. But it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage. And such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage!

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood. A revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it, if he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots.

But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created! Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

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### CHARLIE MACHREE.

Come over, come over the river to me,  
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,  
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,  
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,  
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,  
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,  
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh, the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea!  
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;  
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,  
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!

Come over, come over the river to me,  
My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie Machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking—Oh, what shall I do!  
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear,  
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—  
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—  
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,  
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree

He's sinking, he's gone,—O God, it is I,  
It is I who have killed him - help, help!—he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises,—strike out, and ye're free,  
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now gie us your hand—  
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;  
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me;  
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

### PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies  
That plan was commenced, which the wise now applaud,  
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies  
As good raw materials for *settlers* abroad.

Some West Indian island, whose name I forget,  
Was the region then chosen for the scheme so romantic,  
And such the success the first colony met,  
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-looked for shore,  
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet  
And thinking of friends, whom but two years before,  
They had sorrowed to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came—  
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my swate boy?"  
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
Thus hailed by black creatures, who capered for joy.

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,  
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes, and looks steady;  
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out:—  
"Dear me—only think—black and curly already!"



Deceived by that well-mimicked brogue in his ears,  
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,  
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

## MORAL.

'T is thus,—but alas!—by a marvel more true  
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—  
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
 By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,  
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,  
 I say, while I listen with tears in my eyes,  
 "Dear me!—only think—black and curly already!"

THOMAS MOORE.

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## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew,  
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,—  
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;  
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,  
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;  
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
 At Duffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,—  
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare, through the mist, at us galloping past;  
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;  
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—*ever* that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;  
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, " Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.  
So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

" How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,—

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember, is friends flocking round,  
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent.

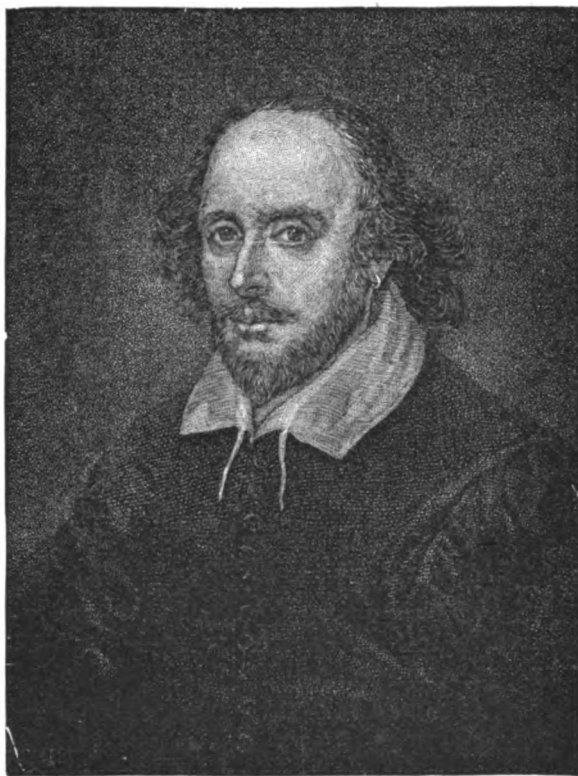
ROBERT BROWNING.

### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

[This piece is admitted to be one of the most difficult to read in the English language, requiring nice discrimination and great powers of elocution. It is one of Shakspeare's most admirable productions. The reader should perfectly understand and thoroughly feel the sentiments which it contains, commencing deliberately on a middle key; indignation should be expressed as the prince enumerates particulars, the voice should gradually rise in the second paragraph; the conclusion requires quantity and rather slow time.]

To be—or not to be—that is the question!  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to *suffer*  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,—  
Or, to take *arms* against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them.—To die?—to sleep;—  
No more;—and, by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die;—to sleep;—  
To sleep? perchance to *dream*;—aye, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death, *what* dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause!

There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,



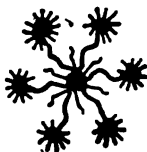
WM. SHAKESPEARE.



The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather *bear* those ills we have,  
Than fly to *others* that we know not of.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.



## IMAGINARY MEETING OF SATAN, SIN AND DEATH.

[Milton in this extract from "Paradise Lost" imagines Satan, Sin and Death, each of which he personifies, to have met at the gates of hell. It is written with great power and is an admirable example for the cultivation of what elocutionists call the top of the voice. In reciting or reading it the voice should be raised to the highest notes; from the eighth verse to the end of the tenth, the rate of utterance should be rapid, but free and distinct—the reciter should endeavor to personify each individual and try to fully realize the full meaning of every word.]

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,  
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell,  
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

As when far off at sea, a fleet descried,  
Hangs on the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole; so seem'd  
Far off, the flying fiend.

At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,  
Three iron, three of adamant rock  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed.

Before the gates there sat,  
On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting; about her middle round

A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing, bark'd,  
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal.

Far less abhor'd than these,  
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea, that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon  
Eclipses at their charms.

The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb:  
Or substance might be called, that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward, came as fast  
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.  
The undaunted fiend what this might be, admired;  
Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,  
Created thing nought valued he, nor shun'd;  
And with disdainful look, thus first began:

" Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!  
That dar'st, thou grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee;  
Retire or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,  
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven."

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:  
" Art thou the traitor-angel, art thou he



Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,  
 Conjured against the highest; for which both thou,  
 And they, out-cast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

"And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,  
 Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign king; and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;  
 Least with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold  
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified; and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war.

Each at the head

Level'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter, in mid air:

So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat

Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry, rush'd between.

JOHN MILTON.

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### ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

(This is one of the best pieces in our language for an elocutionary exercise. The oration is highly rhetorical, and ample scope is given for practice in high, low, and middle keys. The reciter must both understand its sentiment and feel as if they were his own. Let him imagine himself to be delivering a discourse at the funeral of a beloved friend who had been murdered. The pathetic portion requires quantity, slow time, and rhetorical pauses. An excellent opportunity is offered for ironical expression of countenance and voice, particularly of the epithet "*honorable men*," which Antony repeatedly applies to Cæsar's murderers).

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones:  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all; all honorable men)  
Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet, Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet, Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: Now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong.  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle. I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put in on;  
'Twas on a summers's evening, in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii.—

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.  
See! what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd.  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;  
And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops,  
Kind souls, what! weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!  
Here is *himself*, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed, are honorable.  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they were wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well.  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,  
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:  
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

### RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION DERIVED FROM GOD.

[The following piece is distinguished alike for beauty and power. It abounds with eloquent and glowing passages, and furnishes the reader with an admirable example for practice in powerful declamation.]

I love the free and happy form of civil government under which I live; not because it confers new rights on me. My rights all spring from an infinitely nobler source—from the favor and grace of God. Our political and constitutional rights, so called, are but the natural and inherent rights of man, asserted, carried out, and secured by modes of human contrivance. To no human charter am I indebted for my rights. They pertain to my original constitution; and I read them in that Book of books, which is the great charter of man's rights. No, the constitutions of my nation and State create none of my rights. They do, at the most, but recognize what it was not theirs to give.

My reason therefore, for loving a republican form of government, and for preferring it to any other—to monarchical and despotic government—is, not that it clothes me with rights, which these withhold from me; but, that it makes fewer encroachments than they do on the rights which God gave me—on the divinely appointed scope of man's agency. I prefer, in a word, the republican system, because it comes up more nearly to God's system. 'T is not then to the constitutions of my nation and State, that I am indebted for the right of free discussion; though I am thankful for the glorious defence with which those instruments surround that right.

God himself gave me this right; and a sufficient proof that He did so, is to be found in the fact that he requires me to exercise it. Take from the men who compose the church of Christ on earth, the

right of free discussion, and you disable them for His service. They are now the lame and the dumb and the blind. In vain is it now, that you bid them "Hold forth the word of life"—in vain that you bid them "not to suffer sin upon a neighbor, but in any wise to rebuke him"—in vain is it, that you bid them "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

If God made me to be one of his instruments for carrying forward the salvation of the world, then is the right of free discussion among my inherent rights; then may I, must I, speak of sin, any sin, every sin that comes in my way; any sin, every sin, which it is my duty to search out and assail. When, therefore, this right is called in question, then is the invasion, not of something obtained from human convention and human concession; but the invasion of a birthright—of that which is as old as our being, and a part of the original man.

This right, so sacred, is sought to be trammelled. It is virtually denied. What I have said is introductory to the expression of my dissent from the tenor of the language, with which this invasion is generally met. This right is, for the most part, defended on the ground that it is given to us by our political constitution; and that it was purchased for us by the blood and toil of our fathers. Now, I wish to see its defence placed on its true and infinitely higher ground; on the ground that God gave it to us; and that he, who violates or betrays it, is guilty, not alone of dishonoring the laws of his country and the blood and toil and memory of his fathers; but, that he is guilty also of making war upon God's plan of man's constitution and endowments; and of attempting to narrow down and destroy that dignity with which God invested him, when He made him in his own image, and but "little lower than the angels."

When, therefore, we would defend this right, let us not defend it so much with the jealousy of an American—a republican; as though it were but an American or a republican right, and could claim no higher origin than human will and human statutes; but let us defend it as men, feeling that to lose it, is to lose a part of ourselves; let us defend it as men, determined to maintain, even to their extreme boundary, the rights and powers which God has given to us for our usefulness and enjoyment; and the surrender of an iota of which is treason against Heaven.

We are threatened with legislative restraints on this right. Let us tell our legislators in advance, that this is a right, restraints on

which, we will not, cannot bear; and that every attempt to restrain it is a palpable wrong on God and man. Submitting to these restraints, we could not be what God made us to be; we could not perform the service to which he has appointed us; we could not be *men*. Laws to gag a man—to congeal the gushing fountains of his heart's sympathy—and to shrivel up his soul by extinguishing its ardor and generosity—are laws not to assist him in carrying out God's high and holy purposes in calling him into being; but they are laws to throw him a passive, mindless, worthless being at the feet of despotism.

Our republican spirit cannot succumb. God gave us freedom,—it is not an *ex gratia* freedom bestowed by man. The right of free discussion is derived from God; and knowing this, let us vindicate it against all the threats and arts of demagogues, and money-worshippers, and in the face of mobs and of death!

GERRIT SMITH.

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### CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

[Marcus Portius Cato, a distinguished Roman philosopher, general and patriot, was born B. C. 95. After the battle of Pharsalia he fled to Utica in Africa, and, retiring to his apartment read Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, twice over, and then, rather than fall into the hands of Julius Cæsar, by whom he was pursued, stabbed himself with his sword, and died at the age of 48. In the recitation of this sublime production, as in other soliloquies, the reciter should appear to be unconscious that any one else is present. It should be rendered with great deliberation and in the most solemn manner. The inflections, emphasis, quantity, rate and rhetorical pauses must be such as will secure the natural expression of intense feeling and grand ideas. The voice and countenance should indicate that the mind is absorbed in deep contemplation.]

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,  
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter  
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,  
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works, he must delight in virtue,  
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This, in a moment, brings me to my end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

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### LITTLE PAUL.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight  
 With a sudden gush of joy,  
 Where, upon his bed of weakness,  
 Lay the dying little boy.  
 On the rising airs of evening  
 Balmy sounds of summer came,  
 And a voice amid their music  
 Seemed to call him by his name;  
 And the golden waves were dancing  
 On the flooded chamber-wall—  
 On the sunny hair of Florence,  
 And the brow of little Paul!

As the sunset's tide, receding,  
 Ebb'd again into the sky,



Passed the faint hue from his features,  
And the luster from his eye;  
As if up the rosy surges  
Of that shining river's flow  
Went his spirit to the Angel  
Who had claimed it long ago!  
Fonder still, and full of yearning,  
Seemed to come her gentle call,  
And the throb of life grew fainter  
In the heart of little Paul!

But the fond arms of a sister  
Like a link around him lay,  
Chaining back his fluttering spirit  
To the love which was its stay;  
And his own weak arms were folded  
In a clinging, dear embrace,  
Till his cheek and dewy forehead  
Rested gently on her face.  
Slowly sank his weary eyelids;  
One faint breathing—that was all,  
And no more the kiss of Florence  
Thrilled the lips of little Paul!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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### THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before:  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;

His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool:  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end:  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all:  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but thou, O Lord  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The king, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

ANONYMOUS.

## OTHELLO'S APOLOGY FOR HIS MARRIAGE.

[It is generally admitted that this apology is one of Shakespeare's best efforts. Othello was charged by Desdemona's father with having "enchanted her with drugs," as a "practicer of arts inhibited and out of warrant." Upon this charge he was arrested and brought before the Duke and Senators. The Duke inquired of Othello what, on his part, he could say to the charge, and the apology following is his answer. It should be recited or read in an animated yet pleasant manner, the narration of scenes through which he passed, should be enunciated rapidly, distinctly, and in a bolder tone of voice. Whenever he refers to Desdemona the voice should fall to soft, flute-like tones, and the face express the happiness of his great love.]

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her;  
 The very head and front of my offending,  
 Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceedings I'm charged withal,)  
 I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;  
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And with it all my travel's history.

These things to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline,  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not attentively.

I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That Heaven had made her such a man.

She thank'd me  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

## WAR WITH ENGLAND.

[Patrick Henry was a man of marked and peculiar power as an orator. He could with equal ease sway the minds of the cultured and the ignorant. He could rouse to action or quiet the raging passions. He was a born actor, and understood how to use his powers with the best effect, and was decidedly the greatest orator of the Revolution. The following speech, on the question of war with England, was delivered in 1775 before the Virginia Convention of Delegates; it is an excellent piece for practice as an exercise in elocution. It should be recited in a rather high key, rapid utterance, long quantity and frequent emphasis.]

Mr. President:—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the *whole truth*; to know the *worst* and to provide for it

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling* to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war* and *subjugation*—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to *force* us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for *us*: they *can* be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is coming on. We have petitioned,—we have remonstrated,—we have supplicated,—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition, to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted,—our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult,—our supplications have been disregarded,—and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must *fight!* I repeat it, sir—we *must fight!!* An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be *stronger?* Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are *not* weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature has placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were

*base enough* to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry *peace, peace*,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so *sweet*, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me *liberty*, or give me *death*!

PATRICK HENRY.

## YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

With sable-draped banners, and slow-measured tread,  
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;  
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,  
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.  
Ended at last is the labor of love;  
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—  
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,  
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;  
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child  
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

“ Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—  
Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?  
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true  
As ever marched into the battle with you—  
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,  
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!  
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,  
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.  
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,  
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod

Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—  
And died shouting, 'Onward, for God and the right!'  
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,  
But you haven't put *one* on *my* dear papa's grave.  
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,  
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief,  
"This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief."  
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,  
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate  
The long line repasses, and many an eye  
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is,—here sir—right under this tree;  
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound,—  
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay  
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;  
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,  
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.

"I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too—  
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;  
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say  
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—  
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,  
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;  
And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,  
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,  
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,  
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.



## THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

[Fought 1590, between Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Mayenne, who commanded the League forces. Henry won a magnificent victory over the allied army. As Henry IV. he ascended the French throne as the first of the Bourbon kings. This piece should be delivered in a high key. Where the description of the action is given, the utterance should be clear, distinct, rapid, high, and ringing as a silver clarion.]

Now Glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of  
France!

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joys,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy wall's  
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!  
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
flood,  
And good Coligny's hoary head all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the  
King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war.  
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din  
Of life, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies now,—up on them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.  
Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned  
his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is slain;  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven  
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man  
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe,  
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,  
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's  
souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!  
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!  
Our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave,  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

## SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS OF CAPUA.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet, I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men!

My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the praetor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body and burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins

they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I die like dogs.

O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow, some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

E. KELLOGG.

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## CHARITY.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling.

Lightly it swung to and fro, in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the east, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it drooped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze—which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound barque, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook, turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking with the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away, singing through the trees.

Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

MRS. J. M. WINTON.

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—

They shook the depth of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found,—  
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

[This piece gives a rare opportunity for variety of expression. Change of tone, manner and gesture is required in nearly every verse. The reciter will find no difficulty in rendering its true sentiment, as its meaning is easily discovered.]

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;  
 Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune;  
 Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moor, —  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —  
 Then say what secret melody was hidden  
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, —if so, my struggles  
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;  
 Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;  
 Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass;  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;  
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop,—if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! uncommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,—  
What hast thou seen,—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended  
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,—  
New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations;  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not heed the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,—  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Is's;  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh,—immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, —who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence!  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.



Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost forever?  
 O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue,— that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH

### SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,  
 Where the dead and dying lay,  
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
 Somebody's Darling was borne one day—  
 Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,  
 Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
 The lingering light of his boy hood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
 Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,  
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
 Somebody's Darling is dying now,  
 Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow  
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold;  
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—  
 Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;  
 Murmur a prayer both soft and low;  
 One bright curl from its fair mates take—  
 They were somebody's pride, you know;  
 Somebody's hand hath rested there—  
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
 And have the lips of a sister fair  
 Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love:  
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;

Somebody wafted his name above,  
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
 Somebody wept when he marched away,  
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand;  
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—  
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
 And the smiling, child-like lips apart.  
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
 Carve in the wooden slab at his head,  
 "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

ANONYMOUS.

### THE OLD SURGEON'S STORY.

'Twas in a Southern hospital, a month ago or more,  
 (God save us! how the days drag on these weary times of war!)  
 They brought me, in the sultry noon, a youth whom they had found  
 Deserted by his regiment upon the battle ground,  
 And bleeding his young life away through many a gaping wound.

Dark-haired and slender as a girl, a handsome lad was he,  
 Despite the pallor of his wounds, each one an agony.  
 A ball had carried off his arm, and zigzag passage frayed  
 Into his chest; so wild a rent, that, when it was displayed,  
 I, veteran surgeon that I was, turned white as any maid.

"There is no hope?" he slowly said, noting my changing cheek;  
 I only shook my head; I dared not trust myself to speak.  
 But in that wordless negative the boy had read his doom,  
 And turned about, as best he could, and lay in silent gloom,  
 Watching the summer sunlight make a glory of the room.

"My little hero!" said a voice, and then a woman's hand  
 Lay, like a lily, on his curls; "God grant you self-command!"

"Mother!"—how full that thrilling word of pity and alarm!  
 "You here? my sweetest mother here?" And with his one poor arm  
 He got about her neck, and drew her down with kisses warm.

"All the long sultry night, when out" (he shuddered as he said)  
 "On yonder field I lay among the festering heaps of dead,  
 With awful faces close to mine, and clots of bloody hair,  
 And dead eyes gleaming through the dusk with such a rigid stare;  
 Through all my pain, O mother mine, I only prayed one prayer.

"Through all my pain (and ne'er I knew what suffering was before)  
 I only prayed to see your face, to hear your voice once more!  
 The cold moon shone into my eyes—my prayer seemed all in vain."  
 "My poor deluded boy!" she sobbed; her mother-fount of pain  
 O'erflowing down her darkening cheeks in drops like thunder-rain.

"Accursed be he whose cruel hand has wrought my son such ill!"  
 The boy sprang upright at the word, and shrieked aloud, "Be still!  
 You know not what you say. O God! how shall I tell the tale!  
 How shall I smite her as she stands!" And with a moaning wail  
 He prone among the pillows dropped, his visage ashen pale.

"It was a bloody field," he said at last, like one who dozed;  
 "I know not how the day began; I know not how 't closed;  
 I only know we fought like fiends, begrimed with blood and dust,  
 And did our duty to a man, as every soldier must;  
 And gave the rebels ball for ball, and paid them thrust for thrust.

"But when our gallant general rode up and down the line,  
 The sunlight striking on his sword until it flashed like wine,  
 And cried aloud (God rest his soul!) with such a cheery laugh:  
 'Charge bayonets, boys! Pitch into them, and scatter them like chaff!  
 One-half our men were drunk with blood, and mad the other half.

"My veins ran fire. O Heaven! hide the horrors of that plain!  
 We charged upon the rebel ranks and cut them down like grain.  
 One fair-haired man ran on my steel—I pierced him through and  
 through:

The blood up-sprinkled from his wound and sprinkled me like dew.  
 'Twas strange, but, as I looked, I thought of Cain and him he slew.

"Some impulse moved me to kneel down and touch him where he fell;  
 I turned him o'er—I saw his face—the sight was worse than hell!  
*There lay my brother*—curse me not! pierced by *my bayonet!*"  
 O Christ! the pathos of that cry I never shall forget—  
 Men turned away to hide their tears, for every eye was wet.

And the hard-featured woman-nurse, a sturdy wench was she,  
 Dropped down among us in a swoon, from very sympathy,  
 —"I saw his face, the same dear face which once (would we had died  
 In those days of innocence!) was ever by my side,  
 At board or bed, at book or game, so fresh and merry-eyed.

"And now to see it white and set—to know the deed was mine!  
 A madness seized me as I knelt, accursed in God's sunshine.  
 I did not heed the balls which fell around as thick as rain,  
 I did not know my arm was gone; I felt nor wound nor pain:  
 I only stooped and kissed those lips which ne'er would speak again.

"Oh, Louis!" (and the lad looked up and brushed a tear aside)  
 'Oh, Louis, brother of my soul! my boyhood's fearless guide!  
 By the bright heaven where thou stand'st by thy big-hearted faith—  
 By these the tears our mother sheds—by this my failing breath—  
 Forgive me for that murderous thrust that wounded thee to death.

"Forgive me! I would yield my life, to give thee thine, my brother!  
 What's this?—Don't shut the sunlight out; I can not see my mother!  
 The air blows sweet from yonder field! Dear Lou, put up your sword.  
 Let's weave a little daisy-chain upon this pleasant sward—"  
 And with a smile upon his mouth, the boy slept in the Lord.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The little village of Gettysburg, sleeping in a valley, and stretching its arms up the slope of a hill, lies in the center of Adams County, Pennsylvania. It tolerates a languishing college, holds a few churches, and supports some schools. The village might have slept in self-satisfied obscurity till the millennium, but for one event

which centered suddenly upon it the eyes of the world, and gave it a place immortal in history.

The sun came up in fervid splendor on the morning of July 3, 1863. It rose upon a day that was to decide the destiny of America. In that quiet village of Gettysburg, in the State where freedom was born, liberty grappled with treason for existence.

The first and second days of the battle closed on unrecompensed reverses to the Union army. The hot forenoon of the third day wore away before the decisive work began. At one o'clock the Confederate batteries opened fire. Our cannon made no answer to theirs; but their range was too accurate, their aim too deadly, and the contest was unequal. For two hours they plowed Cemetery Ridge with shot and shell. But this was not the battle. Suddenly the firing ceased; and forth from the Rebel works came the army of Robert E. Lee. The fatal hour has come. All the flags are flying, all the rifles gleaming, all the drums are beating. Alive, active, alert, the hopeful host sweeps proudly onward. It is the flower of Virginia that leads the impetuous attack. Against the center of our line that attack is directed. As the storming party advances they gather for a supreme effort. In sullen silence we await them. Not a rifle cracks from the shallow pits. The men are watching and waiting and obeying orders. At intervals the cannon spit fire; but the voices of their vibrant lips are notes of warning rather than of anger. Now the van of the enemy raises a sharp, shrill yell, breaks into a double-quick, and dashes upon our frail defenses. Our outposts are driven in; our skirmishers put to flight; the Emmettsburg road is reached; the approaches to the ridge are gained; the Confederate colors wave in triumph over the American flag. Suddenly from the Union side twice twelve thousand muskets crack viciously; twice twelve thousand bullets whistle angrily. A great cloud of smoke goes up. A great sheet of flame flashes, and, lo! the line of the enemy has literally melted away.

But now, over the corpses of their comrades, maddened as beasts are maddened by blood, the second line of the Confederate army rushes wildly, and absolutely lifts the Union troops from their defenses and sweeps them back like leaves. Again the battle-flags of the South are triumphant. The Rebels are victorious. The last line of our defenses is reached and taken; they are upon our guns, bayoneting the gunners and capturing the pieces.

But see! to the right and to the left there is a light flashing like

the forked lightning of heaven. There is a roar as of thunder, and the bolts of death are descending. These impetuous Southerners have dashed into the gates of hell; they have exposed themselves to a cross-fire of grape and canister, and are lost. They are not cowards. They have faced death full often, but they stand dismayed now. No courage can save them; no daring redeem them. Here is Death linked to Despair. The guns which are thinning their ranks are beyond their reach; their flags fall; their comrades die; their hopes sink; their cause is lost. Shattered and broken and defeated, they retire in disorder and confusion, and a great victorious shout goes up from the Union army as it chases its conquered enemies into the darkness of descending night.

R. C. BRIGGS.

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### THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door.  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel of a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)  
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pampered menial forced me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes,—why should we repine?  
 'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see:  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;  
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age—  
 Lured by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,  
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care—  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell, lingering fell, a victim of despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me!

Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

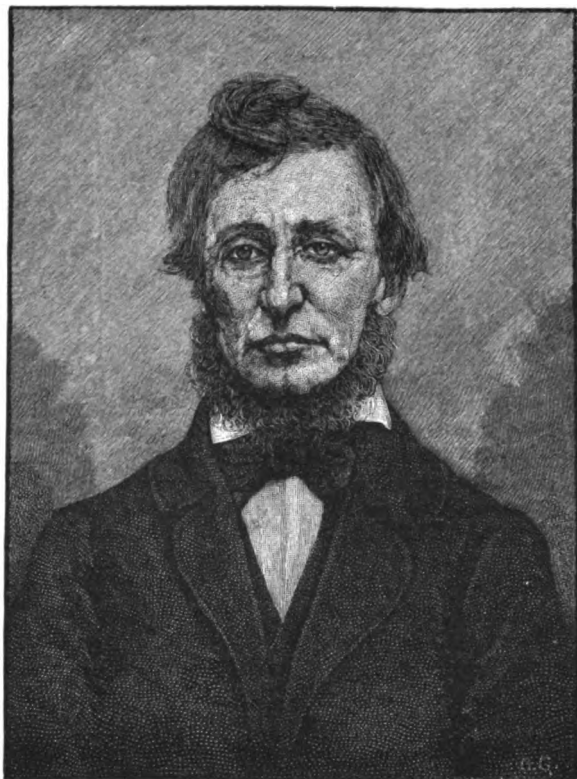
THOMAS MOSS.

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### WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

[This simple and beautiful piece, if rightly rendered, should express the acme of happiness in every tone. Where reference is made to the absent dear ones, the reciter should avoid a mournful tone, so sweet are the hallowed recollections.]

'T was far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,  
 The ocean-wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above;  
 The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a varied shell,



HENRY D. THOREAU.





And on the billow's curling spray the sunbeams glittering fell.  
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,  
But plighted love remains with us in peace and luster yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak  
Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson cheek;  
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,  
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but our own.  
Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beaten strand;  
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.

Far, far we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream;  
To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair Ohio's stream;  
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,  
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soared;  
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,  
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all that e'er we loved or knew,  
The long-remembered many, and the dearly-cherished few;  
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,  
Are there;—and there is all the past to which the heart can turn:  
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,  
For here is wedded love's first home, its hallowed resting-place.

JAMES HALL.

## CENTENNIAL ORATION.

[The following extract is from the eloquent oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress, in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.]

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men are few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty?

It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you. You have a Government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full.

The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by yon gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth,—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Cataline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal law—we cannot change it.

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them as we will. The

future of our country rests upon us; the happiness of posterity depends upon us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous,—building up public virtue by private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us, in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen, this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

HENRY A. BROWN.

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

The point of view from which I shall speak is that of total abstinence. It is, I know, the unpopular view, the depreciated view, the despised view. By taking it, I rank myself among those of whom some speak as unpractical bigots and ignorant fanatics. But, because I believe it, in the present need, to be the only effective remedy for an otherwise hopeless evil, therefore, I take it undeterred.

Public opinion, my brethren, is a grand power. It is a mighty engine for good, if we can array it on our side. He who despises it must be either more or less than man; he must be puffed up by a conceit which mars his usefulness, or he must be too abject to be

reached by scorn. He, therefore, that affects to despise public opinion stands self-condemned; but yet, public opinion has, many a time, been arrayed on the side of wrong; and he who is not afraid to brave it in defence of righteousness, he who, in a cause which he knows to be good, but which his fellow-men do not yet understand, is willing to be ranked among the idiots and fools, he is a partaker with all those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises.

It was thus—it was for the cause of scientific truth—that Roger Bacon bore his long imprisonment, and Galileo sat contented in his cell; it was thus—it was for the cause of religious truth—that Luther stood undaunted before kings; it was thus that, to wake the base slumbers of a greedy age, Wesley and Whitefield were content to “stand pilloried on infamy’s high stage, and bear the pelting scorn of half an age;” it was thus that Wilberforce faced in Parliament the sneers and rage of wealthy slave owners; it was thus, “in the teeth of clenched antagonisms,” that education was established, that missions were founded, that the cause of religious liberty was won. The persecuted object of to-day is the saint and exemplar of to-morrow.

St. John enters the thronged streets of the capital of Asia as a despised Galilean and an unnoticed exile; but, when generations have passed away, it is still his name which clings to its indistinguishable ruins. St. Paul stands, in his ragged garbardine, too mean for Gallio’s supreme contempt; but to-day, the cathedral dedicated to his honor towers over the vast, imperial city, where the name of Gallio is not so much as heard. “Count we over the chosen heroes of this earth,” says a great orator, “and I will show you the men who stood alone, while those for whom they toiled and agonized poured on them contumely and scorn. They were glorious iconoclasts, sent out to break down the Dragons worshiped by their fathers. The very martyrs of yesterday, who were hooted at, whom the mob reviled and expatriated; —to-day, the children of the very generation who mobbed and reviled them, are gathering up their scattered ashes to deposit them in the golden urn of their nation’s history!”

CANON FARRAR.

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## THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

“Ho, there! fisherman, hold your hand!  
Tell me what is that far away—

There, where over the Isle of Sand  
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray;  
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,  
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,  
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—  
Tell me, what is it, fisherman, pray? "

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout  
As ever paddled around Cape Race,  
And many's the wild and stormy bout  
She had with the winds in that self same place  
But her time had come; and at ten o'clock  
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore,  
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,  
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,  
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,  
Tell me all about her that you can,—  
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.  
Tell me how many she had on board—  
Wives and husbands, and lovers true—  
How did it fare with her human hoard,  
Lost she many, or lost she few? "

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,  
Already too moist I feel my lip;  
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,  
And spin you my yarn about the ship:  
'T was ten o'clock, as I said, last night,  
When she struck the breakers and went ashore,  
And scarce had broken the morning's light  
Than she sank in twelve feet of water, or more."

"But long ere this they knew their doom,  
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;  
And solemnly over the ocean's boom  
The orisons rose on the troubled air.  
And round about the vessel there rose  
Tall plumes of spray, as white as snow,

Like angels in their ascension clothes,  
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So those three hundred people clung  
As well as they could to spar and rope;  
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,  
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.  
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—  
Of tearful faces I saw but one,  
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,  
And not for himself, but the Captain's son.

"The Captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
Firm but pale, with trumpet in hand,  
Sometimes he looked on the breaking wreck;  
Sometimes he sadly looked on land.  
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—  
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—  
'Till over the quarter a huge sea flew,  
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow, with his bride,  
Standing amidship upon the wreck;  
His face was white as the boiling tide,  
And she was clinging about his neck.  
And I saw them try to say good-bye,  
But neither could hear the other speak;  
So they floated away through the sea to die—  
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,  
Who went his way in a sea we shipped,  
All the while holding upon his breast  
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.  
And as the boy and the bird went by,  
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,  
They were grappled by a man with a drowning cry;  
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,  
Some with gladness, and few with fear;

Cold and hardship such work had done  
That few seemed frightened when death was near.  
Thus every soul on board went down—  
Sailor and passenger, little and great;  
The last that sank was a man of my town,  
A capital swimmer—the second mate.”

“ Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,  
That say you saw this terrible wreck?  
How do I know what you say is true,  
When every mortal was swept from the deck?  
Where were you in that hour of death?  
How do you know what you relate?”  
His answer came in an under breath—  
“ Master, I was the second mate!”

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN,

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### 'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud, is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,



And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered;  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 O, who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

### IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

[These pathetic lines, it has been stated, were written after hearing a clergyman relate the following touching incident. A mother having prepared some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when her little child Mary, with childish curiosity to see what was in it took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother angered by the destruction of her labor, struck the child a severe blow, saying that she was always in the way. Two weeks after little Mary sickened and died. On her death bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have room for me?" When too late the broken hearted mother felt that no sacrifice would be too great, could she but save her darling child. The reader will need no suggestions as to the proper delivery of this piece. Every emotion will be stirred by the sweet plaintive cry of little Mary.]

Is there room among the angels  
 For the spirit of your child?  
 Will they take your little Mary  
 In their loving arms so mild?  
 Will they ever love me fondly,  
 As my story-books have said?  
 Will they find a home for Mary—  
 Mary, numbered with the dead?  
 Tell me truly, darling mother!  
 Is there room for such as me?  
 Will I gain the home of spirits,  
 And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother,  
 Been to you a constant care,  
 And you will not miss me, mother,  
 When I dwell among the fair;  
 For you have no room for Mary;  
 She was ever in your way;

And she fears the good will shun her!  
 Will they, darling mother, say?  
 Tell me—tell me truly—mother,  
 Ere life's closing hour doth come,  
 Do you think that they will keep me,  
 In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,  
 Not so very—very bad,  
 But that tender love would nourish,  
 And make Mary's heart so glad!  
 Oh! I yearned for pure affection,  
 In this world of bitter woe;  
 And I long for bliss immortal,  
 In the land where I must go!  
 Tell me once again, dear mother,  
 Ere you take the parting kiss,  
 Will the angels bid me welcome  
 To that land of perfect bliss?

### A STRANGER IN THE PEW.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,  
 And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,  
 This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure:  
 'Twas the meanest, most impolitic act, she was sure,  
 And a thing, she declared, that she never would do;  
 To go to a church where one didn't belong,  
 Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,  
 And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his, out and out;  
 And didn't they fill it up, just about,  
 When mamma and papa, and herself and the boys,  
 Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise  
 In moving along to make room for a stranger?  
 And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,  
 To expect at each hymn pa would find out the place?  
 (If Ben didn't, or Bob, but there wasn't much danger.)

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,  
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"  
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,  
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.

The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;  
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap  
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,  
From which she awakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright with cheeks all aflame  
At sleeping in church, and we felt for her shame;  
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see  
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,

Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,  
And walk with her out of the church with a smile  
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,  
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-bye," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind  
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."  
Then she stole to her mother: "O mother, I dreamed  
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.

I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,  
With a girl like a beggar child right in our pew—  
We were sitting alone in the seat, just we two—  
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When all in a moment, the music grew loud,  
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;  
They were angels, I knew, for they joined in the song,  
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.

Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;  
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,  
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through;  
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

"One came to my side. Very sadly she said,  
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,  
And looked at the poor shabby girl with disdain.  
'Tis not she," said the angel; "the haughty and vain

Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.  
Then I cried out aloud, and the minister spoke,  
And just as they floated away I awoke,  
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew!"

MARY E. DODGE.

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### WHERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED.

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said,  
"Where in this field are wicked folks laid?  
I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,  
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;  
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,  
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,  
With a hand on his chin, and a hand on his spade;  
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye  
His heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?  
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?  
Which of us mortals shall dare to say,  
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?"

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed  
The better we learn that humanity's need  
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find  
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;  
The evil men do, let it lie with their bones.  
I have labored as sexton this many a year,  
But I never have buried a bad man here."

ANONYMOUS.



### A DREAM OF THE UNIVERSE.

Into the great vestibule of heaven, God called up a man from dreams, saying, "Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house."—and to the servants that stood around His throne, He said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart,—the heart that weeps and trembles."

It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes, with solemn flight of angel wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness,—through wildernesses of death, that divided the world of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under the prophetic motions from God.

Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them; they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment, the rushing of planets was upon them, in a moment, the blazing of suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left, towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetition and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose arch-



WALTER SCOTT.



ways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates.

Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below,—below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable; height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite; suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming—were nearing—were at hand.

Then the man sighed, and stopped, and shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, "Angel, I will go no further; for the spirit of man acteth with this infirmity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none."

And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral cry, "The man speaks truly; end there is none that ever yet we heard of." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands toward the heaven of heavens, saying, "End is there none to the universe of God! Lo, also there is no beginning!"

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

## WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay,

And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say;  
While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."

She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:

"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;  
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned round with a sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest,  
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.



That was your work you'd naught at all to do with wind and rain,  
 And no doubt but that you will reap rich fields of golden grain;  
 For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see—  
 We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning,—we must, because we must."  
 She softly said; "I reason not, I only work and trust;  
 The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart, whate'er betide,  
 When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide.  
 There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;  
 We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face, gone was his restless pain,  
 She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane,  
 And when about her household tasks, full of a glad content,  
 Singing, to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went—  
 "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;  
 We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go,—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned  
 clear.

The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year:  
 The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."  
 She lifted then a smiling face, and said: "I told you so!  
 For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;  
 We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

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### PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell  
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,  
 That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,  
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,  
 She dispensing her silvery light,  
 And he his notes as silvery quite,

While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?—  
     Hark! the notes on my ear that play,  
     Are set to words ; as they float, they say,  
     “ Passing away! passing away!”

But, no ; it was not a fairy's shell,  
     Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear ;  
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell  
     Striking the hours that fell on my ear,  
 As I lay in my dream ; yet was it a chime  
 That told of the flow of the stream of Time ;  
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
 And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung ;  
     (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
     That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing :)  
     And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet  
     And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
     “ Passing away! passing away!”

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told  
     Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!  
 And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
     Seemed to point to the girl below.  
 And lo! she had changed ;—in a few short hours,  
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
 That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung  
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
 In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,  
 That told me she soon was to be a bride ;  
     Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
     In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
     “ Passing away! passing away!”

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade  
     Of thought, or care, stole softly over,  
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,  
     Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.  
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;

And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,  
 That marched so calmly round above her,  
 Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals  
 Upon noon's hot face :—yet one couldn't but love her;  
 For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay  
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;  
 And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,  
 "Passing away! passing away!"

When yet I looked, what a change there came!  
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;  
 • Stopping and staffed was her withered frame,  
 Yet just as busily swung she on.  
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;  
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust;  
 The hands, that over the dial swept,  
 Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;  
 And still there came that silver tone  
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,  
 (Let me never forget, to my dying day,  
 The tone or the burden of that lay)—  
 "PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,  
 I dozing lay and yawning;  
 It was the gray of dawning,  
 Ere yet the sun arose;  
 And above the funnel's roaring,  
 And the fitful wind's deploring,  
 I heard the captain snoring  
 With universal nose.  
 I could hear the passengers snorting,—  
 I envied their disporting,—  
 Vainly I was courting  
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light  
Came not, and watched the twilight,  
And the glimmer of the skylight,  
That shot across the deck :  
And the binnacle pale and steady,  
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
And the sparks in the fiery eddy  
That whirled from the chimney neck.  
In our jovial floating prison  
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,  
And never a star had risen  
The hazy sky to speck.  
Strange company we harbored :  
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,  
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,—  
Jews black and brown and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,  
And make your soul uneasy,  
To see those Rabbis greasy,  
Who did naught but scratch and pray.  
Their dirty children puking,—  
Their dirty saucepans cooking,—  
Their dirty fingers hooking  
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were,—  
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,—  
Enormous wide their breeks were,—  
Their pipes did puff away ;  
Each on his mat allotted  
In silence smoked and squatted,  
Whilst round their children trotted  
In pretty, pleasant play.  
He can't but smile who traces  
The smiles on those brown faces,  
And the pretty, prattling graces  
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling ;  
And through the ocean rolling

Went the brave Iberia bowling,  
Before the break of day,—  
When a squall, upon a sudden,  
Came o'er the water scudding;  
And the clouds began to gather,  
And the sea was lashed to lather,  
And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
And the ship, and all the ocean,  
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,  
And the poodle dog a yowling,  
And the cocks began a crowing,  
And the old cow raised a lowing,  
As she heard the tempest blowing;  
And the fowls and geese did cackle,  
And the cordage and the tackle  
Began to shriek and crackle;

And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
And down the deck in runnels;  
And the rushing water soaks all,  
From the seamen in the fo'ksal  
To the stokers, whose black faces  
Peer out of their bed-places;  
And the captain he was bawling,  
And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
Was shivered in the squalling;  
And the passengers awaken,  
Most pitifully shaken;  
And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,  
And they knelt and moaned and shivered,  
And the plunging water met them,  
And splashed and overset them;  
And they called in their emergence

Upon the countless saints and virgins;  
And their marrow-bones are bended,  
And they think the world is ended.  
And the Turkish women for'ard  
Were frightened and behorrered;  
And, shrieking and bewildering,  
The mothers clutched their children;  
The men sang "Allah! Illah!  
Mashallah Bismillah!"  
As the warring waters doused them,  
And splashed them and soused them;  
And they called upon the Prophet,  
Who thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
Jumped up and bit like fury;  
And the progeny of Jacob  
Did on the main-deck wake up,  
(I wot those greasy Rabbins  
Would never pay for cabins;)  
And each man moaned and jabbered in  
His filthy Jewish gabardine,  
In woe and lamentation,  
And howling consternation.  
And the splashing water drenches  
Their dirty brats and wenches;  
And they crawl from bales and benches,  
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the white squall famous,  
Which latterly o'ercame us,  
And which all will remember,  
On the 28th of September;  
When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
Came on the deck astonished,  
By that wild squall admonished,

And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,  
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"

And looked at Captain Lewis  
 Who calmly stood and blew his  
 Cigar in all the bustle,  
 And scorned the tempest's tussle.  
 And oft we've thought hereafter  
 How he beat the storm to laughter;  
 For well he knew his vessel  
 With that vain wind could wrestle;  
 And when a wreck we thought her,  
 And doomed our-elves to slaughter,  
 How gayly he fought her,  
 And through the hubbub brought her,  
 And as the tempest caught her,  
 Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when, its force expended,  
 The harmless storm was ended,  
 And as the sunrise splendid  
 Came blushing o'er the sea,—  
 I thought as day was breaking,  
 My little girls were waking,  
 And smiling and making  
 A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

[This pathetic extract from "Arthur Bonnicastle" will be read with deep and tender interest by those who have been called upon to part with their first-born.]

I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure and cannot, till tears have had their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We laid the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy,

and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief.

I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who have been his teacher! He was like me: will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father, the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful to me has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity.

Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from us before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands; that still breast which I have so often pressed warm to my own; those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life; that sweet, unmoving alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe, miss the blessed influence

J. G. HOLLAND.





## THE SONG OF THE ROVER.

FROM THE "CORSAIR."

[This piece should be recited in a clear, full, round voice, with a rapid and jovous expression, suggested by the high spirits and sense of freedom of the Corsair.]

O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
O, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not,—pleasure cannot please.—  
O, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,

And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
 And where the feebler faint can only feel—  
 Feel to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
 Its hope awaken, and its spirit soar?  
 No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
 Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
 When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?  
 Let him who crawls enamored of decay,  
 Cling to his couch and sicken years away,  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head:  
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.  
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
 And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
 For us, even banquets fond regrets supply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide the prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*

LORD BYRON.

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### JAMES A. GARFIELD.

[During the session of the Forty-sixth Congress, Hon. James G. Blaine was invited by both Houses of Congress to prepare a eulogy on the late President Garfield, which was delivered to the two Houses while in joint session February 17, 1882. This eloquent address made Mr. Blaine's name a household word in nearly every part of the civilized world. From 1874 to 1876 Mr. Blaine was the leader of his party on the floor of the House; appointed to the Senate July, 1876, he at once stepped into prominence in the deliberations of that body. When President Garfield was inaugurated in 1881, he was chosen as Secretary of State, and entered upon his duties with the same earnestness and vigor that always characterized him. As a statesman and a finished and gifted orator, he has no superior; for consummate ability and tact, as a parliamentary leader, he has never been surpassed. The following extract is the peroration of Mr. Blaine's masterly oration. It presents a most powerful piece of declamation.]

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully,

almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed. That trouble lay behind him, and not before him. That he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted, and, at times, almost unnerved him. That he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident, on the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail, not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes! Whose lips may tell what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant Nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from

childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding, a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands! Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a Nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices; with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, reaching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

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### THE CROWDED STREET.

Let me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face,—  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;  
To halls in which the feast is spread;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!  
Go'st thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread  
The dance till daylight gleam again?  
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long  
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;  
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not.  
There is who heeds, who holds them all  
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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THE ONE-HOSS SHAY;  
OR THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor or sill,  
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,  
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
 Above or below, or within or without,  
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *you*,")  
 He would build one shay to beat the taown  
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
 It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown;  
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
     Is only jest  
 'T make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
 Where he could find the strongest oak,  
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—  
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
 The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,  
 But lasts like iron for things like these:  
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"  
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,  
 Never an axe had seen their chips,  
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
 That was the way he "put her through."  
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
 Children and grandchildren, where were they?  
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found  
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—  
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—  
 Running as usual; much the same.  
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large;  
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day—  
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
 A general flavor of mild decay,  
 But nothing local, as one may say.  
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art  
 Had made it so like in every part  
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,  
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!



First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.  
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—  
Had got to *fiftily*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the—Moses—was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
'Then something decidedly like a spill,—  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
—What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once,—  
All at once, and nothing first,—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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## THE CHARGE BY THE FORD.

Eighty and nine with their captain,  
Rode on the enemy's track,  
Rode in the gray of the morning—  
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river,  
Lighter each moment the way;

Careless and tearless and fearless  
Galloped they on to the fray.

Singing in tune, how the scabbards  
Loud on the stirrup-irons rang,  
Clinked as the men rose in saddle,  
Fell as they sank, with a clang.

What is it moves by the river,  
Jaded and weary and weak?  
Gray-backs—a cross on their banner—  
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,  
Tarrying there by the marge;  
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!  
Charge, like a hurricane, charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal—  
Fire like the deep pit of hell!  
Volley on volley to meet them,  
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle;  
Tracing the enemy's track—  
Ninety had ridden to battle;  
Nine of the ninety came back.

Honor the name of the ninety:  
Honor the heroes who came  
Scathless from five hundred muskets,  
Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers  
Lie on the field of the slain—  
Lie on the red field of honor—  
Honor the nine who remain!

Cold are the dead there, and gory,  
There where their life-blood was spilt

Back from the living, each sabre  
Red from the point to the hilt.

Up with three cheers and a tiger!  
Let the flags wave as they come!  
Give them the blare of the trumpet!  
Give them the roll of the drum!

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH.

## THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

Without 'twas cold and cheerless, and glooming into night,  
Within 'twas warm and cheery, the "yule" log burning bright.  
Beside a cosy table o'erspread with tempting lunch,  
Mid appetizing odors from steaming jugs of punch,  
Were seated two old veterans who'd served throughout the wars,  
And had their soldiers' record engraved in livid scars  
Deep in their furrowed faces. The night was Christmas Eve.  
Three legs the party counted, beside one empty sleeve.  
They smoked their pipes and chatted in a dreamy sort of way.  
Of times ago, and present, as two old comrades may.  
'Twas "Bob" and "Joe" in private, who forgot the rank they bore,  
Nor "recked" they of the symbols which their broad shoulders  
wore.

Old tales they told and gossiped of strange things they had seen,  
How each had won his laurels in fights he'd helped to win.  
"Now tell me, Joe," said Bob at last, "the best thing you have  
done;

The proudest recollection of all your life that's gone?"  
" 'Tis not as you may think, Bob, an easy thing to tell,  
What we have done that's best, we've done so few things well;  
For memory will not linger on tragic things to brood,  
Nor does she like her pictures bedabbled o'er with blood.  
When alone we sit reviewing the pages of our life,  
We quickly drop the curtain on scenes o'ercast with strife,  
Such as the world, applauding, calls our fields of glory,  
But fill your glass, and listen, Bob, and I'll tell you a story.

"In 'Sixty-six, in Autumn, one wild, tempestuous night,  
 I sat alone in quarters and watched the flickering light  
 Cast its trembling shadows upon the walls about,  
 As if in mirth defying the howling winds without.  
 I'd cast aside my harness and piled it in a chair,  
 And tipped back in my rocker with feet high in the air,  
 And smoked my pipe sedately. 'Twas the meerschauum poor  
 Jack Moore

Gave me. Poor Jack! you knew him. He fell at 'Grand Ecore.'  
 Impatiently I waited for my slow coming meal.  
 While old Aunt Dinah, blustering with Ethiopic zeal,  
 Was railing at the darkies, who, in her sable view,  
 Were 'de no countest niggahs dat she done ebber knew.'  
 So goaded into action by her reproving blast,  
 The loit'ring rogues awakened and brought my meal at last.  
 I started for my mess-room, and, as I crossed the floor,  
 I heard a gentle rapping upon the outer door.  
 'Who's that?' I cried, impatient, in a surly voice, I own,  
 Not in what you would call, Bob, a 'hospitable tone!'  
 'Come in! I say there, can't you? come in when you are told!'  
 'Twas a timid voice that answered, 'My fingers are *so* cold.'  
 I turned the knob and looking out in the night and storm  
 I saw there standing shivering, the dripping, scant-clad form  
 Of a sad-faced little girl; a face that grief, not years,  
 Had made look wan and sunken; while from her eyes the tears  
 All mixed with big, cold rain-drops, were trickling down her  
 cheek;  
 I stood a moment silent, waiting for her to speak.  
 She stood upon the threshold perhaps say half a minute,  
 Down looking in her basket, which had nothing in it;  
 And still she seemed to linger as if of chiding fearful  
 Like one unused to kindness; and then her eyes still tearful,  
 Sought mine with look so anxious, so imploring and so sad,  
 I could not have denied her the last hard-tack I had.  
 'Come in, my child,' said I; 'come in from out the rain;'  
 And something chill came o'er me that felt, Bob, like a pain.  
 She came up to the hearth-side, and took the proffered seat,  
 And held up to the fire her poor, half-frozen feet;  
 For they were bare and shoeless, and blue with pinching cold,  
 And like her dress all spattered with yellow, clayey mold;

Her gown was old and tattered, and vainly lengthened out;  
With odds and ends all different, and patched and darned about;  
An old and faded kerchief covered her unkempt hair,  
Which would have glowed with beauty if smoothed and dressed  
with care,

Her eye was of that gentle blue which artists love to paint,  
In ideal picture showing some sorrow-stricken saint.  
In fact, her gentle manners and timid, modest ways  
All seemed to tell that she had known more bright and better days.  
When by the blazing fire she'd warmed her scant-clad form,  
I asked her what had brought her forth in such a driving storm;  
'I came,' she answered, blushing and hanging down her head,  
'I came to see if I, sir, could get a little bread;  
And, oh! I can not tell you how much I hate to beg,  
But poor mamma is starving, and Tom has lost his leg,  
He lost his leg at Dallas—he was a soldier then;  
They took our boys to battle, as well as all the men.  
We all did what we could, sir, and tried to win the fight,  
Gave all we had to country; we thought 'twas doing right.  
My father died a soldier, a rebel soldier, too;  
And that is why I feared, sir, to ask for bread of you;  
But we are all so hungry, we've neither bread nor meat;  
For two long days we've fasted, with not a thing to eat;  
We used to have a plenty, sir, with horses too, to ride,  
A happy home with servants, and all we wished beside;  
But now we've nothing left, sir, they all went one by one;  
Our dear old home we lost it, and now all else has gone.  
We had to sell our dresses for anything they'd bring,  
Last week we had to sell dear mamma's wedding ring.'  
'Tis long since you've seen tears, Bob, on my tough, hardened  
cheek;

But then my eyes ran over, nor did I think it weak.  
Could you have heard her story, so sadly told, I know  
You'd weakened on your manhood—grown womanish 'like Joe.  
Ere she came I was hungry; I could have gnawed a bone;  
But that was now all over, my appetite was gone.  
Just then my sable Dinah began to fret and scold,  
And wondered 'why de massa done leave dat supper cold.'  
So out I led the little one to the supper-table where

There lay in loose profusion the usual army fare;  
I set her down beside it, tucked in the warmest seat,  
And, Bob, it did my heart good to see the poor child eat.  
The coffee, ham, and corn cakes all vanished past recall;  
I wondered where a child so small found room to stow it all.  
Of this the child seemed conscious, and said: 'Sir, if I could  
I'd eat less; but I'm so hungry and this is all so good!'  
So when her meal was finished, she drew back in her chair,  
And held up to the fire her little feet so bare,  
A sort of drowsy mantle over her senses crept;  
She soon forgot her sorrows, and, tired out, she slept!  
And as I watched her sleeping, and heard that sobbing sigh,  
I felt a sort o' choking, a mist came in my eye;  
She brought to mind a little one who was just about her size,  
With just such nut-brown ringlets and tender, loving eyes.  
I shuddered as I thought, what if some day my own,  
Now blessed with home and plenty, should wander sad and lone  
Like this poor child, to seek this cold world's colder dole.  
The picture, Bob, was frightful; it chilled my very soul;  
I felt that I but paid a debt to this poor child of sorrow,  
Which might be due my own in some far-off to-morrow.  
When her short rest was over, and time to go had come,  
It brought the sad remembrance of hungry ones at home;  
And so I filled her basket with dainty bits of food  
Such as the surgeon tells us for invalids are good;  
And I sent Ben, my darkey, with 'hard-bread,' meal, and meat,  
And other things we reckoned the healthy ones could eat:  
Besides I gave her something to shield her ill-clad form  
And shoeless little feet from winter's cold and storm.  
It wasn't much I gave her, not much in the amount;  
Perhaps it will be credited upon my loose account,  
Help through my final papers which, much I fear, without  
Some lift like that, won't pass when I'm last mustered out.  
I wrapped my 'capote' round her; I kissed her then 'good-bye.  
'May God bless you!' she whispered, the bright tear in her eye.  
Now though I wear the 'color,' the good old 'federal blue,'  
Had fought against her father the weary war all through,  
Yet still the proudest memory of all my life that's fled,

Is of my little kindness to that child of the dead.  
On stormy nights in winter, when winds are howling wild,  
I hear the sweet 'God bless you,' of that dead rebel's child."

E. A. DUNCAN.

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## THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

In a little German village,  
On the waters of the Rhine;  
Gay and joyous in their pastimes,  
In the pleasant vintage time;  
Were a group of happy peasants,  
For the day released from toil,  
Thanking God for all His goodness  
In the product of their soil;

When a cry rang through the welkin,  
And appeared upon the scene,  
A panting dog with crest erect,  
Foaming mouth and savage mein  
He is mad, was shrieked in chorus,  
In dismay they all fell back,  
All—except one towering figure,  
'Twas the smith of Ragenbach.

God had given this man His image  
Nature stamped him as complete  
Now it was incumbent on him  
To perform a greater feat  
Than Horatius at the bridge,  
When he stood on Tiber's bank,  
For behind him were his townfolk,  
Who, appalled with terror, sank

From the most appalling danger,—  
That which makes the bravest quail,—  
While they all were grouped together,  
Shaking limbs and visage pale.

For a moment cowered the beast,  
Snapping to the left and right,  
While the blacksmith stood before him  
In the power of his might.

"One must die to save the many,  
Let it then my duty be,  
I've the power, fear not, neighbors;  
From this peril you'll be free."  
As the lightning from the storm-cloud  
Leaps to earth with sudden crash,  
So upon the rabid monster  
Did this man and hero dash.

In the death-grip then they struggled,  
Man and dog with scarce a sound,  
Till from out the fearful conflict  
Rose the man from off the ground;  
Gashed and gory from the struggle,  
But the beast lay stiff and dead;  
There he stood while people gathered  
And rained blessings on his head.

"Friends," he said, "from one great peril  
With God's help I've set you free,  
But my task is not yet ended,  
There is danger now in me.  
Yet secure from harm you shall be,  
None need fear before I die;  
That my sufferings may be shortened,  
Ask of Him who rules on high."

Then unto his forge he straightway  
Walked erect with rapid step,  
While the people followed after,  
Some with shouts, while others wept;  
And with nerve as steady as when  
He had plied his trade for gain,  
He selected without faltering  
From his store, the heaviest chain.



To his anvil first he bound it,  
Next his limb he shackled fast,  
Then he said unto his townfolk,  
"All your danger now is past.  
Place within my reach, I pray you,  
Food and water for a time;  
Untill God shall ease my sufferings  
By His gracious will divine."

Long he suffered, but at last  
Came a summons from on high,  
Then his soul with angel escort,  
Sought its home beyond the sky;  
And the people of that village,  
Those whom he had died to save,  
Still with grateful hearts assemble,  
And with flowers bedeck his grave.

FRANK MURRAY.

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## THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION.

Should there be schools of elocution? is a question which sometimes presses on the mind, and I answer, the necessity for schools of elocution is founded on the general law of culture. God has given us organs which need development; there is a law of growth and culture everywhere. The human form is developed, the muscles of the arm are strengthened; this hand, so wonderful in its mechanism, is taught by practice to perform amazing feats. We all remember how diligently we toiled, and how difficult was the task to form those letters in our boyhood's days. But now we write as though it were an act of but a moment's thought. This is the law of culture, as applicable to the human voice as to the hand, and if the hand should be trained, why not much more the voice? The voice is one of Heaven's most wonderful gifts to man.

Animals have speech in a certain sense; they have calls of hunger, they have longings for association, they have throes of agony, and they utter the feelings of pain. But to man God has given the power of articulate speech. How wide is its range! He can express every desire that burns in the human bosom, every aspiration that

arises in the human heart. He can ascend from earth to heaven, away to where the human eye never pierced, and can bring before waiting audiences thoughts God, and of eternity.

There are many reasons why elocution should be to us a matter of great concern. The first, I notice very briefly, is the age in which we live. The ancients were thought excellent elocutionists, but the names were few in number. The world had fewer calls upon them. The history of events has accumulated; the treasures of science and art have been enriched; we have a quantity of matter to make us teachers, and the world calls on us to aid the ignorant and to elevate the lowly. A missionary spirit has gone abroad. Those who have light must give to those who have none. Christian nations are sending out teachers to the ends of the earth, but as they are to teach they should be prepared to teach not only matter, but manner.

The world is calling to-day as it never called before. In ancient times languages were many. Pass a few miles, and a different dialect required a different address; and men studying dialect were unable thoroughly to pursue the study of elocution. But mark how times are changed! The ends of the earth are brought together, and audiences can come from the remotest parts in a few hours; and wherever there is a man who has thoughts to give, and can give them in an attractive manner, multiplied thousands are ready to dwell upon his lips.

Our English language, I am free to say, is that in which man must speak to man, in a way and to an extent that men never spake to men before. Our language is girdling the globe. From nation to nation it is beginning to pass, and an American finds himself at home almost everywhere on this round earth. We are a nation of speakers.

MATTHEW SIMPSON.

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## ONE IN BLUE AND ONE IN GRAY.

Each thin hand resting on a grave,  
Her lips apart in prayer,  
A mother knelt, and left her tears  
Upon the violets there.  
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,  
Of hill and forest gloom,

The reaper Death had reveled in  
His fearful harvest home.  
The last red Summer's sun had shone  
Upon a fruitless fray;—  
From yonder forest charged the blue,  
Down yonder slope the gray.

The hush of death was on the scene,  
And sunset o'er the dead,  
In that oppressive stillness  
A pall of glory spread.  
I know not, dare not question how  
I met the ghastly glare  
Of each upturned and stirless face  
That shrunk and whitened there.  
I knew my noble boys had stood  
Through all that withering day,—  
I knew that Willie wore the blue,  
That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,  
His wavy hair of gold,  
That clustered on a fearless brow  
Of purest Saxon mold;  
Of Harry, with his raven locks,  
And eagle glance of pride;  
Of how they clasped each other's hand  
And left their mother's side;  
How hand in hand they bore my prayers  
And blessings on the way—  
A noble heart beneath the blue,  
Another 'neath the gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,  
That hushed our village homes,  
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,  
Within their darkened rooms;  
But there I saw distorted limbs,  
And many an eye aglare,



**GEORGE STEPHENSON.**



In the soft purple twilight of  
The thunder-smitten air;  
Along the slope and on the sward  
In ghastly ranks they lay,  
And there was blood upon the blue  
And blood upon the gray.

I looked and saw his blood, and his;  
A swift and vivid dream  
Of blended years flashed o'er me, when  
Like some cold shadow, came  
A blindness of the eye and brain—  
The same that seizes one  
When men are smitten suddenly  
Who overstare the sun;  
And while blurred with the sudden stroke  
That swept my soul, I lay,—  
They buried Willie in his blue,  
And Harry in his gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves;  
They fall upon my heart;  
And through the twilight of my soul  
Like dew the tears will start,—  
The starlight comes so silently,  
And lingers where they rest;  
So hope's revealing starlight sinks  
And shines within my breast.  
They ask not there where yonder heaven  
Smiles with eternal day,  
Why Willie wore the loyal blue—  
Why Harry wore the gray.

ANONYMOUS.

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UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,  
Faded, and soiled, and soft;

O! things, you say, and no doubt you're right,  
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,  
Up in the yards aloft,

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here:  
When first I went to sea,  
A woman stood on the far-off strand,  
With a wedding ring on the small soft hand,  
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,  
She sat beside my foot;  
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,  
And the dainty fingers deft and fair,  
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;  
What, think you, found I there?  
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;  
A cottage empty, and dark as night,  
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 't was unfinished still,  
The tangled skein lay near,  
But the knitter had gone away to rest,  
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,  
Down in the churchyard drear.

ANONYMOUS.

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## EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the  
moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confes-  
sions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-  
 dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shadow of the oak-  
 trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silver haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens.  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## HERVÉ RIEL.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred and ninety two,  
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
 And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,  
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
 With the English fleet in view.



'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,  
 First and foremost o' the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;  
     Close on him fled, great and small,  
     Twenty-two good ships in all;  
 And they signaled to the place,  
 "Help the winners of a race!  
     Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,—or, quicker still,  
     Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board.  
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed  
     they;  
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored  
 Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty guns,  
     Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
 Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
     And with flow at full beside?  
     Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.  
     Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
 While rock stands or water runs,  
     Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;  
 Brief and bitter the debate:  
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow  
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?  
 Better run the ships aground!"  
     (Ended Damfreville his speech.)  
 "Not a minute more to wait!  
     Let the captains all and each  
     Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!  
 France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard;  
     For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,—  
 A captain? A lieutenant? A mate,—first, second, third?  
     No such man of mark, and meet  
     With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,—  
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.  
 And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;  
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?  
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell  
 On my finger every bank, every shallow, every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.  
 Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That was worse than fifty Hôgues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this Formidable clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,  
 Right to Solidor, past Greve,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,—  
 Keel so much as grate the ground,—  
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cries its chief.  
 Captains, give the sailors place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!  
 See, safe through shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock.  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground.  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,  
 All are harbored to the last;

And just as Hervé Riel halloo "Anchor!"—sure as fate,  
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;  
They see the green trees wave  
On the heights o'erlooking Greve;  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
As they cannonade away!  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"  
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!  
Outburst all with one accord,  
"This is Paradise for Hell!  
Let France, let France's King  
Thank the man that did the thing!"  
What a shout, and all one word,  
"Hervé Riel,"  
As he stepped in front once more,  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard:  
Praise is deeper than the lips;  
You have saved the king his ships,  
You must name your own reward  
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue;

"Since I need must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—  
 Since 't is ask and have I may,—  
 Since the others go ashore,—  
 Come! A good whole holiday!  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"  
 That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
 Not a head in white and black  
 On a single fishing-smack  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.  
 Go to Paris; rank on rank,  
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank;  
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.  
 So, for better or for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### THE OLD SOLDIER TRAMP.

Yes, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;  
 Yet you stand and you stare,  
 As if never before came a tramp to your door  
 With such an insolent air.

Would I work? Never learned. My home it was burned;  
 And I haven't yet found  
 Any heart to plough lands and build homes for red hands  
 That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said? Then my curse on your head:  
 And what shall sting worse,  
 On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,  
 Fall my sevenfold curse!

Good-bye! I must learn to creep into your barn;  
 Suck your eggs; hide away;  
 Sneak around like a hound, light a match in your hay,  
 Limp away through the gray!

Yes, I limp—curse the stones! And then my old bones,  
 They were riddled with ball  
 Down at Shiloh. What, you? You war wounded thar too?  
 Wall, you beat us—that's all.

Yet even my heart with its stout pride will start  
 As I tramp. For, you see,  
 No matter which won, it was gallantly done,  
 And a glorious American victory.

What! kind words and bread? God's smiles on your head!  
 On your wife, on your babes! and please, sir, I pray,  
 You'll pardon me, sir; but that fight trenched me here,  
 Deep—deeper than sword cut, that day.

Nay, I'll go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre* \* \* \* You  
 Have Augustus for friend,  
 Will I—yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek,  
 And talk slang without end.

Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry for men  
 Rang out through the gathering night,  
 As a mother that cries for her children, and dies,  
 We two hurried home for the fight.

How noble, my brother! how brave—and—but there—  
 This tramping about somehow weakens my eyes.  
 At Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood—  
 It's a graveyard to-day, I surmise.

Yes, we stood to the last! And when the strife passed  
I sank down in blood at his side,  
On his brow, on his breast—what need tell the rest?  
I but knew that my brother had died.

What! wounds on your breast? Your brow tell the rest?  
You fought at my side and you fell?  
You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,  
On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne  
Knew a joy like this brought to me!  
God bless you, my life! bless your brave Northern wife,  
And your beautiful babes, two and three.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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## THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

On the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester-morn our army lay;  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
From the river's broken way;  
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,  
When the clansmen rose together  
From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,  
And our bonnets down we drew,  
And we felt our broadswords' edges,  
And we proved them to be true;  
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
And we cried the gathering-cry,  
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
And we swore to do or die!  
Then our leader rode before us  
On his war-horse black as night,—  
Well the Cameronian rebels  
Know that charger in the fight!—

And a cry of exultation  
From the bearded warriors rose;  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—  
“Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:  
Ere the evening star shall glisten  
On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,  
Or another of the Græmes  
Shall have died in battle-harness  
For his country and King James!  
Think upon the Royal Martyr,—  
Think of what his race endure,—  
Think of him whom butchers murdered  
On the field of Magus Nuir:—  
By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
By the ruined hearth and shrine,—  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
By your injuries and mine,—  
Strike this day as if the anvil  
Lay beneath your blows the while,  
Be they covenanting traitors,  
Or the brood of false Argyle!  
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels  
Backward o'er the stormy Forth;  
Let them tell their pale Convention  
How they fared within the North  
Let them tell that Highland honor  
Is not to be bought nor sold,  
That we scorn their Prince's anger  
As we loathe his foreign gold.  
Strike! and when the fight is over,  
If ye look in vain for me,  
Where the dead are lying thickest,  
Search for him that was Dundee!”  
  
Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
With our answer to his call,  
But a deeper echo sounded  
In the bosom of us all.

For the lands of wide Breadalbane,  
Not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle.  
Burning eye and flashing check  
Told the clansman's fierce emotion,  
And they harder drew their breath,  
For their souls were strong within them,  
Stronger than the grasp of death.  
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,  
And the voices of the foe;  
Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer,  
When they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging,  
Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
Marching to the tuck of drum.  
Through the scattered wood of birches,  
O'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly,  
Till they reached the plain beneath;  
Then we bounded from our covert,—  
Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountains  
Start to life with armed men!  
Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept the hurricane of steel.  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
'Mongst the foremost of our band,—  
On we poured until we met them,  
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
In the Garry's deepest pool.



Horse and man went down before us,—  
 Living too there tarried none  
 On the field of Killiecrankie,  
 When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining  
 On Schehallion's distant head,  
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
 And returned to count the dead.  
 There we found him gashed and gory,  
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain.  
 And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood  
 Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,  
 Where the bones of heroes rest,—  
 Open wide the hallowed portals  
 To receive another guest!  
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen,—  
 Last of all that dauntless race,  
 Who would rather die unsullied  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!  
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!  
 Reck not of the after-time;  
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never failed their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew.  
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,



**RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.**



Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

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## MOUNTAINS.

Mountains! who was your builder? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the Islands of the sea,—those emeralds that gleam among the waves,—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your corner stones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes.

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy veil of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, Mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly you are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens,—it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of Liberty and Religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads.

The clouds of heaven—those shadows of Olympian power, those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai, and

hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows,—“Thus far shalt thou come, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed!”

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten, your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly, and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms.

The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

E. M. MORSE.

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## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Robert Burns, the great but ill-fated Scottish poet, was born near Ayr, in 1759. He and Mary were engaged to be married, but before the time fixed for the marriage ceremony arrived, she died. He subsequently married, but his wedded life failed to bring joy to his heart, and he sought to drown his disappointment and unhappiness in the intoxicating bowl. The poetic merit of this piece is undisputed. It should be read in the most plaintive manner.]

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O, Mary! dear, departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace!  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene,—  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear, departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

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## MILES STANDISH'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment  
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;  
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,  
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;  
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white  
men,  
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;  
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.  
 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,  
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;  
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
 "Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned  
 from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
 Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,  
 Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white  
 man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his  
 cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!  
 But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
 Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.  
 Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:  
 "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the captain,  
 Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
 Is not afraid of the sight. He was not born of a woman,  
 But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
 Forth he sprang at a bound with all his weapons about him  
 Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"  
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, wetting the blade on his left  
 hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,  
 Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning.  
 "I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;  
 By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;  
 While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered  
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!  
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!  
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled, and treated them smoothly;  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,  
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de  
Standish,

Bolled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples,  
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its  
scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like fierceness upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-  
whoop,

And like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,  
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.  
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,  
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,  
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet  
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the  
greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.  
Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## THE PECULIAR NEIGHBOR.

"He is very peculiar,"  
His neighbors said with a smile,



"He works in the quarry yonder,  
The distance of half a mile.  
He never complains or grumbles,  
But labors till close of day;  
He is old, and wretched, and friendless,  
And very peculiar, they say."

That was all. He was very "peculiar,"  
I found of the village folk,  
And lived in a little cottage alone,  
'Neath the shade of a sheltering oak,  
In the midst of a tiny garden patch,  
Just back from the noisy street.  
But the heart that throbbed 'neath his ragged coat  
Was as noble a heart as beat.

Yes, he was truly "peculiar,"  
I heard, with a wondering start,  
Of the kindly deeds that were daily done,  
By that good, old-fashioned heart.  
His coat, so ragged and worn with time,  
A brother might freely share:  
Contented he with only a smile  
And a fervently-whispered prayer.

When evening came, and he sat alone  
In his vine-wreathed doorway low,  
Who cared if his lonely heart grew sad?  
His bitterness who should know?  
And when he brushed, with his aged hand,  
The dew from his eyes so dim,  
What mattered it if he pondered o'er  
The days that were sweet to him?

But then, when the sun in the heavens rose,  
He was up again with a smile,  
Trudging along, in his shabby clothes,  
The distance of half a mile.  
While the children clung to his sunburnt hands  
As he went on his cheery way;

And I wished to God, as I saw him pass,  
That more were "peculiar" to-day.

One morn, when the sun shone clear and bright,  
There came a knock at his door;  
But all was still, though the sunlight fell  
Over the cottage floor.  
Said one, "Is the old man asleep or dumb?  
Does he know it's the noon of day?"  
But another shrugged his shoulders, and said:  
"It's his odd, peculiar way."

They passed up the rickety attic stair,  
Where, with never a sob or a moan,  
The old man lay in his final rest,  
With his hands close folded, alone.  
Was he sleeping? Yes! for his eyes were closed;  
His dreams were sweet, for he smiled;  
And the smile that lay on his lips was as fair  
As that of a little child.

Then they said, ah, never a thoughtless word,  
But bore him tenderly down,  
With a whispered prayer, to the churchyard small,  
Just out of the noisy town.  
They missed him then who had never borne  
In their selfish lives a part;  
But God knew all, and had not forgot  
That good, "peculiar" heart.

HARRIET M. SPALDING.

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### THE OLD CANTEEN.

Send it up to the garret? Well, no; what's the harm  
If it hangs like a horseshoe to serve as a charm?  
Had its day, to be sure: matches ill with things here;  
Shall I sack the old friend just because it is queer?  
Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,  
As my hot lips remember its old-time caress,

And I think on the solace once gurgling between  
My lips from that old battered tin canteen.

It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,  
Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack, and camp,  
In the triumph, the capture, advance and retreat,  
More than light to my path, more than guide to my feet.  
Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, howe'er sparkling and cold,  
From out chalice of silver or goblet of gold,  
For a king or an emperor, princess or queen,  
Than to me from the mouth of that old canteen.

It has cheered the desponding on many a night,  
Till their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp-fire light.  
Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at short range,  
It was always on duty; though 'twould not be strange  
If in somnolent periods just after "taps"  
Some colonel or captain, disturbed at his naps,  
May have felt a suspicion that "spirits" unseen  
Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.

But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife  
It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life:  
Helped to stanch the quick blood just beginning to pour,  
Softened broad, gaping wounds that were stiffened and sore,  
Moistened thin, livid lips, so despairing of breath  
They could only speak thanks in the quiver of death;  
If an angel of mercy e'er hovered between  
This world and the next, 'twas that old canteen.

Then banish it not as a profitless thing,  
Were it hung in a palace it well might swing  
To tell in its mute, allegorical way  
How the citizen volunteer won the day:  
How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly won,  
And how, when the death-dealing work was done,  
'Twas as easy his passion from war to wean  
As his mouth from the lips of that old canteen.

By and by, when all hate for the rags with the bars  
Is forgotten in love for the "stripes and the stars"

When Columbia rules everything solid and sole,  
From her own ship canal to the ice at the pole:  
When the Grand Army men have obeyed the last call,  
And the May flower- and violets bloom for us all:  
Then away in some garret the cobwebs may screen  
My battered, old, cloth-covered tin canteen!

G. M. WHITE.

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## HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

FROM "KING HENRY IV," PART I.

But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,  
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talked;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,—  
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds.—God save the mark!—  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous saltpetre should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

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### THE MAIN<sup>'</sup> TRUCK.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,  
 In the harbor of Mahon;  
 A dead calm rested on the bay,—  
 The waves to sleep had gone;  
 When little Hal, the Captain's son,  
 A lad both brave and good,  
 In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,  
 And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,—  
 All eyes were turned on high!  
 There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,  
 Between the sea and sky;  
 No hold had he above, below;  
 Alone he stood in air:  
 To that far height none dared to go,—  
 No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!  
 With horror all aghast,—  
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,  
 We watched the quivering mast.  
 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,  
 And of a lurid hue;—  
 As riveted unto the spot,  
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,  
“O, God! thy will be done!”  
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,  
And aimed it at his son.  
“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!  
Jump, or I fire,” he said,  
“That only chance your life can save;  
Jump, jump, boy!” He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—  
And for the ship struck out.  
On board we hailed the lad beloved,  
With many a manly shout.  
His father drew, in silent joy,  
Those wet arms round his neck,  
And folded to his heart his boy,—  
Then fainted on the deck.

WALTER COLTON.

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### MONA'S WATERS.

O Mona's waters are blue and bright  
When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;  
But Mona's waves are dark as night  
When the face of heaven is clouded over.  
The wild wind drives the crested foam  
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,  
And booming echoes drown the voice,  
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side  
The wrathful waves were up and beating,  
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;  
With anxious brow, and hurried greeting,  
He bade the widowed mother send,  
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)  
Her fair young son across the flood,  
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

SELECT READINGS.

And still that fearful mother prayed,  
    "O yet delay, delay till morning,  
For weak the hand that guides our bark,  
    Though brave his heart, all danger scorning."  
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:  
    "The safety of my fortress tower  
Depends on tidings he must bring  
    From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"Seest thou, across the sullen wave,  
    A blood-red banner, wildly streaming?  
That flag a message brings to me  
    Of which my foes are little dreaming.  
The boy *must* put his boat across  
    (Gold shall repay his hour of danger),  
And bring me back, with care and speed,  
    Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;  
    Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,  
And bright his smile as thus he spoke:  
    "I do but pay a vassal's duty;  
Fear not for me, O mother dear;  
    See how the boat the tide is spurning,  
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,  
    And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on,—now up, now down,  
    Over the waves,—the snowy crested;  
Now like a dart it sped along,  
    Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested;  
And ever when the wind sank low,  
    Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,  
As long she watched, with streaming eyes,  
    That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore,—the letters claimed;  
    Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder  
That one so young should brave alone  
    The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.

And once again his snowy sail  
Was seen by her,—that mourning mother;  
And once she heard his shouting voice,—  
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,  
A crashing peal of thunder followed;  
The gust swept o'er the water's face,  
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.  
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,  
The thunder died along the mountain;  
But where was he who used to play  
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore  
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;  
And bitterly she wept for him,  
The widow's son, who had no brother!  
She raised his arm,—the hand was closed;  
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,  
And on the sand three letters dropped!—  
His last dim thought,—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow  
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;  
A purse of gold he flung beside  
That mother, o'er her dead child bending.  
O wildly laughed that woman then,  
“Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure  
The holy life that God has given  
Against a heap of golden treasure?

“Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;  
But know, proud man, that God hath power  
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,  
The chieftain in his fortress tower.  
Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;  
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,  
And cold he lies, for whose young sake  
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.



"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice  
That used to win my heart from sorrow?  
Will silver warm the frozen blood,  
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?  
Go back and seek your mountain home,  
And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,  
Remember him who died to-night  
Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came,—  
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;  
But naught could bar the sickness out  
That stole within fair Annie's bower.  
The o'erblown floweret in the sun  
Sinks languid down, and withers daily,  
And so she sank, her voice grew faint,  
Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak floor  
As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;  
And from her sweet and serious eyes  
They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.  
"Bring aid! bring aid!" the father cries;  
"Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;  
"The fair-haired beauty of the isles,  
Her pulse is faint,—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned  
And met his own with parting sorrow,  
For well she knew, that fading girl,  
That he must weep and wail the morrow.  
Her faint breath ceased; the father bent  
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.  
What thought he on? The widow's son,  
And the stormy night by Mona's water.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE PAUPER GIRL.

"Only a pauper," the neighbors said,  
As they coaxed away from death's low bed  
A weeping child, her young heart sore,  
Because "dear mamma" would speak no more.

They gave her a home such as paupers have,  
To eat and to sleep in, but none to love;  
None to list to her childish prattle,  
Or teach her to win in life's great battle.

"Oh, where can I go?" Long years had flown,  
And the helpless girl stood all alone;  
Alone in the world, in its cold and its storm,  
With none to pity or save from harm.

She might have been fair, but care and want  
Had stolen her bloom, left her pale and gaunt;  
Robbed her life of its sunshine and flowers,  
And fraught with sorrow her girlhood's hours.

The rich, the poor, they heeded not  
The friendless girl—her hard, hard lot;  
Selfishly, coldly, they passed her by,  
To struggle alone, to live or to die.

One open door—they wanted her there—  
The place seemed cheerful, its inmates fair;  
The music, the birds, the flowers, the light  
All lured her on with their promise bright.

The tempter was nigh with his pictures fair  
Of ease and plenty awaiting her there;  
Like leaf engulfed in eddying whirl,  
Was tempted and lost, that homeless girl.

O child of wealth, if ye knew the power  
The tempter wields in the darksome hour,

You would pity the paupers, invite them in,  
And shield them alike from shame and sin.

Nor fear of soiling your dainty hands,  
Nor fear of breaking society's bands,  
Would close as now your heart and your door  
Against the sorrowing, sinning poor.

Nay, yours is the sin, if sin there be—  
You should have assisted such as she;  
Have paused in your round of fashion and whirl  
And saved from ruin that pauper girl.

GEORGE TRAYER.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still;  
There's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;  
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill  
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;  
For a great field it reaped, Heaven's garners to fill,  
And stern death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice in the wind like a spirit's low cry;  
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply  
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,  
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,  
As they wait the last trump, which they may not defy,  
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly?

The brave heads late lifted are solemnly bowed,  
As the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed—  
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,  
The groans of the death-stricken drowning,  
While Victory looks on like a queen pale and proud  
Who awaits till the morning her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;  
The vain pomps of peace-time are all swept away

In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;  
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;  
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—  
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, sounds the march of the foe,  
Like a storm-wave retreating, spent, fitful and slow;  
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go  
By the red-glowing river, whose waters  
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow  
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they came;  
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,  
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,  
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;  
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,  
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn  
They stole on our ranks in the mist of the morn;  
Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn  
Ere those mists have rolled up to the sky;  
From the flash of the steel a new day-break seemed born,  
As we sprang up to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast,  
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last;  
Do you dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?  
Would ye see it once more, O ye brave?  
Yes—the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,  
And of glory ye asked—but a grave!

ANONYMOUS.

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KATE SHELLEY.

[FROM HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.]

Have you heard how a girl saved the lightning express,—  
Of Kate Shelley, whose father was killed on the road?

Were he living to-day, he'd be proud to possess  
 Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 'twas grit that she showed  
 On the terrible evening when Donahue's train  
 Jumped the bridge and went down, in the darkness and rain.

She was only eighteen, but a woman in size,  
 With a figure as graceful and lithe as a doe;  
 With peach-blossom cheeks, and with violet eyes,  
 And teeth and complexion like new-fallen snow;  
 With a nature unspoiled and unblemished by art—  
 With a generous soul, and a warm, noble heart!

'Tis evening—the darkness is dense and profound;  
 Men linger at home by their bright-blazing fires;  
 The wind wildly howls with a terrible sound,  
 And shrieks through the vibrating telegraph wires;  
 The fierce lightning flashes along the dark sky;  
 The rain falls in torrents; the river rolls by.

The scream of a whistle! the rush of a train!  
 The sound of a bell! a mysterious light  
 That flashes and flares through the fast-falling rain!  
 A rumble! a roar! shrieks of human affright!  
 The falling of timbers! the space of a breath!  
 A splash in the river! then darkness and death!

Kate Shelly recoils at the terrible crash!  
 The sounds of destruction she happens to hear;  
 She springs to the window, she throws up the sash,  
 And listens and looks with a feeling of fear.  
 The tall tree-tops groan, and she hears the faint cry  
 Of a drowning man down in the river near by.

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan,  
 And then through her soul in a moment there flies  
 A forethought that gives her the strength of a man—  
 She turns to her trembling old mother and cries:  
 "I must save the express—'twill be here in an hour!"  
 Then out through the door disappears in the shower.

She flies down the track through the pitiless rain;  
 She reaches the river—the water below

Whirls and seethes through the timbers. She shudders again:  
"The bridge! To Moingona God help me to go!"  
Then closely about her she gathers her gown  
And on the wet ties with a shiver sinks down.

Then carefully over the timbers she creeps  
On her hands and her knees, almost holding her breath  
The loud thunder peals and the wind wildly sweeps,  
And struggles to hurry her downward to death;  
But the thought of the train to destruction so near  
Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.

With the blood dripping down from each torn, bleeding limb  
Slowly over the timbers her dark way she feels;  
Her fingers grow numb and her head seems to swim;  
Her strength is fast failing—she staggers! she reels!  
She falls——Ah! the danger is over at last,  
Her feet touch the earth, and the long bridge is passed!

In an instant new life seems to come to her form;  
She springs to her feet and forgets her despair.  
On, on to Moingona! She faces the storm,  
She reaches the station—the keeper is there.  
"Save the lightning express! No—hang out the red light!  
There's death on the bridge at the river to-night!"

Out flashes the signal-light, rosy and red;  
Then sounds the loud roar of the swift coming train,  
The hissing of steam, and there, brightly ahead,  
The gleam of the headlight illumines the rain.  
"Down brakes!" shrieks the whistle, defiant and shrill;  
She heeds the red signal—she slackens, she's still!

Ah! noble Kate Shelley, your mission is done;  
Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze;  
An endless renown you have worthily won:  
Let the nation be just, and accord you its praise.  
Let your name, let your fame, and your courage declare  
What a *woman* can do, and a *woman* can dare!

EUGENE J. HALL

## THE STUDY OF ELOQUENCE.

I cannot conceive anything more excellent, than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at pleasure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments, this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising than that, amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear, who shall be the only, or almost the only man capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or, can anything impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear and to the intellect, as a speech in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression?

Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to save a fellow-citizen from exile? Can anything be so necessary, as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own, or your country's wrongs?

But let us consider this accomplishment as detached from public business, and from its wonderful efficacy in popular assemblies, at the bar, and in the senate; can anything be more agreeable, or more endearing in private life, than elegant language? For the great characteristic of our nature, and what eminently distinguishes us from brutes, is the faculty of social conversation, the power of expressing our thoughts and sentiments by words. To excel mankind, therefore, in the exercise of that very talent, which gives them the preference to the brute creation, is what everybody must not only admire, but look upon as the just object of the most indefatigable pursuit.

And now, to mention the chief point of all, what other power could have been of sufficient efficacy to bring together the vagrant individuals of the human race; to tame their savage manners; to reconcile them to social life; and, after cities were founded, to mark out laws, forms, and constitutions, for their government? Let me, in a few words, sum up this almost boundless subject. I lay it down as

a maxim, that upon the wisdom and abilities of an accomplished orator, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of vast numbers of individuals, and even of the whole state must greatly depend.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

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### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of that famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,  
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten,

Bravest of all in Frederick town.  
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.



Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him, stirr'd  
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps' sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.



**STONEWALL JACKSON.**



Barbara Frietchle's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchle's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch  
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light—  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war:  
 A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
 Across the moon like a prison-bar,  
 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street  
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
 Till in the silence around him he hears  
 The muster of men at the barrack-door,  
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
 Marching down to their boats on the shore

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,  
 Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
 And startled the pigeons from their perch  
 On the somber rafters, that round him made  
 Masses and moving shapes of shade—  
 Up the light ladder, slender and tall,  
 To the highest window in the wall,  
 Where he paused to listen and look down  
 A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,  
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead  
 In their night-encampment on the hill,  
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
 The watchful night-wind, as it went  
 Creeping along from tent to tent,  
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
 A moment only he feels the spell  
 Of the place and the hour, the secret dread  
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
 On a shadowy something far away,  
 Where the river widens to meet the bay—  
 A line of black, that bends and floats  
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,

Now gazed on the landscape far and near,  
Then impetuous stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth:  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.  
And, lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;  
He heard the crowing of the cock  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river-fog  
That rises when the sun goes down.  
It was one by the village clock  
When he rode into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weather cock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British regulars fired and fled—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball.  
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear—  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoot-beat of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

---

## LESSONS.

There are lessons to learn through the school-time of life,  
In the great, passing throng, 'mid its hurry and strife;

There are teachers around us great truths to make plain;  
There are sources from which daily knowledge to gain.

There are lessons of love from the birds and the flowers,  
Whose perfume and song fill the glad summer hours;  
There are lessons of trust and of hope when the snow  
Wraps in semblance of death the new life we shall know.

There are lessons of might in the starry-gemmed sky,  
In the voice of the wind as it swift passeth by;  
There are lessons of awe in the broad-crested waves,  
Breaking still as they broke over centuries' graves.

There are lessons of toil from the insect in air;  
There are lessons of patience and duty, and care,  
While the woodland re-echoes with industry's tones  
Shall we, "little lower than angels," be drones?

There are lessons of man's mental gifts in the store  
Of rich, garnered knowledge each age reckons more.  
Shall not yet every year, every nation and clime,  
Man by man, add the gems that shall each tell its time?

There are lessons of life as each day turns the page,  
From the spring-time of youth to the frost-time of age;  
There are lessons of wanderings, lessons of tears,  
Re-echoed in wails floating on through the years.

Aye, and still there are lessons of honor and right,  
Like radiant beams shining far through the night;  
There are lessons of manhood, and wisdom, and truth,  
Unrolled for the guidance and welfare of youth.

Let us need them,—these lessons for mind and for heart;  
Gleaning still day by day, that each God-given part,  
Well schooled through the years, form at last the grand whole  
Which shall yet live eternal—a perfected soul.

SALLIE NEILL ROACH.



## GROWING OLD.

Softly, oh softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care:  
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;  
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,  
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:  
Growing old cheerfully,  
Cheerfully and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,  
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,  
Past all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,  
Far from thy course to the land of the blest:  
Growing old peacefully,  
Peacefully and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow  
When the bright faces of children are seen;  
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow,  
Thou dost remember what lieth between:  
Growing old willingly,  
Thankfully, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years  
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.  
Growing old wealthily,  
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,  
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;

Many a face at thy kind word has brightened,  
"It is more blessed to give than receive:"  
Growing old happily,  
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory  
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;  
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story  
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:  
Growing old graciously,  
Purer than snow.

ANONYMOUS.

---

### THE DANDY FIFTH.

'Twas the time of the working men's great strike,  
When all the land stood still  
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths  
That labor could not fill;  
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,  
And startled towns could spy  
A hundred blazing factories  
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets  
Marched the brown ranks of toil,  
The grimy legions of the shops,  
The tillers of the soil;  
White-faced militia-men looked on,  
While women shrank with dread;  
'Twas muscle against money then,—  
'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,  
A carriage stopped the way,  
Upon the silken seat of which  
A young patrician lay.  
And as, with haughty glance, he swept  
Along the jeering crowd,

A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks  
Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,  
And soon the chairman said:  
"There hides a Judas in our midst,  
One man who bows his head,  
Who bends the coward's servile knee  
When capital rolls by."  
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur."  
Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held  
Erect his head of gray:  
"I am no traitor, though I bowed  
To a rich man's son to-day;  
And though you kill me as I stand—  
As like you mean to do—  
I want to tell you a story short,  
And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,  
The Old Flag to defend,  
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant  
I followed to the end;  
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rappahannock,  
When the Union cause looked drear,  
That a regiment of rich young bloods  
Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut:  
They brought hampers of good wine.  
And every squad had a servant, too,  
To keep their boots in shine;  
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets.'  
And, through the whole brigade,  
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,  
When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort  
The Rebs tried hard to take,

'Twas the key of all our line, which naught  
While it held out could break.  
But a fearful fight we lost just then—  
The reserve came up too late;  
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,  
Hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,  
And each time back we fell,  
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns  
Boom like a funeral knell;  
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,  
And then straight through we broke;  
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats  
Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread  
We swarmed up the parapet,  
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout  
I shall never in life forget.  
Four days before had their water gone,—  
'They had dreaded that the most,—  
The next their last scant ration went,  
And each man looked a ghost

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,  
Like a crippled stag at bay,  
And watched starvation—though not defeat—  
Draw nearer every day.  
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men  
Could in their places stand,  
And their white lips told a fearful tale,  
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,  
Save here and there a few  
In death sat rigid against the guns,  
Grim sentinels in blue;  
And their Colonel, he could not speak or stir,  
But we saw his proud eye thrill

As he simply glanced at the shot-scarred staff  
Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,  
While the wolf snarls at our door,  
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh  
At the misery of the poor;  
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand  
I have left the strength to lift,  
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell  
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

FRANK H. CASSAWAY

---

### THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

I can't tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick;  
But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick:  
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out  
But take a seat; I'll try and tell jest how it kem about.

You see, I started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine,  
A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,  
And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before,  
The off-horse run a splinter in his foot, and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole:  
Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;  
I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,  
And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad-track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to spell,  
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L;  
And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road."  
I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,  
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dared to do't.  
"Railroad crossing"—good enough!—L double-O-K, "look;"  
And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was, "look out,"  
 I's kinder cur'us, like to know jest what 'twas all about;  
 F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the—"  
 And then I tried the next word; it commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there came an awful whack;  
 A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track;  
 The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash,  
 And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two;  
 But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled through;  
 It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team of mine;  
 But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign.

HEZEKIAH STRONG.

---

## SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players;  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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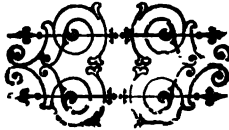
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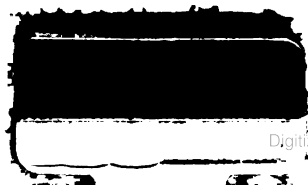




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